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AN ESSAY
ON
THE LIFE AND GENIUS
OF
THOMAS FULLER,
WITH SELECTIONS FROM HIS WRITINGS.

BY HENRY ROGERS.

LONDON:
LONGMAN, BROWN, GREEN, AND LONGMANS.
1856.



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PREFACE.

IT is a little surprising that Fuller has not furnished a title to one of the many volumes of *Ana* which have instructed and amused the world. If it be said that he left behind him no collection resembling those to which the name of *Ana* was at first applied, this is true; but it has been not unfrequently extended to compilations from the “Opera Omnia” of authors of eminent merit, when their works, like those of Fuller, abound in anecdote, amusing gossip, and piquant reflection, or are distinguished by vigour, vivacity, and epigrammatic point. The selections containing the “essential extract” of voluminous authors—their most racy thoughts and most striking images—differ but little from those miscellanies, consisting of anecdotes and fragments of conversation, to which the term *Ana* was originally applied.*

* No attempt, so far as I am aware, has been made to furnish such a *spicilegium* of Fuller as I have here endeavoured to supply. Charles Lamb has indeed given a few fragments, but they were not designed to be any thing more than a specimen, and extend to only four or five pages. The Rev. A. Broome, of Baliol College, Oxford, nearly,

The writings of Fuller present peculiar facilities for the construction of such a series as the present. Indeed, their digressive, fragmentary character, in general, would almost entitle them to be considered, collectively, a gigantic *Ana*—so wild and capricious is the career of his eccentric genius. To compile such a work as the present is, as himself with one of his quirks might say, only to select from a *collection*; to choose a certain number of detached thoughts out of a much larger number equally detached;—it is not taking “bricks” as a specimen of “a house,” or cutting figures out of a picture. The chief ornaments of his works are as valuable when out of his pages as when in them. There is no continuity to be dissolved—no essential unity to be destroyed.

In attempting a similar task with many of our older writers characterized by greater consecutiveness of thought than Fuller, (a task which yet has been often performed, so as to bring their chief beauties into contact with minds which might otherwise never have been touched by them,) the great

half a century ago, published a little volume from Fuller and South; each author had about half the book to himself. The selections from Fuller were exclusively made from the “Holy and Profane State,” and, if we except a few detached sentences at the close, are not so much extracts from that book, as a reprint of a *part* of it. A certain number of the “essays and characters” are reprinted nearly entire.

In the following series of extracts, on the contrary, the object has been to give only the more striking thoughts of any one “Essay,” unless it be in those cases—rare in any author of Fuller’s age—in which the whole composition is one “entire and perfect chrysolite.”

difficulty is to *detach* thoughts from the context without spoiling or impairing them. More than half the beauty of such thoughts is from the thoughts with which they lie in contact; more than half their brilliance from the light thus reflected on them. In such cases, the work of "extraction" is difficult indeed; to transplant the flower is to destroy it; that which bloomed beautifully in its own native dells, though half concealed, as it is apt to be in our older writers, amidst tangled, wild luxuriance, is no sooner removed to the trim garden prepared for it, than it droops and dies.

I am far from saying that this is not the case, to a certain extent, even with Fuller. On the contrary, I have been obliged to leave in their obscure recesses many flowers of his genius, which either could not be removed without removing so much of the surrounding *earth*, that they would have occupied too large a space in the following little plot, or, if torn away by their bleeding roots, would be torn away only to wither. To this—and not insensibility to their beauty, the reader must attribute it, if he misses in the following "*collectanea*" some favourite passages. Indeed, in general, he must bear in mind that my space has been limited; to give all that every reader may think worth preserving would be simply impossible. It is sufficient, if I have given nothing but what, on one account or another, may afford rational amusement. The reader is also reminded that some of the passages for which he might naturally have looked in the following pages, had already been quoted in the Introductory

Essay. Two of his most striking compositions—on “Fancy” and on “Tombs”—are there given *in extenso*.

But though in Fuller, as in all writers, many passages are not susceptible of transplantation, it is, for the reasons already given, more easy to detach them from Fuller than from most. His most striking “Essays” are but a series of insulated thoughts, epigrammatically expressed; often of great beauty, but often marred by others little worthy to keep them company. In many cases, it is but to weed, and the flowers, so far from being injured, are seen to greater advantage and bloom in greater beauty than before.

Whether, in some cases, I may not have spared a weed and grubbed up a flower, will of course admit of doubts with many, because taste and association in such matters so widely differ. All I ask of critics is, first, that they will be pleased to examine what is excised in any particular place, and compare it with what is retained, before pronouncing judgment; secondly, that they will recollect that it is impossible to please all palates; and, thirdly, that they may well believe that I have left out much that I myself should have liked to put in, when I say that the passages I had marked for extraction are at least twice as numerous as those which can be compressed into this little volume. The great difficulty has been in selection.

The extracts admitted into the Introductory Essay on “Fuller’s Genius and Writings,” have been allowed to stand, with the exception of a few sentences, which, as part of more

extended extracts in the subsequent pages, have, to avoid any repetition, been transferred thither.

The extracts, from No. 1 to No. 62, are from the author's "Good Thoughts in Bad Times," "Good Thoughts in Worse Times," and "Mixed Contemplations;" from No. 63 to No. 199, from the "Holy and Profane State"—unquestionably the greatest work of Fuller's genius; the remainder from the "Worthies," the "Church History," and the "Holy War."

Some few of the extravagances of Fuller's wit—even a few of his quibbles and puns—have been admitted, just as characteristic of the man. For some of his "puns," indeed, he would almost deserve the treatment Sidney Smith denounces against the makers of charades. "I shall say nothing of charades, and such sort of unpardonable trumpery. If charades are made at all, they should be made without benefit of clergy;—the offender should instantly be hurried off to execution, and be cut off in the middle of his dulness, without being allowed to explain to the executioner why his first is like his second, or what is the resemblance between his fourth and his ninth."

Of any such specimens of Fuller's style, I have of course been sparing. They will be found in abundance in his works; for he could not find in his heart to refuse harbourage in his pages to any vagrant of his riotous fancy, however ragged. But as the Introductory Essay, and the following extracts will show, Fuller was as capable of rising to the higher, as of sinking to the lower, forms of wit.

On the whole, I hope that this little volume of "Fragments" will not be unsuitable to the series of which it forms a part. The parenthetical minutes and the transient attention which are often all that the traveller can command, will not be ill-bestowed, I think, on any of the ensuing extracts. While none of them exact prolonged or consecutive thought, there are few which will not either teach a pleasant wisdom, or inspire innocent mirth.

I have allowed myself to make no other alterations in the text than such trivial ones as were necessary, here and there, to render extracts, abruptly torn from the context, intelligible; such as a slight change in punctuation; the occasional *emphasising* of a word by printing it in italics; the substitution of the antecedent for its pronoun; or the transposition of a word or two. Omissions of sentences are of course frequent—but a break is generally indicated in the usual way. For the *headings* of the extracts the compiler is for the most part responsible.

H. R.

LIFE AND WRITINGS OF THOMAS FULLER.*

THE republication, within the last few years, of all the principal works of this singular author, affords us an opportunity, by no means unwelcome, of canvassing his merits, and assigning him his proper niche in the temple of our literature. Nor is it necessary, we are sure, to make any apology for dedicating a few of our pages to such a subject. *He* cannot be unworthy of attention who was a favourite author of Coleridge and Lamb, and of whom the former (certainly in a moment of unreflecting enthusiasm) could write thus: "Next to Shakspeare, I am not certain whether Thomas Fuller, beyond all other writers, does not excite in me the sense and emotion of the marvellous;—the degree in which any

* Edinburgh Review, Jan. 1842.

1. *The Church History of Britain.* By THOMAS FULLER, D.D. New Edition. 3 vols. 8vo. London: 1831.

2. *The Worthies of England.* By THOMAS FULLER, D.D. New Edition. 3 vols. 8vo. London: 1840.

3. *The History of the Holy War.* By THOMAS FULLER, D.D. New Edition. 12mo. London: 1840.

4. *The Holy State and the Profane State.* By THOMAS FULLER, D.D. New Edition. 8vo. London: 1841.

5. *Good Thoughts in Bad Times, and Good Thoughts in Worse Times.* By THOMAS FULLER, D.D. New Edition. 12mo. London: 1840.

given faculty, or combination of faculties, is possessed and manifested, so far surpassing what one would have thought possible in a single mind, as to give one's admiration the flavour and quality of wonder." Let this statement of a critic, the soundness of whose literary judgments, generally correct and often admirable, cannot always be relied upon, require what abatement it may, it may be safely said, that there is scarcely any writer whose intellectual character will better repay an attempt at analysis than that of Fuller.

We set about our task the more willingly, as we believe it to be an act of bare justice. We are convinced that posterity has dealt hardly by his memory, and that there are hundreds who have been better remembered with far less claims to that honour. Thus it is singular that even Mr. Hallam, in his recent "History of European Literature," should not have bestowed upon him any special notice; dismissing him with only a slight allusion, in a note upon another subject.* Yet Fuller was not only one of the most voluminous—an equivocal indication of merit, it must be allowed—but one of the most original writers in our language. If he had merely resembled those of his dull contemporaries, who wrote apparently for writing's sake—without genius

* Hallam, vol. iii. p. 104. It must not be supposed that any serious censure of Mr. Hallam's great work is here intended. If it be singular that Fuller has been so summarily dealt with, it would have been far more singular had there been *no* important omissions. The real wonder is, that the author should have been able at all to dispose of subjects, so immense and so multifarious, in so moderate a compass; to *daguerreotype* so boundless a landscape, on so small a surface, with such fidelity and distinctness.

or fancy, without any of those graces of thought or diction, which have a special claim on the historian of literature:—if his books had been collections of third-rate sermons or heavy commentaries; of commonplace spread out to the last degree of tenuity, scarcely tolerable even in the briefest form in which truisms can be addressed to our impatience, and perfectly insupportable when prolonged into folios—there would be sufficient reason for the critic's neglect. But it is far otherwise: though Fuller's works, like those of many of his contemporaries, are sometimes covered with rubbish, and swollen with redundancies, they are, as is the case also with some of them, instinct with genius. Like Taylor, and Barrow, and Sir Thomas Brown, he wrote with a vigour and originality, with a fertility of thought and imagery, and a general felicity of style, which, considering the quantity of his compositions, and the haste with which he produced them, impress us with wonder at his untiring activity and preternatural fecundity. He has scattered with careless prodigality, over the pages of his many works, thoughts and images which, if collected, properly disposed, and purified from the worthless matter which encrusts, and often buries them, would have insured him a place beside those who, by writing less and elaborating it more, by concentrating their strength on works of moderate compass and high finish, have secured themselves a place not only in the libraries, but in the memories, of their readers; and are not simply honoured with an occasional reference, but live in perpetual and familiar quotation.

Before proceeding further with the analysis of Fuller's intellectual character, it may be advisable to give a rapid sketch of the principal events of his life.

He was born in 1608 at Aldwinckle, in Northamptonshire; his father was the Rev. T. Fuller, rector of St. Peter's in that village. His early education seems to have been conducted chiefly under the paternal roof, and that so successfully, that at twelve years of age he was sent to Queen's College, Cambridge; the Master of which was his maternal uncle, Dr. Davenant, afterwards Bishop of Salisbury. In 1624-5, he took his degree of B.A., and that of M.A. in 1628. He then removed to Sidney College, and, after a short interval, was chosen minister of St. Benet, Cambridge, where his great talents as a preacher soon rendered him extremely popular. Preferment now came rapidly. In 1631, he was chosen fellow of Sidney College, and made a prebendary of Salisbury. The same year was signalized by his maiden publication. Like many other men of powerful imagination, who have eventually distinguished themselves as prose writers, he had in early life toyed a little with the Muses. His first work was poetical, and we may be sure that it was steeped in the quaintness which was equally characteristic of the age and of the man. The very title, indeed, smacks of that love of alliteration of which his writings are so full. It was entitled "David's Hainous Sin, Heartie Repentance, and Heavie Punishment." It is now extremely scarce. Peace to its ashes! its author's prose writings have a better and a surer claim to remembrance.

Soon after entering priests' orders, he was presented to the rectory of Broad Winsor, in Dorsetshire. In 1635 he repaired again to Cambridge, to take his degree of Bachelor of Divinity; and, on his return to Broad Winsor, got rid of another kind of bachelorship in a happy marriage. This event took place in 1638; but his felicity was not of long continuance. After giving birth to one son, his wife died, about the year 1641. In the quietude of Broad Winsor "he began to complete," to use a curious phrase of one of his biographers, "several works he had planned at Cambridge;" but, getting sick of solitude, and impatient to know something more of public affairs, he went to London, where his pulpit talents soon obtained him an invitation to the lectureship of the Savoy. In 1639-40 he published his "History of the Holy War," which gained him some money and more reputation. He was a member of the Convocation which assembled at Westminster in 1640, and has left us a minute account of its proceedings in his "Church History." In 1643 he preached at Westminster abbey, on the anniversary of the king's inauguration; and the sermon contained some dangerous allusions to the state of public affairs. His text was characteristic:—"Yea, let him take all, forasmuch as my lord the king is come again in peace." The sermon, when printed, gave great umbrage to the parliamentary party, and involved the preacher in no little odium. In the previous year he published his best and most popular work, entitled "The Holy and Profane State." Refusing to take an oath to the Parliament, except

with certain reservations, Fuller left London and repaired to the king at Oxford, by whom he was well received. The king was anxious to hear him preach. Fuller complied; but, strange to say, he managed to displease the royalists as much as he had before displeased the patriots. His ill-success on both occasions may be taken as an argument of his sincerity and moderation, whatever may be thought of his worldly wisdom.

During his stay at Oxford he resided at Lincoln College; but he was not long to escape the cup which, in those sad times, came round to all parties. Sequestration was pronounced against him, and was embittered by the loss of all his books and manuscripts. This misfortune was partly repaired by the generosity of Henry Lord Beauchamp and Lionel Cranfield, Earl of Middlesex—the latter of whom bestowed upon him the remains of his father's library. In order to obviate the suspicion of indifference to the king's cause, he now sought and obtained, from Sir Ralph Hopton, a chaplaincy in the royal army; and employed his leisure, while rambling through the country, in collecting materials for his future work, "The Worthies of England." It appears that, in his capacity of chaplain, he could, on occasion, beat "drum ecclesiastic" as well as any of the preachers in Cromwell's army; for we are told that, when a party of the royalists were besieged at Basing-House, Fuller animated the garrison to so vigorous a defence, that Sir William Waller was compelled to abandon the siege. When the royal forces were driven into Cornwall, Fuller,

taking refuge in Exeter, resumed his studies, and preached regularly to the citizens. During his stay here, he was appointed chaplain to the Princess Henrietta Maria (then an infant), and was presented to the living of Dorchester. He was present at the siege of Exeter, in the course of which an incident occurred, so curious in itself, and narrated by Fuller (who vouches for the truth of his statement) in so characteristic a style, that no apology is necessary for inserting his account of it here; leaving the reader to philosophise upon it in any way that may seem to him most proper. The extract is from the "Worthies of England:"—"When the city of Exeter was besieged by the parliamentary forces, so that only the south side thereof, towards the sea, was open unto it, incredible numbers of larks were found in that open quarter, for multitude like *quails* in the *wildernesse*, though (blessed be God!) unlike them both in *cause* and *effect*, as not desired with man's destruction, nor sent with God's anger, as appeared by their safe digestion into wholesome nourishment: hereof I was an *eye* and a *mouth* witnesse. I will save my credit in not conjecturing any number, knowing that herein, though I should *stoop* beneath the *truth*, I should *mount* above *belief*. They were as fat as plentiful; so that, being sold for twopence a-dozen and under, the poor, who could have no *cheaper*, as the rich no *better meat*, used to make pottage of them, boyling them down therein. Several natural causes were assigned hereof. . . . However, the *cause of causes* was *Divine Providence*."

After the taking of Exeter, Fuller once more repaired to London, where he obtained the lectureship at St. Clement's, Lombard Street, and subsequently that of St. Bride's, Fleet Street. He does not appear to have long discharged the functions of either, "having been forbidden" (to use his own language), "till further order, the exercise of his public preaching." Silenced though he was, however, this did not prevent his being presented, about 1648, to the living of Waltham. For this he was indebted to the Earl of Carlisle, to whom he had become chaplain. To men of less activity of mind, and less zealous to do good, compulsory silence might have been no unacceptable concomitant of a rich living; but not to Fuller. The first two years of his time here he spent chiefly in the preparation of one of the quaintest of all his writings—his "Pisgah-sight of Palestine and the Confines thereof, with the History of the Old and New Testaments acted thereon." The work was illustrated by several curious engravings, in which the artists seem to have vied in quaintness with the author, and which are as characteristic of the spirit of the age as the letterpress which accompanied them. In the two or three following years he published several tracts and sermons, which have long since passed into oblivion. In 1654 he married again, and into a noble family; his wife being the sister of Viscount Baltinglass. In 1655, as Mr. Chalmers tells us, he persisted in the discharge of his ministerial functions, "notwithstanding Cromwell's prohibition of all persons from preaching or teaching schools, who had been adherents of the late king." We shall

not stop to inquire whether the biographer has been altogether just to Cromwell, in omitting to state that the ordinance in question was immediately modified, on Archbishop Usher's representation of its hardship, and its application limited to such clergymen as had been *political* offenders. It is more to our purpose to observe, that we may account for Fuller's continuing to preach, without either accusing him of rash zeal, or praising him for conscientious resistance; inasmuch as he was duly authorized so to do by the Court of "Triers," before whom he had been examined. Calamy has given us a droll account of Fuller's perplexities when summoned to this ordeal. He doubtless had some misgivings as to whether he might be able to answer satisfactorily all the inquisitorial inquiries of this strange court; and whether he might not get *limed* by some of their theological subtleties. In this dilemma, he applied to the celebrated John Howe (then one of Cromwell's chaplains), whose Catholic spirit ever prompted him to exert whatever influence he possessed in behalf of the good men of all parties. "You may observe, sir," said Fuller to him, "that I am a somewhat corpulent man, and I am to go through a very *strait* passage. I beg you would be so good as to give me a shove, and help me through." Howe gave him the best advice in his power. When the "Triers" inquired, "Whether he had ever had any experience of a work of grace in his heart?" Fuller replied, in terms of cautious generality, that "He could appeal to the Searcher of all hearts, that he made a conscience of his very thoughts;"—implying, doubtless,

that it was not without the most diligent investigation of his motives, that he had ventured on the sacred office. With this answer they were satisfied, and it was, perhaps, well for Fuller that it was not more specific.

In 1656, he published his "Church History of Great Britain," to which was appended, "The History of the University of Cambridge," and "The History of Waltham Abbey." His "Church History" called forth some animadversions from Dr. Heylyn, to which Fuller replied. In 1658, Lord Berkeley, one of his many patrons, made him his chaplain, and presented him to the rectory of Cranford in Middlesex. Just before the Restoration, he was reinstated in his lectureship in the Savoy, and immediately after it, was restored to his prebend at Salisbury, appointed chaplain-extraordinary to the king, and created Doctor of Divinity by *mandamus*. He was within sight of a bishopric, when death brought all his earthly prospects to a close in 1661. He was buried in his church at Cranford, in the chancel of which there is a monument to his memory. The Latin inscription, which has the rare merit of telling but little more than the truth, closes with an antithetical conceit, so much in Fuller's vein, that it would have done his heart good, could he but have read the following sentence:—"Hic jacet Thomas Fuller Qui dum viros Angliæ illustres opere posthumo immortalitate consecrare meditatus est, ipse immortalitatem est consecutus." This alludes to the "Worthies of England," partly printed before his death, but published by his son.

Fuller is one of the few voluminous authors who are never tedious. No matter where we pitch, we are sure to alight on something which stimulates attention; and perhaps there is no author equally voluminous, to whom we could so fearlessly apply the *ad aperturam libri* test. Let the subject be ever so dry or barren, he is sure to surround it with some unlooked-for felicity, or at least some entertaining oddity of thought or expression: the most meagre matter of fact shall suggest either some solid reflection or curious inference, some ingenious allusion or humorous story; or, if nothing better, some sportive alliteration or ludicrous pun. To this must be added, that his reflections and his images are in general so exceedingly novel, (often, it is true, far-fetched and quaint enough, but often also very beautiful,) that they surprise as well as please, and please in a great measure by surprising us. Probably there is no author who so often breaks upon his readers with turns of thought for which they are totally unprepared; nor would it be unamusing to watch the countenance of any intelligent man while perusing his pages. We will venture to say, that few writers in the English language could produce more rapid variations of expression. We should see the face, in succession, mantling with a smile—distended into a broad grin—breaking out into loud laughter; the eyebrows now arched to an expression of sudden wonder and pleased surprise; the whole visage now clouded with a momentary shade of vexation over some wanton spoiling of a fine thought—now quieted again into placidity, by the presentation of

something truly wise or beautiful, and anon chuckling afresh over some outrageous pun or oddity. The same expression could not be maintained for any three paragraphs—perfect gravity scarcely for three sentences.

The activity of Fuller's suggestive faculty must have been immense. Though his principal characteristic is wit, and that too so disproportionate, that it conceals in its ivy-like luxuriance the robust wisdom about which it coils itself, his illustrations are drawn from every source and quarter, and are ever ready at his bidding. In the variety, frequency, and novelty of his illustrations, he strongly resembles two of the most imaginative writers in our language, though in all other respects still more unlike them than they were unlike one another—Jeremy Taylor and Edmund Burke. Each, indeed, has his peculiar characteristics, even in those very points in which they may be compared. The imagination of Jeremy Taylor takes its hue from his vast learning, and derives from classical and historical allusions more than half its sources of illustration; that of Fuller, from the wit which forms the prime element in his intellectual constitution. Burke, on the other hand, had comparatively little wit; at least it was no characteristic: the images his mind supplies are chiefly distinguished by splendour and beauty. Still, in a boundless profusion of imagery of one kind or another, available on all occasions and on all subjects, and capable of clothing sterility itself with sudden freshness and verdure, they all resemble one another, and, in this point, are perhaps unequalled among English prose writers.

Most marvellous and enviable is that fecundity of fancy, which can adorn whatever it touches—which can invest naked fact and dry reasoning with unlooked-for beauty—make flowerets bloom even on the brow of the precipice, and, when nothing better can be had, can turn the very substance of rock itself into moss and lichens. This faculty is incomparably the most important for the vivid and attractive *exhibition* of truth to the minds of men; and, taken in connection with other qualities, which neither Taylor nor Fuller possessed, namely, method and taste, will do more to give books permanent power and popularity than even the very truths they contain. Indeed, that, to a great extent, may be said of every discourse, which Fuller says more particularly of sermons, “that though reasons are the pillars of the fabric, similitudes are the windows which give the best lights.”

We have said that Fuller’s faculty of illustration is boundless; surely it may be safely asserted, since it can diffuse even over the driest geographical and chronological details an unwonted interest. We have a remarkable exemplification of this in those chapters of his “Holy War,” in which he gives what he quaintly calls “a Pisgah-sight, or Short Survey of Palestine in general;” and a still stronger, if possible, in his “Description of the Citie of Jerusalem.” In these chapters, what in other hands would have proved little more than a bare enumeration of names, sparkles with perpetual wit, and is enlivened with all sorts of vivacious allusions. One or two short specimens of the arts by which he manages

to make such a "survey" attractive will be found below; * but much of the effect is lost by their being presented in a detached form.

The principal attribute of Fuller's genius is unquestionably wit; though, as Coleridge has well observed, "this very circumstance has defrauded him of his due praise for the practical wisdom of the thoughts—for the beauty and variety of the truths into which he shaped the stuff." If it be inquired what was the character of his wit, it must be replied, it is so various, and assumes so many different shapes, that one might as well attempt to define wit itself; and this, seeing the comprehensive Barrow has contented himself with an enumeration of its

* "Nain, where our Saviour raised the widow's son, so that she was twice a mother, yet had but one child." "Mount Carmel, the Jewish Parnassus, where the prophets were so conversant." "Aphek, whose walls falling down, gave both death and gravestones (!) to 27,000 of Benhadad's soldiers." "Tyre, anciently the Royal Exchange of the world." "The river Kishon, the besom to sweep away Sisera's army." "Gilboa, the mountain that David cursed, that neither dew nor rain should fall on it; but of late, some English travellers climbing this mountain were well wetted, David not cursing it by a prophetic spirit but in a poetical rapture." "Gilgal, where the manna ceased, the Israelites having till then been fellow-commoners with the angels." "Gibeon, whose inhabitants cozened Joshua with a pass of false-dated antiquity. Who could have thought that clouted shoes could have covered so much subtilty." "Gaza, the gates whereof Samson carried away; and being sent for to make sport in the house of Dagon, acted such a tragedy as plucked down the stage, slew himself and all the spectators." "Macphelah, where the patriarchs were buried, whose bodies took livery and seisin in behalf of their posterity, who were to possess the whole land." "Edrei, the city of Og, on whose giant-like proportions the rabbis have more giant-like lies." "Pisgah, where Moses viewed the land: hereabouts the angel buried him, and also buried the grave, lest it should occasion idolatry."

forms, in despair of being able to include them all within the circle of a precise definition, we certainly shall not attempt. Suffice it to say, that all the varieties recorded in that singularly felicitous passage are exemplified in the pages of our author. Of *his* wit, as of *wit* in general, it may be truly said, that "sometimes it lieth in pat allusion to a known story, or in seasonable application of a trivial saying, or in forging an apposite tale; sometimes it playeth in words and phrases, taking advantage from the ambiguity of their sense, or the affinity of their sound; sometimes it is wrapped in a dress of humorous expression; sometimes it lurketh under an odd similitude; sometimes it is lodged in a sly question, in a smart answer, in a quirkish reason, in a shrewd intimation, in cunningly diverting or cleverly retorting an objection; sometimes it is couched in a bold scheme of speech, in a tart irony, in a lusty hyperbole, in a startling metaphor, in a plausible reconciling of contradictions, or in acute nonsense; sometimes a scenical representation of persons or things, a counterfeit speech, a mimical look or gesture, passeth for it; sometimes an affected simplicity, sometimes a presumptuous bluntness giveth it being; sometimes it riseth only from a lucky hitting upon what is strange; sometimes from a crafty wresting obvious matter to the purpose. Often it consisteth in one knows not what, and springeth up one can hardly tell how. Its ways are unaccountable and inexplicable; being answerable to the numberless rovings of fancy, and windings of language."

Of all the preceding varieties of wit, next to the

“play with words and phrases,” perhaps Fuller most delighted in “pat allusions to a known story;” “in seasonable application of a trivial saying;” “in a tart irony” and “an affected simplicity;” in the “odd similitude” and the “quirkish reason.” In these he certainly excelled. We have noted some brief specimens, which we here give the reader. Speaking of the Jesuits he says, “such is the charity of the Jesuits, that they never owe any man any ill-will—making present payment thereof.” Of certain prurient canons, in which virtue is in imminent danger of being tainted by impure descriptions of purity, he shrewdly remarks—“One may justly admire how these canonists, being pretended virgins, could arrive at the knowledge of the criticisms of all obscenity.” Touching the miraculous coffin in which St. André was deposited, he slyly says—“Under the ruined walls of Grantchester or Cambridge, a coffin was found, with a cover correspondent, both of white marble, which did fit her body so exactly, as if (which one may believe was true) it was *made* for it.” On Machiavel’s saying, “that he who undertakes to write a history must be of no religion,” he observes, “if so, Machiavel himself was the best qualified of any in his age to be a good historian.” On the unusual conjunction of great learning and great wealth in the case of Selden, he remarks, “Mr. Selden had some coins of the Roman emperors, and a great many more of our English kings.” After commenting on the old story of St. Dunstan’s pinching the Devil’s nose with the red-hot tongs, he drolly cries out—“But away with all suspicions and queries. None need to doubt of

the truth thereof, finding it in a sign painted in Fleet Street, near Temple Bar." The bare, bald style of the schoolmen, he tells us, some have attributed to design "lest any of the vermin of equivocation should hide themselves under the *nap* of their words." On excessive attention to fashion in dress he says—"Had some of our gallants been with the Israelites in the wilderness, when for forty years their clothes waxed not old, they would have been vexed, though their clothes were whole, to have been so long in one fashion." Speaking of the melancholy forebodings which have sometimes haunted the death-bed of good men, he quaintly tells us, "that the Devil is most busy in the last day of his term, and a tenant to be *outed* cares not what mischief he does." Of unreasonable expectations he says, with characteristic love of quibbling, "those who *expect* what in reason they *cannot* expect, *may* expect." The court jester he wittily and truly characterises thus—"It is an office which none but he that hath wit *can* perform, and none but he that wants wit *will* perform." Of modest women, who nevertheless dress themselves in questionable attire, he says—"I must confess some honest women may go thus, but no whit the honester for going thus. That ship may have Castor and Pollux for the sign, which, notwithstanding, has St. Paul for the lading." He thus speaks of anger—"He that keepeth anger long in his bosom, giveth place to the Devil. And why should we make room for him who will crowd in too fast of himself? Heat of passion makes our souls to crack, and the Devil creeps in at the crannies." Of intellectual deficiencies in the

very *tall* he remarks, "that oft-times such who are built four stories high, are observed to have little in their cock-loft." Of virtue in a very *short* man, he says, "His soul had but a short diocese to visit, and therefore might the better attend the effectual informing thereof."

Of the "quirkish reason," mentioned as one of the species of wit in the above-recited passage of Barrow, the pages of our author are full. What can be more ridiculous than the reason he assigns, in his description of the "good wife," for the *order* of Paul's admonitions to husbands and wives in the third chapter of the epistle to the Colossians? "The apostle first adviseth women to submit themselves to their husbands, and then counselleth men to love their wives. And sure it was fitting that women should first have their lesson given them, because it is hardest to be learned, and therefore they need have the more time to con it. For the same reason we first begin with the character of a good wife." Not less droll, or rather far more so, is the manner in which he subtilizes on the command, that we are not "to let the sun go down on our wrath." "Anger kept till the next morning, with manna, doth putrefy and corrupt; save that manna, corrupted not at all, (and anger most of all,) kept the next Sabbath. St. Paul saith, 'Let not the sun go down on your wrath,' to carry news to the antipodes in another world of thy revengeful nature. Yet let us take the apostle's meaning rather than his words, with all possible speed to depose our passion; not understanding him literally so that we may take leave to be angry till sunset; then might our wrath lengthen with

the days, and men in Greenland, where day lasts above a quarter of a year, have plentiful scope of revenge.”*

Of all the *forms* of wit, Fuller affects that of the satirist least. Though he can be caustic, and sometimes is so, he does not often indulge the propensity; and when he does it is without bitterness; a sly irony, a good-humoured gibe, which tickles, but does not sting, is all he ventures upon. Perhaps there is no mental quality whatever, which so much depends on the temperament and moral habitudes of the individual, as this of wit; so much so, indeed, that often they will wholly determine its character. We are inclined to think, that he who is master of any one species of wit, might make himself no mean proficient in all; whether it shall have the quality of waspish spleen, or grave banter, or broad and laughing humour, depends far more on moral than on intellectual causes. Imagine Fuller’s wit in a man of melancholic temperament, querulous disposition, sickly health, morbid sensibility, or irritable vanity—and we should have a satirist whose malignity would repel, still more than his wit would attract. The sallies of our author are enjoyed without any drawback, even when they are a little satirical; so innocent, so childlike, so

* On this passage Charles Lamb makes the following characteristic remarks:—“This whimsical prevention of a consequence which no one would have thought of deducing, setting up an *absurdum* on purpose to hunt it down—placing guards, as it were, at the very outposts of possibility—gravely giving out laws to insanity, and prescribing moral fences to distempered intellects, could never have entered into a head less entertainingly constructed than that of Fuller or Sir Thomas Browne, the very air of whose style the conclusion of this passage most aptly imitates.”

free from malice, are they. His own temperament eminently favoured the development of the more amiable qualities of wit: he was endowed with that happy buoyancy of spirit, which, next to religion itself, is the most precious possession of man; and which is second only to religion, in enabling us to bear with ease the trials and burdens of humanity. Both conspired to render him habitually light-hearted. With such a temperament, thus added to unfeigned piety and unfeigned benevolence; with a heart open to all innocent pleasures, and purged from the "leaven of malice and uncharitableness," it was as natural that he should be full of good-tempered mirth, as it is for the grasshopper to chirp, or the bee to hum, or the birds to warble, in the spring breeze and the bright sunshine. His very physiognomy was an index to his natural character. As described by his contemporaries, he had light flaxen hair, bright blue and laughing eyes, a frank and open visage. Such a face was a sort of guarantee, that the wit with which he was endowed could not be employed for any purpose inconsistent with constitutional good-nature. Accordingly, never was mirth more devoid of malice than his; unseasonable and in excess it doubtless often is, but this is all that can be charged upon it. His gibes are so pleasant, so tinged by an overflowing *bonhomie*, that we doubt whether the very subjects of them could forbear laughing in sympathy, though at their own expense. Equally assured we are, that, as he never uttered a joke on another with any malice, so he was quite ready to laugh when any joke was uttered upon himself. Never

dreaming of ill-will to his neighbour, and equally unsuspicious of any towards himself, it must have been a bitter joke indeed in which he could not join. It is rarely that a professed joker relishes wit when directed against himself; and the manner in which he receives it may usually be taken as an infallible indication of his temper. He well knows the difference between laughing at another, and being laughed at himself. Fuller was not one of that *irritabile genus*, who wonder that any should be offended at their innocent pleasantry, and yet can never find any pleasantry innocent but their own! There is a story told, which, though not true, *ought* to have been true, and which, if not denied by Fuller, would have been supposed to authenticate itself. It is said that he once "caught a Tartar" in a certain Mr. Sparrowhawk, of whom he asked, "What was the difference between an owl and a sparrowhawk?" The reply was, that "an owl was *fuller* in the head, and *fuller* in the face, and *fuller* all over!" We believe that if the retort had been really uttered, it would have been received by the object of it, not with that curious expression of face so common on such occasions, in which constrained mirth struggles with mortified vanity, and simulated laughter vainly strives to cover real annoyance, but with a peal of hearty gratulation.*

* This story is, however, more than doubtful; it is expressly denied by Fuller himself, in his reply to Heylyn's "Examen Historicum." The circumstances which led to the denial are curious. Fuller, in his "Ecclesiastical History," had related of Laud, that having once demanded of a lady, who had lately become a proselyte to Popery, the reason of the change, he received for answer, that "she hated a crowd." Upon

As the temperament of Fuller was most cheerful, and a pledge for the innocence of his wit, so he jested by what may be called a necessity of his nature—on all subjects, at all times, under all circumstances. Wit, in one or other of its multitudinous shapes, was the habitual attire of his thoughts and feelings. With the kindest heart in the world, he could not recite even a calamitous story without investing it with a tinge of the ludicrous. It would seem as if, in his case, a jest were the natural expression of all emotion; he is no more to be wondered at for mingling his condolence and his lamentations with merriment, than are other men for accompanying them with tears and sighs. An epitaph in his hand would have been a sort of epigram, not free from grotesque humour; and his ordinary pulpit discourses must, we are convinced, have often contained passages which severely tried the gravity of his audience. In confir-

being further pressed to explain so dark a saying, she said, "Your Lordship and many others are making for Rome as fast as ye can, and therefore, to prevent a press, I went before you." This anecdote roused the indignation of Heylyn, who by way of showing the impropriety of recording in print idle reports to the disadvantage of individuals, tells of a "retort" on Fuller, substantially the same with that related of Mr. Sparrowhawk, but disguised in a form, and attended with circumstances which rob it of more than half its point, and make Fuller appear to greater disadvantage than that of having merely been discomfited by a happy repartee. Fuller thus replied:—"My tale was *true* and *new*, never printed before; whereas his is *old* (made, it seems, on one of my name, printed before I was born) and *false*, never by man or woman retorted on me. I had rather my name should make many causelessly merry, than any justly sad; and, seeing it lieth equally open and obvious to praise and dispraise, I shall as little be elated when flattered—'Fuller of wit and learning,' as dejected when flouted—'Fuller of folly and ignorance.'"

mation of all we have said, we may remark, that he actually finds it impossible to suppress his vivacious pleasantry even in the most tragical parts of his "histories," and tells the most rueful tidings in so droll a manner as sets all sobriety at defiance. One or two odd specimens we cannot refrain from laying before the reader. He thus recounts a "lamentable accident" which befell a congregation of Catholics at Blackfriars:—"The sermon began to incline to the middle, the day to the end thereof; when on the sudden the floor fell down whereon they were assembled. It gave no charitable warning groan beforehand, but cracked, broke, and fell, all in an instant. Many were killed, more bruised, all frightened. Sad sight, to behold the flesh and blood of different persons mingled together, *and the brains of one on the head of another!* One lacked a leg; another, an arm; a third, *whole and entire, wanting nothing but breath, stifled in the ruins.*" Was ever such a calamity so mirthfully related? But one of the most singular instances of the peculiarity in question, is contained in his account of the capture and execution of the principal conspirators in the Gunpowder plot. It is so characteristic, that no apology is required for inserting one or two extracts below.*

* "Meantime Catesby, Perey, Rookwood, both the Wrights, and Thomas Winter, were hovering about London, to attend the issue of the matter. Having sate so long abrood, and hatching nothing, they began to suspect all their eggs had proved addle. Yet, betwixt hope and fear, they and their servants post down into the country, through Warwick and Worcester, into Staffordshire. Of traitors they turn felons, breaking up stables and stealing horses as they went. But many of their own men, by a far more lawful felony, stole away from

So exuberant is Fuller's wit, that, as his very melancholy is mirthful, so his very wisdom wears motley. But it is wisdom notwithstanding; nor are there many authors, in whom we shall find so much solid sense and practical sagacity, in spite of the grotesque disguise in which they masque themselves. Nothing can be more true than the remark already quoted from Coleridge, that Fuller's wit has defrauded him of some of the praise of wisdom which is his due. There was nothing, however, of the reality, whatever there might be of the appearance of profane or inhuman levity, in his mode of dealing with sacred or serious subjects. His was the natural expression of much hilarity conjoined with much wit. He would have been mirthful, whether he had had much wit or not; having also much wit, his mirth expressed itself in the forms most natural to him. He

their masters, leaving them to shift for themselves. The neighbouring counties, and their own consciences, rise up against these riotous roisterers, as yet unknown for traitors. At last Sir Richard Walsh, high sheriff of Worcestershire, overtook them at Holbeck, in Staffordshire, at the house of Mr. Stephen Littleton; where, upon their resistance, the two Wrights were killed, Rookwood and Thomas Winter shrewdly wounded. As for Percy and Catesby, they fought desperately for their lives, as knowing no quarter but *quartering* would be given unto them; and, as if they scorned to turn their backs to any but themselves, setting back to back, they fought against all that assaulted them. Many swords were drawn upon them, but 'gunpowder' must do the deed, which discharged that bullet which despatched them both. Never were two bad men's deaths more generally lamented of all good men; only on this account—that they lived no longer, to be forced to a further discovery of their secret associates. It must not be forgotten, how, some hours before their apprehension, as these plotters were drying dank gunpowder in an inn, a miller casually coming in (haply not heeding the black meal on the hearth), by careless casting on of a billet,

spoke only as he felt; and though we may think that another mode of speech would have been more proper, and better adapted to the ordinary feelings of mankind under the circumstances, we cannot consent to rank the *facetiae* of Fuller on grave subjects, with the profane heartless witticisms of those with whom nothing is sacred, and who speak lightly because they feel lightly. His whole life, and even his whole writings, prove him to have been possessed of genuine veneration for all that is divine, and genuine sympathy with all that is human.

The limits within which wit and humour may be lawfully used, are well laid down by himself in his "Holy and Profane State," in the essays on "Jesting and Gravity," and in his character of the "Faithful Minister." It would be too much to say that he has always acted

fired the gunpowder: up flies the chimney with part of the house; all therein are frightened, most hurt; but especially Catesby and Rookwood had their faces soundly scorched, so bearing in their bodies, not *στίγματα*, 'the marks of Our Lord Jesus Christ,' but the print of their own impieties. Well might they guess how good that their cup of cruelty was, whose dregs they meant others should drink, by this little *sip* which they themselves had unwillingly tasted thereof. The rest were all at London solemnly arraigned, convicted, condemned. So foul the fact, so fair the proof, they could say nothing for themselves. Master Tresham dying in the prison, prevented a more ignominious end." . . . "They all craved testimony that they died Roman Catholics. My pen shall grant them this their last and so equal petition, and bears witness to all whom it may concern, that they lived and died in the *Romish religion*. And although the heinousness of their offence might, with some colour of justice, have angered severity into cruelty against them, yet so favourably were they proceeded with, that most of their sons or heirs, except since disinherited by their own prodigality, at this day enjoy their paternal possessions."

strictly up to his own maxims; but it may be safely asserted that he seldom violates the most important of them, and that, when he did, it was in perfect unconsciousness of so doing. Of *profane* jests, he says, in his strong manner—"Jest not with the two-edged sword of God's word. Will nothing please thee to wash thy hands in but the font? or to drink healths in but the church chalice?" On *inhuman* jests, he says—"Scoff not at the natural defects of any which are not in their power to amend. Oh, it is cruelty to beat a cripple with his own crutches!" In another place, he quaintly says, "It is *unnatural* to laugh at a natural." Speaking of the "Faithful Minister," he says—"That he will not use a light comparison to make thereof a grave application, for fear lest his poison go further than his antidote." But his sermons on the book of "Ruth" contain many curious instances of his oblivion of this maxim; of which, a striking one is given by the editor of the recent edition of his "Holy and Profane State." In his essay on "Gravity," he touchingly pleads for a charitable construction of the levities of a mirthful temperament. "Some men," says he, "are of a very cheerful disposition; and God forbid that all such should be condemned for lightness! Oh, let not any envious eye disinheret men of that which is their 'portion in this life,' comfortably to enjoy the blessings thereof! Yet gravity must prune, not root out our mirth." Gravity must have had hard work to do this in his own case; for as he himself says in another place—beautifully commenting on a well-known line of Horace—"That

fork must have strong tines wherewith one would thrust out nature."

The imagination of Fuller, though generally displaying itself in the forms imposed by his overflowing wit, was yet capable of suggesting images of great beauty, and of true poetic quality. Though lost in the perpetual obtrusion of that faculty to which every other was compelled to minister, it is brilliant enough to have made the reputation of any inferior writer; and we believe that what Coleridge has said of his wisdom, might as truly be said of his fancy;—his wit has equally defrauded both of the admiration due to them.

Fuller's imagination is often happily employed in embodying some strong apophthegm, or maxim of practical wisdom, in a powerful and striking metaphor; the very best form in which they can be presented to us. There occur in his writings very many sentences of this kind, which would not be altogether unworthy of Bacon himself, and in which, as in that far greater genius, we have the combination of solid truth, beautiful imagery, and graceful expression;—where we know not which most to admire—the value of the gem, the lustre of the polish, or the appropriateness of the setting.

In many respects, Fuller may be considered the very type and exemplar of that large class of religious writers of the seventeenth century, to which we emphatically apply the term "quaint." That word has long ceased to mean what it once meant. By derivation, and by original usage, it first signified "scrupulously elegant," "refined," "exact," "accurate," beyond the reach of

common art. In time it came to be applied to whatever was designed to indicate these characteristics—though excogitated with so elaborate a subtlety, as to trespass on ease and nature. In a word, it was applied to what was ingenious and fantastic, rather than tasteful or beautiful. It is now wholly used in this acceptance; and always implies some violation of true taste, some deviation from what the “natural” requires under the given circumstances. The application of the word both to literary compositions and to the more material products of art, of course simultaneously underwent similar modifications.

Now the age in which Fuller lived was the golden age of “quaintness” of all kinds;—in gardening, in architecture, in costume, in manners, in religion, in literature. As men improved external nature with a perverse expenditure of money and ingenuity—made her yews and cypresses grow into peacocks and statues—tortured and clipped her luxuriance into monotonous uniformity—turned her graceful curves and spirals into straight lines and parallelograms—compelled things incongruous to blend in artificial union, and then measured the merits of the work, not by the absurdity of the design, but by the difficulty of the execution;—so in literature, the curiously and elaborately unnatural was too often the sole object. Far-fetched allusions and strained similitudes, fantastic conceits and pedantic quotations, the eternal jingle of alliteration and antithesis, puns and quirks and verbal pleasantries of all kinds—these too often formed the choicest objects of the writer’s

ambition. The excellence of the product was judged, not by its intrinsic beauty, but by the labour it involved, and the ingenuity it displayed.

But while much of the “quaint” literature of that age is now as little relished as the ruffs, wigs, and high-backed chairs of our great-great-grandfathers, there is not a little which will be held in everlasting remembrance. Not only are the works of powerful, though it may be perverted genius, full of thoughts, and images, and felicities of expression, which, being the offspring of truth and fancy, will be beautiful through all time; but the aspect in which the “quaint” itself appears to us, will depend upon the character of the individual writer, and the nature of the subjects he treats. The constitution of Fuller’s mind had such an affinity with the peculiarities of the day, that what was “quaint” in others seems to have been his natural element—the sort of attire in which his active and eccentric genius loved to clothe itself. The habit which others perhaps slowly attained, and at length made (by those strong associations which can for a while sanctify any thing in taste or fashion) a second nature, seems to have cost him nothing. Allusions and images may appear odd, unaccountably odd, but in him they are evidently not far-fetched; they are spontaneously and readily presented by his teeming fancy: even his puns and alliterations seem the careless, irrepressible exuberances of a very sportive mind—not racked and tortured out of an unwilling brain, as is the case with so many of his contemporaries. We are aware, of course, that it is the

office of a correct judgment to circumscribe the extravagances of the suggestive faculty, and to select from the materials it offers only what is in harmony with good taste. All we mean is, that in the case of Fuller, the suggestions, however eccentric, were spontaneous, not artificial—offered, not sought for. The water, however brackish or otherwise impure, still gushed from a natural spring, and was not brought up by the wheel and axle. His mind was a fountain, not a forcing-pump. Thus his very “quaintness” is also “nature”—nature in him, though it would not be so in others; and we therefore read his most outrageous extravagances with very different feelings from those with which we glance at the frigid conceits and dreary impertinences of many of his contemporaries. Nor do we simply feel indulgence towards them as spontaneous; their very spontaneity insures them an elasticity and vivacity of expression, which we should seek in vain in writers whose minds had less affinity with the genius of the day.

Nor are we to forget that there are certain *subjects* to which the “quaint” style of those times is better adapted than to others; and in which it appears not destitute of a certain fantastic grace and fitness. We mean subjects in which little of passion or emotion would be expected. When conviction or persuasion is the object, and directness of purpose and earnestness of feeling are essential, we will not say to success, but merely to gain a hearing, nothing can be more repulsive, because nothing more *unnatural*, than the “quaint” style;—nothing being more improbable than that far-fetched

similitudes and laboured prettinesses should offer themselves to the mind at such a moment, except, indeed, where universal custom has made (as in the case of some of our forefathers) quaintness itself a second nature. When lachrymatories were the fashion, it might, for aught we can tell, have been easy for the ancient mourner to drop a tear into the little cruet at any given moment. But, ordinarily, nothing is more certain than that the very sight of such a receptacle would, as it was carried round to the company, instantly annihilate all emotion, even if it did not turn tears into laughter. Not less repellent, under ordinary circumstances, are all the forms of the “quaint” when the object is to excite emotion, strong or deep. But it is not so with certain other subjects, in which the “quaint” itself is not without its recommendations; for example, in enforcing and illustrating moral maxims, in inculcating lessons of life and manners, in depicting varieties of human character—in all which cases no continuous reasoning, no warmth of passion, is expected or required. Here the fancy may be indulged in her most sportive and playful moods, and allowed to attire the sententious aphorisms she is commissioned to recommend, in any way that seems to her best. She may travel in any circuit, however wide, for her illustrations—may employ analogies, the very oddity of which shall ensure their being remembered—may lock up wisdom in any curious casket of antithesis or alliteration—nay, may not disdain even a quip or a pun, when these may serve to stimulate attention, or to aid the memory. The very best speci-

mens of the quaint style, at all events, are on such themes. Such, to mention a single example, is Earle's "Microcosmography;" such, also, are the best and most finished of Fuller's own writings—as his "Profane and Holy State," his "Good Thoughts in Bad Times," his "Good Thoughts in Worse Times," and his "Mixed Contemplations." The composition in such works often reminds us of some gorgeous piece of cabinet-work from China or India, in which ivory is richly inlaid with gems and gold. Though we may not think the materials always harmonious, or the shape perfectly consistent with our notions of elegance, we cannot fail to admire the richness of the whole product, and the costliness and elaboration of the workmanship.

We have said, that in many respects Fuller may be considered the master of the quaint school of the seventeenth century. It is by no means to be forgotten, however, that he is almost entirely free from many of the most offensive peculiarities of that school. As those qualities of quaintness he possesses in common with his contemporaries are, as already intimated, natural to *him*, so from those which could hardly be natural in *any*, he is for the most part free. Thus he is almost wholly untainted by that vain pedantry, which so deeply infects the style of many of the greatest writers of his age; more especially Burton, Jeremy Taylor, Donne, and Browne. His quotations are very rare, and generally very apt, introduced for use, not ostentation. You nowhere find that curious mosaic work of different tongues, which is so common in the pages of Burton

and Taylor. You never find him, as you do this last writer, enforcing some commonplace of moral wisdom by half a dozen quotations from different writers, as though afraid to allow even a truism to walk abroad except under the guard of some venerable names; or as though men would not believe their own senses, unless they had the authority of antiquity for doing so. From all the forms of learned pedantry, Fuller may be pronounced almost entirely free. His reading was various, and his learning great; though not to be compared to those of the above writers, whose powers, vast as they were, often sank beneath the load of their more prodigious erudition.

Fuller's style is also free to a great extent, from the Latinisms which form so large an element in that of many of his great contemporaries. Both in style and diction, he is much more idiomatic than most of them. The structure of his sentences is far less involved and periodic, while his words are in much larger proportion of Saxon derivation. Something may no doubt be attributed to the character of his mind; his shrewd practical sense leading him, as it generally leads those who are strongly characterised by it, to prefer the homely and universally intelligible in point of expression. Still more, however, is to be attributed to the habits of his life. He was not the learned recluse which many of his contemporaries were, and neither read nor wrote half so much in the learned tongues. He loved to gossip with the common people; and, when collecting materials for his historical works, would listen, we are

told, for hours together, to their prolix accounts of local traditions and family legends. Many, very many of the good old English words now lost, may be found in his writings. One passage of vigorous idiomatic English, and which is, in many other respects, a striking exemplification of Fuller's manner, we cannot refrain from quoting. It is from his "Essay on Tombs:"

"Tombs are the clothes of the dead. A grave is but a plain suit, and a rich monument is one embroidered. Most moderate men have been careful for the decent interment of their corpses; . . . both hereby to prevent the negligence of heirs, and to mind him of his mortality. Virgil tells us, that when bees swarm in the air, and two armies, meeting together, fight as it were a set battle with great violence—cast but a little dust upon them, and they will be quiet:—

*'Hi motus animorum, atque hæc certamina tanta,
Pulveris exigui jactu compressa quiescunt.'*

"Thus the most ambitious motions and thoughts of man's mind are quickly quelled when dust is thrown on him, whereof his fore-prepared sepulchre is an excellent remembrancer. Yet some seem to have built their tombs, therein to bury their thoughts of dying; never thinking thereof, but embracing the world with greater greediness. A gentleman made choice of a fair stone, and, intending the same for his gravestone, caused it to be pitched up in a field a pretty distance from his house, and used often to shoot at it for his exercise. 'Yea, but,' said a wag that stood by, 'you would be loath, sir,

to hit the mark.' And so are many unwilling to die, who, notwithstanding, have erected their monuments.

"Tombs ought, in some sort, to be proportioned, not to the wealth, but deserts of the party interred. Yet may we see some rich man of mean worth, loaden under a tomb big enough for a prince to bear. There were officers appointed in the Grecian games, who always, by public authority, did pluck down the statues erected to the victors, if they exceeded the true symmetry and proportion of their bodies.

"The shortest, plainest, and truest epitaphs are best.—I say, 'the shortest;' for when a passenger sees a chronicle written on a tomb, he takes it on trust some great man lies there buried, without taking pains to examine who he is. Mr. Camden, in his 'Remains,' presents us with examples of great men that had little epitaphs. And when once I asked a witty gentleman, an honoured friend of mine, what epitaph was fittest to be written on Mr. Camden's tomb—'Let it be,' said he, "Camden's Remains." I say also, 'the plainest;' for, except the sense lie above ground, few will trouble themselves to dig for it. Lastly, it must be 'true;' not as in some monuments, where the red veins in the marble may seem to blush at the falsehoods written on it. He was a witty man that first taught a stone to speak, but he was a wicked man that taught it first to lie.

"To want a grave is the cruelty of the living, not the misery of the dead. An English gentleman, not long since, did lie on his death-bed in Spain, and the Jesuits

did flock about him to pervert him to their religion. All was in vain. Their last argument was, 'If you will not turn Roman Catholic, then your body shall be unburied.' 'Then,' answered he, 'I will stink;' and so turned his head and died. Thus love, if not to the dead, to the living, will make him, if not a grave a hole. . . . A good memory is the best monument. Others are subject to casualty and time; and we know that the pyramids themselves, dotting with age, have forgotten the names of their founders.* To conclude; let us be careful to provide rest for our souls, and our bodies will provide rest for themselves. And let us not be herein like unto gentlewomen, who care not to keep the inside of the orange, but candy and preserve only the outside thereof."

One other Essay, which is not only a fine specimen of Fuller's best manner, but is full of sound practical criticism, we cannot resist the temptation to cite. It is on "Fancy:"—

"Fancy is an inward sense of the soul, for a while retaining and examining things brought in thither by the common sense. It is the most boundless and restless faculty of the soul; for, whilst the understand-

* The reader may compare with this fine thought the still sublimer expressions of Sir Thomas Browne: "Time sadly overcometh all things, and is now dominant and sitteth upon a sphinx, and looketh unto Memphis and old Thebes; while his sister, Oblivion, reclineth on a pyramid gloriously triumphing, . . . and turning old glories into dreams. History sinketh beneath her eloud. The traveller, as he paceth amazedly through those deserts, asketh of her who builded" the pyramids? "and she mumbleth something, but what it is he heareth not."

ing and the will are kept as it were *in liberâ custodiâ* to their objects of *verum et bonum*, the fancy is free from all engagements. It digs without spade, sails without ship, flies without wings, builds without charges, fights without bloodshed; in a moment striding from the centre to the circumference of the world, by a kind of omnipotency creating and annihilating things in an instant; and things divorced in nature are married in fancy, as in a lawful place. It is also most restless; whilst the senses are bound, and reason in a manner asleep, fancy, like a sentinel, walks the round, ever working, never wearied.

“The chief diseases of the fancy are either, that it is too wild and high-soaring, or else too low and grovelling, or else too desultory and over-voluble.

“Of the first:—If thy fancy be but a little too rank, age itself will correct it. To lift too high is no fault in a young horse: because, with travelling, he will mend it, for his own ease. Thus, lofty fancies in young men will come down of themselves; and, in process of time, the overplus will shrink to be but even measure. But if this will not do it, then observe these rules:—

“Take part always with thy judgment against thy fancy, in any thing wherein they shall dissent. If thou suspectest thy conceits too luxuriant, herein account thy suspicion a legal conviction, and damn whatsoever thou doubttest of. Warily Tully:—*Benè monent, qui vetant quicquam facere de quo dubitas, æquum sit an iniquum.*

“Take the advice of a faithful friend, and submit thy inventions to his censure. When thou pennest an ora-

tion, let him have the power of *Index Expurgatorius*, to expunge what he pleaseth ; and do not thou, like a fond mother, cry if the child of thy brain be corrected for playing the wanton. Mark the arguments and reasons of his alterations—why that phrase least proper, this passage more cautious and advised ; and, after a while, thou shalt perform the place in thine own person, and not go out of thyself for a censorer.

“If thy fancy be too low and humble, let thy judgment be king, but not tyrant, over it, to condemn harmless, yea commendable conceits. Some, for fear their orations should giggle, will not let them smile. Give it also liberty to rove, for it will not be extravagant. There is no danger that weak folks, if they walk abroad, will straggle far, as wanting strength.

“Acquaint thyself with reading poets, for there fancy is in her throne ; and, in time, the sparks of the author’s wit will catch hold on the reader, and inflame him with love, liking, and desire of imitation. I confess there is more required to teach one to write than to see a copy. However, there is a secret force of fascination in reading poems, to raise and provoke fancy.

“If thy fancy be over-voluble, then whip this vagrant home to the first object whereon it should be settled. Indeed, nimbleness is the perfection of this faculty, but levity the bane of it. Great is the difference betwixt a swift horse, and a skittish that will stand on no ground. Such is the ubiquitary fancy, which will keep long residence on no one subject, but is so courteous to strangers, that it ever welcomes that conceit most which comes last,

and new species supplant the old ones, before seriously considered. If this be the fault of thy fancy, I say, whip it home to the first object whereon it should be settled. This do as often as occasion requires, and by degrees the fugitive servant will learn to abide by his work without running away.

“Acquaint thyself by degrees with hard and knotty studies—as school-divinity, which will clog thy overnimble fancy. True at the first, it will be as welcome to thee as a prison, and their very solutions will seem knots unto thee. But take not too much at once, lest thy brain turn edge. Taste it first as a potion for physic; and by degrees thou shalt drink it as beer for thirst: practice will make it pleasant. Mathematics are also good for this purpose; if beginning to try a conclusion, thou must make an end, lest thou losest thy pains that are past, and must proceed seriously and exactly. I meddle not with those Bedlam fancies, all whose conceits are anties; but leave them for the physicians to purge with hellebore.

“To clothe low creeping matter with high-flown language is not fine fancy, but flat foolery. It rather loads than raises a wren, to fasten the feathers of an ostrich to her wings. Some men’s speeches are like the high mountains in Ireland, having a dirty bog in the top of them; the very ridge of them in high words having nothing of worth, but what rather stalls than delights the auditor.

“Fine fancies in manufactures invent engines rather pretty than useful. And, commonly, one trade is too narrow for them. They are better to project new ways

than to prosecute old, and are rather skilful in many mysteries than thriving in one. They affect not voluminous inventions, wherein many years must constantly be spent to perfect them, except there be in them variety of pleasant employment.

“Imagination (the work of the fancy) hath produced real effects. Many serious and sad examples hereof may be produced. I will only insist on a merry one. A gentleman having led a company of children beyond their usual journey, they began to be weary, and jointly cried to him to carry them; which, because of their multitude, he could not do, but told them he would provide them horses to ride on. Then cutting little wands out of the hedge as nags for them, and a great stake as a gelding for himself, thus mounted, fancy put mettle into their legs, and they came cheerfully home.

“Fancy runs most furiously when a guilty conscience drives it. One that owed much money, and had many creditors, as he walked London streets in the evening, a tenter-hook caught his cloak. ‘At whose suit?’ said he, conceiving some bailiff had arrested him. Thus guilty consciences are afraid where no fear is, and count every creature they meet a sergeant sent from God to punish them.”

The *historical* works of Fuller are simply a caricature of the species of composition to which they professedly belong; a systematic violation of all its proprieties. The gravity and dignity of the historic muse are habitually set at naught by him. Nay more; not only is he continually cracking his jokes, and perpetrating his puns; his matter

is as full of treason against the laws of history as his manner. His very method—if we may be allowed such an abuse of language—consists in a contempt of all method. He has so constructed his works as to secure himself the indulgence of perpetual digression—of harbouring and protecting every vagrant story that may ask shelter in his pages—of rambling hither and thither, as the fit takes him—and of introducing all sorts of things where, when, and how he pleases. To this end he has cut up his “Histories” into little paragraphs or sections, which often have as little connection with one another as with the general subject. Any curious fact, any odd anecdote, is warrant in his opinion for a digression, provided only it has any conceivable relation to the events he happens to be narrating. A mere chronological connection is always deemed enough to justify him in bringing the most diverse matters into juxtaposition; while the little spaces which divide his sections from one another, like those between the compartments in a cabinet of curiosities, are thought sufficient lines of demarcation between the oddest incongruities. His “Worthies of England” is in fact a rambling tour over the English Counties, taken in alphabetical order, in which, though his chief object is to give an account of the principal families resident in each, and of the illustrious men they have severally produced, he cannot refrain from thrusting in a world of gossip on their natural history and geography, on their productions, laws, customs, and proverbs. It may be said that this was an unfinished work; that we have not the fabric itself, but only the bricks and mortar of which

it was to be constructed. We reply that the general plan is sufficiently disclosed, and could not have been materially altered had the author lived to complete the work. But is his "Church History" a whit better in this respect? Never was there such a medley. First, each book and section is introduced by a quaint dedication to one or other of his many admirers or patrons. Nicholson in his "English Historical Library" is rather severe on his motives for such a multiplication of dedications. Secondly, of the several paragraphs into which the "Church History" is divided (most of them introduced by some quaint title), many are as little connected with church history as with the history of China. Thus, in one short "section" comprising the period from 1330 to 1361, we find "paragraphs" relating to "the ignorance of the English in curious clothing"—to "fuller's earth," which, he tells us, "was a precious commodity"—to the manufacture of "woollen cloth" and to the sumptuary laws which "restrained excess in apparel."

Here is a strange mixture in one short chapter! Church history, as all the world knows, is compelled to treat of matters which have a very remote relation to the church of Christ; but who could have suspected that it could by possibility take cognisance of fuller's earth and woollens? Even Fuller himself seems a little astonished at his own hardihood; and lest any should *at first sight* fail to see the perfect congruity of such topics, he engages, with matchless effrontery, to show the connection between them. His reasons are so very absurd, and given so much in his own manner, that we cannot refrain

from citing them. "But enough of this subject, which let none condemn for a deviation from church history. First, because it would not grieve me to go a *little* out of the way, if the way be good, as the digression is, for the credit and profit of our country. Secondly, it reductively belongeth to the church history, seeing many poor people, both young and old, formerly charging the parishes (as appeared by the account of the church officers), were hereby enabled to maintain themselves!"

It may well be supposed, after what has been said, that his "Histories" are not to be judged by the ordinary rules applied to that class of compositions. They possess intrinsic value only as collections and repertories of materials for other and less eccentric writers. In this point of view he often modestly represents them; and in fact, as we conjecture, for the very purpose of securing the larger licence of rambling. The praise of method and regularity (if indeed he formed any notion of these) he coveted little, compared with the free indulgence of his vagrant and gossiping humour. He loved, like Edie Ochiltree, "to daunder along the green lanes," to leave the dusty high-road of continuous history, and solace himself in every "bypath meadow" that invited his feet by its softness and verdure. Even as a collector of materials, his merits have been strongly called in question by Bishop Nicholson. "Through the whole of his 'Church History,'" says the critic, "he is so fond of his own wit, that he does not seem to have minded what he was about. The gravity of an historian (much more of an ecclesiastical one) requires a far greater care, both of

the matter and style of his work, than is here to be met with. If a pretty story comes in his way that affords scope for clinch and droll, off it goes with all the gaiety of the stage, without staying to inquire whether it have any foundation in truth or not; and even the most serious and authentic parts of it are so interlaced with pun and quibble, that it looks as if the man had designed to ridicule the annals of our church into fable and romance. Yet if it were possible to refine it well, the work would be of good use, since there are in it some things of moment hardly to be had elsewhere, which may often illustrate dark passages in more serious writers. These are not to be despised where his authorities are cited, and appear credible. But in other matters, where he is singular, and without his vouchers, *μεμνησο απιστειν.*"

That Fuller has intermingled a great deal of gossip and rubbish with his facts, is indeed most true; but then, usually, he neither receives such matter for truth himself, nor delivers it for truth to others; so that the worst that can be said of him on that score is, that he is content to merge his historic character in that of a retailer of amusing oddities. But that he is careless in the admission or investigation of facts, we cannot admit without better proof than Nicholson has furnished; and we much fear that the censure of the critic was excited rather by Fuller's candour, than by either his partiality or his negligence. If he had been a more thorough partisan, and on the side of his censor, we should have been spared some of the indignation of this "historian" of "historians." With indolence in his researches, at

all events, Fuller cannot be justly taxed. Frequently compelled, in his capacity of chaplain to the royal army, to change his quarters, often writing without the advantage of books and access to documents, it was impossible that he should not fall into serious errors; but he diligently availed himself of such resources as were within his reach. As already intimated, he would spend hours in patiently listening to the long-winded recitals of rustic ignorance, in hopes of gleaning some neglected tradition, or of rescuing some half-forgotten fact from oblivion. His works every where disclose the true antiquarian spirit, the genuine veneration for whatever bears the "charming rust," or exhales the musty odour of age; and it is plain, that if his opportunities had been equal either to his inclinations or his aptitudes, he would have been no mean proficient in the arts of spelling out and piecing the mouldering records of antiquity—of deciphering documents—of adjusting dates—of investigating the origin of old customs, and the etymology of old names—of interpreting proverbial sayings—of sifting the *residuum* of truth in obscure tradition, and of showing the manner in which facts have passed into fable. Like many men of the same stamp, however, he had not the faculty of discriminating the relative value of the facts thus elicited; but frequently exhibits the most insignificant with as much prominence as the most valuable: like them, too, he often mistakes probability for demonstration, and magnifies conjecture into certainty. In some respects he bore a sort of resemblance (though in others how different!) to Herodotus and Froissart. The

charm of continuous narrative, indeed, for which they are so justly eminent, he possessed not; still less the happy art of a picturesque and graceful disposition of his materials. But in his diligent heed to traditional stories, in the personal pains and labour which he was willing to take in the accumulation of his materials, in the eagerness and the patience with which he prosecuted the chase, in the large infusion of merely curious and amusing matter amongst the sober verities of history, by which his "Worthies" and his "Church History" are equally marked, there is some resemblance. The traditions, and "the reports," and the "sayings," of the common people, were as dear to him as was the *ὡς λεγουσιν* to the father of history. Like the above writers, too, he usually lets us know for what he vouches, and what he gives on the report of others; and we believe that, as in their case, his principal statements will be found more nearly true the more they are investigated. But, after all, his professedly historical works are not to be read as *histories*; their strange want of method, the odd intermixture of incongruous and irrelevant matter they contain, and the eccentricities of all kinds with which they abound, will for ever prevent that. They are rather books of amusement; in which wisdom and whim, important facts and impertinent fables, solid reflections and quaint drolleries, refined wit and wretched puns, great beauties and great negligencies, are mingled in equal proportions. Perused as books of amusement, there are few in the English language which a man, with the slightest tincture of love for our early literature, can

take up with a keener relish; while an enthusiast, whether by natural predisposition or acquired habit, will, like Charles Lamb, absolutely riot in their wild luxuriance.

Faulty as Fuller's Histories are, it will be seen that he yet possessed in great perfection many of the essential conditions of excellence in that department of composition. His spirit of research, his love of minute investigation, his fine imagination, his boundless vivacity, his freedom from prejudice, his liberality and candour, would seem to have ensured success; and that success would doubtless have been eminent, had he not given such licence to his inordinate wit, so freely indulged his oddities of manner, and set all method at defiance. These defects have gone far to neutralize his other admirable qualifications for historical composition; and what was absurdly said of Shakspeare, might with some propriety be said of him, "that a *pun* was the Cleopatra for which he lost the world, and was content to lose it."

In a moral and religious point of view, the character of Fuller is entitled to our veneration, and is altogether one of the most attractive and interesting which that age exhibits to us. His buoyant temper, and his perpetual mirthfulness, were wholly at variance with that austerity and rigour which characterised so many of the religionists of his time; but his life and conduct bore ample testimony that he possessed genuine and habitual piety. Amidst all his levity of manner, there was still the gravity of the heart—deep veneration for all things sacred; and while his wit clothed even his religious

thoughts and feelings with irresistible pleasantry, his manner is as different from that of the scorner, as the innocent laugh of childhood from the malignant chuckle of a demon. In all the relations of domestic and social life, his conduct was most exemplary. In one point, especially, does he appear in honourable contrast with the bigots of all parties in that age of strife—he had learnt, partly from his natural benevolence, and partly from a higher principle, the lessons of “that charity which thinketh no evil,” and which so few of his contemporaries knew how to practise. His very moderation, however, as is usually the case, made him suspected by the zealots of both parties. Though a sincere friend of the Church of England, he looked with sorrow (which in his “Church History” he took no pains to disguise) on the severities practised towards the Puritans; and every where adopts the tone of apology for their supposed errors, and of compassion for their undoubted sufferings. His candour and impartiality in treating some of the most delicate portions of our ecclesiastical history—as, for example, the Hampton Court controversy, and the administration of Laud—are in admirable contrast with the resolute spirit of partisanship which has inspired so many of the writers of the Church of England. There were not wanting persons, however, who, as we have seen, insinuated that his candour in these and other instances was nothing but a peace-offering to the men in power at the time he published his “Church History.” But, not to urge that he has said too much on the other side to justify such a supposition, his whole manner is

that of an honest man, striving to be impartial, even if not always successful. Had he been the unprincipled time-server this calumny would represent him, he would have suppressed a little more. Coleridge says that he was "incomparably the most sensible, the least prejudiced, great man of an age that boasted a galaxy of great men." If this statement be confined to "religious prejudices," there are, it must be confessed, few of his age who can be compared with him. As to prejudices of other kinds, he seems to have shared in those of most of his contemporaries. It is hard, or rather impossible, to be wholly beyond one's age. He believed in witches; he was a resolute stickler for the royal prerogative of curing the king's evil, though whether his loyalty or philosophy had most to do with his convictions on that point, may well admit of doubt. It is true that he treats the idle legends and fabled miracles of Romish superstition with sovereign contempt; but then his Protestantism came to the aid of his reason, and, considering the superstitions he has himself retained, the former may be fairly supposed to have offered the more powerful logic of the two.

Though Fuller cannot be accused of sharing the bigotry and bitterness of his age, he is by no means perfectly free from a very opposite vice, with which that age was nearly as chargeable—we mean flattery. His multitudinous dedications to his numerous patrons, contained in the "Church History," are, many of them, very striking, and even beautiful compositions, and full of ingenious turns of thought; but they certainly attribute

as much of excellence to the objects of them as either history, or tradition, or charity can warrant us in ascribing. Something may, however, be pardoned to the spirit of the age, and something to the gratitude or necessities of the author. But that any author, even a hungry one, could be brought to write them, is a wonder ; that any patron could, either with or without a blush, appropriate them, is a still greater one. It is in the conclusion to his character of the "Good King," in his "Holy State," that our author has fallen most unworthily into the complimentary extravagance of the times. He, of course, makes the reigning monarch the reality of the fair picture, and draws his character in language which truth might well interpret into the severest irony.

It would be improper to close this analysis of one of the most singular intellects that ever appeared in the world of letters, without saying a word or two of the prodigies related of his powers of memory. That he had a very tenacious one may easily be credited, though some of its traditional feats almost pass belief. It is said that he could "repeat five hundred strange words after once hearing them, and could make use of a sermon *verbatim*, under the like circumstances." Still further, it is said that he undertook, in passing from Temple Bar to the extremity of Cheapside, to tell, at his return, every sign as it stood in order on both sides of the way (repeating them either backwards or forwards), and that he performed the task exactly. This is pretty well, considering that in that day every shop had its sign. The interpretation of such hyperboles,

however, is very easy; they signify, at all events, thus much—that he had an extraordinary memory. That many of the reports respecting it were false or exaggerated, may be gathered from an amusing anecdote recorded by himself. “None alive,” says he, “ever heard me pretend to the *art* of memory, who in my book (*Holy State*) have decried it as a trick, no art; and, indeed, is more of fancy than memory. I confess, some ten years since, when I came out of the pulpit of St. Dunstan’s East, one (who since wrote a book thereof) told me in the vestry before credible people, that he, in Sydney College, had taught me *the art of memory*. I returned unto him, *That it was not so, for I could not remember that I had ever seen him before!* which, I conceive, was a real refutation.”

One is prepared to meet with all sorts of oddities of manner about such a man; for it would be strange that a person so eccentric in all his writings, should not have been eccentric in his private habits; but really the following account of his method of composition passes belief. It is said that he was in “the habit of writing the first words of every line near the margin down to the foot of the paper, and, that then beginning again, he filled up the vacuities exactly, without spaces, interlineations, or contractions;” and that he “would so connect the ends and beginnings that the sense would appear as complete as if it had been written in a continued series, after the ordinary manner.” This, we presume, is designed to be a compliment to the ease with which he performed the process of mental composi-

tion, and the accuracy with which his memory could transfer what he had meditated to paper. But though he might occasionally perform such a feat for the amusement of his friends, it never could have been his ordinary practice.

As we quoted, at the commencement of this essay, the opinion entertained of our author by Coleridge, we shall conclude it by citing that of Charles Lamb, than whom there could not be a more competent judge. "The writings of Fuller," says he, "are usually designated by the title of quaint, and with sufficient reason; for such was his natural bias to conceits that I doubt not, upon most occasions, it would have been going out of his way to have expressed himself out of them. But his wit is not always *lumen siccum*, a dry faculty of surprising; on the contrary, his conceits are oftentimes deeply steeped in human feeling and passion. Above all, his way of telling a story, for its eager liveliness, and the perpetual running commentary of the narrator, happily blended with the narration, is perhaps unequalled." *

* Since the preceding essay was published, have appeared "Memoirs of the Life and Works" of Fuller, by the Rev. Arthur T. Russell, B.C.L. In that volume, all that either history or tradition has left respecting our author has been laboriously and faithfully compiled; and thither the reader, curious about the biography of this eccentric genius, is referred for more minute information than could be given in the sketch at the commencement of this essay.

FULLERIANA :

OR,

WISDOM AND WIT OF THOMAS FULLER.

2

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I.—HOW TO MAKE ANY DAY MEMORABLE.

I do discover a fallacy, whereby I have long deceived myself, which is this: I have desired to begin my amendment from my birthday, or from the first day of the year, or from some eminent festival, that so my repentance might bear some remarkable date. But when those days were come, I have adjourned my amendment to some other time. Thus whilst I could not agree with myself when to start, I have almost lost the running of the race. I am resolved thus to befool myself no longer. I see no day to to-day, the instant time is always the fittest time. . . . Grant therefore that "to-day I may hear Thy voice." And if this day be obscure in the calendar, and remarkable in itself for nothing else, give me to make it memorable in my soul thereupon, by Thy assistance, beginning the reformation of my life.

II.—IN SOME CASES TO DOUBT IS TO BE CERTAIN.

THIS day I disputed with myself, whether or no I had said my prayers this morning, and I could not call to mind any

remarkable passage whence I could certainly conclude that I had offered my prayers unto Thee. Frozen affections, which left no spark of remembrance behind them ! Yet at last I hardly recovered one token, whence I was assured that I had said my prayers. It seems I had said them, and *only* said them—rather by heart than with my heart.

III.—THE WHOLE WORLD'S FALLACY.

OFTEN have I thought with myself, I will sin but this one sin more, and then I will repent of it, and of all the rest of my sins together. “So foolish was I, and ignorant.” As if I should be more able to pay my debts, when I owe more : or as if I should say, I will wound my friend once again, and then I will lovingly shake hands with him : but what if my friend will not shake hands with me ? Besides, can one commit one sin more, and but one sin more ?

IV.—A SERMON TO THE POINT THOUGH NOT TO THE POINT.

THE preacher this day came home to my heart. A left-handed Gibeonite with his sling hit not the mark more sure than he my darling sins. I could find no fault with his sermon, save only that it had too much truth. But this I quarrelled at, that he went far from his text to come close to me, and so was faulty himself in telling me of my faults. Thus they will creep out at small crannies, who have a mind to escape ; and yet I cannot deny, but that that which he spake (though nothing to that portion of scripture which he had for his text) was according to the proportion of scripture. And is not Thy word in general the text at large of every preacher ? Yea, rather I should have concluded, that if he went from his text, Thy goodness sent him to meet me ; for

without Thy guidance it had been impossible for him so truly to have traced the intricate turnings of my deceitful heart.

V.—NO ENTAIL OF PIETY OR IMPIETY.

I FIND the genealogy of my Saviour strangely chequered with four remarkable changes in four immediate generations.

1. Roboam begat Abia ; that is, a bad father begat a bad son.

2. Abia begat Asa ; that is, a bad father a good son.

3. Asa begat Josaphat ; that is, a good father a bad son.

4. Josaphat begat Joram ; that is, a good father a good son.

I see, from hence, that my father's piety cannot be entailed ; that is bad news for me. But I see also, that actual impiety is not always hereditary ; that is good news for my son.

VI.—SOLITUDE NO SOLITUDE.

I READ of my Saviour, that when he was in the wilderness, then the "devil leaveth him, and behold angels came and ministered unto him." A great change in a little time. No twilight betwixt night and day. No purgatory condition betwixt hell and heaven, but instantly, when *out* devil *in* angel. Such is the case of every solitary soul. It will make company for itself. A musing mind will not stand neuter a minute, but presently side with legions of good or bad thoughts. Grant, therefore, that my soul, which ever will have some, may never have bad company.

VII.—A FRANK CONFESSION.

I DISCOVER an arrant laziness in my soul. For when I am to read a chapter in the Bible, before I begin it, I look where

it endeth. And if it endeth not on the same side, I cannot keep my hands from turning over the leaf, to measure the length thereof on the other side ; if it swells to many verses, I begin to grudge. Surely my heart is not rightly affected. Were I truly hungry after heavenly food, I would not complain of meat.

VIII.—TOO LONG IN TUNING.

THE English ambassador some years since prevailed so far with the Turkish emperor, as to persuade him to hear some of our English music, from which (as from other liberal sciences) both he and his nation were naturally averse. But it happened that the musicians were so long in tuning their instruments, that the great Turk, distasting their tediousness, went away in discontent before their music began. I am afraid that the differences and dissensions betwixt Christian churches (being so long in reconciling their discords) will breed in pagans such a disrelish of our religion, as they will not be invited to attend thereunto.

IX.—THE BEST WAY OF BEING FASHIONABLE.

WHEN John king of France had communicated the order of the knighthood of the star to some of his guard, men of mean birth and extraction, the nobility ever after disdained to be admitted into that degree, and so that order in France was extinguished. Seeing that nowadays drinking, and swearing, and wantonness are grown frequent, even with base beggarly people ; it is high time for men of honour, who consult with their credit, to desist from such sins. Not that I would have noblemen invent new vices to be in fashion

with themselves alone, but forsake old sins grown common with the meanest of people.

X.—LETTERS NOT TO BE KEPT UNREAD.

THE Roman senators conspired against Julius Cæsar to kill him: that very next morning Artemidorus, Cæsar's friend, delivered him a paper (desiring him to peruse it) wherein the whole plot was discovered: but Cæsar complimented his life away, being so taken up to return the salutations of such people as met him in the way, that he pocketed the paper, among other petitions, as unconcerned therein; and so, going to the senate-house, was slain. The world, flesh, and devil have a design for the destruction of men; we ministers bring our people a letter, God's word, wherein all the conspiracy is revealed. But "who hath believed our report?" Most men are so busy about worldly delights, they are not at leisure to listen to us, or read the letter; but thus, alas, run headlong to their own ruin and destruction.

XI.—AN UNLUCKY WOOING.

IN the days of king Edward the sixth, the lord protector marched with a powerful army into Scotland, to demand their young queen Mary in marriage to our king, according to their promises. The Scotch refusing to do it were beaten by the English in Musselborough fight. One demanding of a Scottish lord (taken prisoner in the battle), "Now, sir, how do you like our king's marriage with your queen?" "I always," quoth he, "did like the marriage, but I do not like the wooing, that you should fetch a bride with fire and sword."

XII.—ONE-SIDED MEMORIES.

JEFFRY, archbishop of York, and base son to king Henry the second, used proudly to protest by his faith, and the royalty of the king his father. To whom one said, You may sometimes, sir, as well remember what was the honesty of your mother. Good men when puffed up with pride, for their heavenly extraction and paternal descent, how they are God's sons by adoption, may seasonably call to mind the corruption which they carry about them. "I have said to the worm, thou art my mother." And this consideration will temper their souls with humility.

XIII.—CONSCIENCE OFTEN BURIED WITHOUT BEING DEAD.

I COULD both sigh and smile at the simplicity of a native American, sent by a Spaniard, his master, with a basket of figs, and a letter (wherein the figs were mentioned), to carry them both to one of his master's friends. By the way, this messenger eat up the figs but delivered the letter, whereby his deed was discovered, and he soundly punished. Being sent a second time on the like message, he first took the letter (which he conceived had eyes as well as a tongue) and hid it in the ground, sitting himself on the place where he put it; and then securely fell to feed on his figs, presuming that that paper which saw nothing could tell nothing. Then taking it again out of the ground, he delivered it to his master's friend, whereby his fault was perceived, and he worse beaten than before. Men conceive they can manage their sins with secrecy; but they carry about them a letter, or book rather, written by God's finger, their conscience bearing witness to all their actions. But sinners being often

detected and accused, hereby grow wary at last, and to prevent this speaking paper from telling any tales, do smother, stifle, and suppress it, when they go about the committing of any wickedness. Yet conscience (though buried for a time in silence) hath afterwards a resurrection, and discovers all to their greater shame, and heavier punishment.

XIV.—EQUIVOCAL MEASURE OF VALOUR.

A DUEL was to be fought, by consent of both kings, betwixt an English and a French lord. The aforesaid John Courcy, earl of Ulster, was chosen champion for the English; a man of great stomach and strength, but lately much weakened by long imprisonment. Wherefore, to prepare himself beforehand, the king allowed him what plenty and variety of meat he was pleased to eat. But the monsieur (who was to encounter him) hearing what great quantity of victuals Courcy did daily devour, and thence collecting his unusual strength, out of fear, refused to fight with him. If by the standard of their cups, and measure of their drinking, one might truly infer soldiers' strength by rules of proportion, most vast and valiant achievements may justly be expected from some gallants of these times.

XV.—A CASE FOR A FRIEND.

I HAVE heard that the brook near Lutterworth, in Leicestershire, into which the ashes of the burnt bones of Wickliffe were cast, never since doth drown the meadow about it. Papists expound this to be, because God was well pleased with the sacrifice of the ashes of such a heretic.

Protestants ascribe it rather to proceed from the virtue of the dust of such a reverent martyr. I see it *is a case for a friend*. Such accidents signify nothing in themselves but according to the pleasure of interpreters. Give me such solid reasons, whereon I may rest and rely. Solomon saith, "The words of the wise are like nails, fastened by the masters of the assembly." A nail is firm, and will hold driving in, and will hold driven in. Send me such arguments. As for these waxen topical devices, I shall never think worse or better of any religion for their sake.

XVL—GOD SEEN ONLY BY THE REFLECTION OF HIS GLORY.

THE Sidonian servants agreed amongst themselves to choose him to be their king, who, that morning, should first see the sun. Whilst all others were gazing on the east, one alone looked on the west. Some admired, more mocked him, as if he looked on the feet, there to find the eye of the face. But he first of all discovered the light of the sun shining on the tops of houses. God is seen sooner, easier, clearer in his operations than in his essence. Best beheld by reflection in his creatures. "For the invisible things of him, from the creation of the world, are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made."

XVII.—TOO CAREFUL AND TOO CARELESS.

I HAVE observed that children when they first put on new shoes, are very curious to keep them clean. Scarce will they set their feet on the ground for fear to dirt the soles of their shoes. Yea, rather they will wipe the leather clean with their coats; and yet, perchance, the next day they will trample with the same shoes in the mire up to the ankles.

Alas, children's play is our earnest ! On that day wherein we receive the sacrament, we are often over-precise, scrupling to say or do those things which lawfully we may. But we, who are more than curious that day, are not so much as careful the next ; and too often (what shall I say) go on in sin up to the ankles : yea, "our sins go over our heads."

XVIII.—EXCESSIVE CURIOSITY.

I KNOW some men very desirous to see the devil, because they conceive such an apparition would be a confirmation of their faith. For then, by the logic of opposites, they will conclude there is a God because there is a devil. Thus they will not believe there is heaven, except hell itself will be deposed for a witness thereof.

XIX.—BRASS BEFORE GOLD.

I OBSERVE that antiquaries, such as prize skill above profit (as being rather curious than covetous), do prefer the brass coins of the Roman emperors before those in gold and silver ; because there is much falseness and forgery daily detected, and more suspected, in gold and silver medals, as being commonly cast and counterfeited, whereas brass coins are presumed upon as true and ancient, because it will not quit cost for any to counterfeit them. Plain dealing, Lord, what I want in wealth may I have in sincerity. I care not how mean metal my estate be of, if my soul have the true stamp, really impressed with the unfeigned image of the King of Heaven.

XX.—ADVANTAGE OF BEING BURNED DOWN.

I HAVE observed, that towns which have been casually burnt, have been built again more beautiful than before ; mud walls,

afterwards made of stone ; and roofs, formerly but thatched, after advanced to be tiled. The apostle tells me, that I must not “think strange concerning the fiery trial which is to happen unto me.” May I likewise prove improved by it. Let my renewed soul, which grows out of the ashes of the old man, be a more firm fabric, and stronger structure ; so shall affliction be my advantage.

XXI.—TENACITY OF EVIL.

ALMOST twenty years since, I heard a profane jest, and still remember it. How many pious passages of far later date have I forgotten ! It seems my soul is like a filthy pond, wherein fish die soon, and frogs live long.

XXII.—GOOD-NATURE NOT ALWAYS GOOD.

I PERCEIVE there is in the world a good-nature, falsely so called, as being nothing else but a facile and flexible disposition, wax for every impression. What others are so bold to beg, they are so bashful as not to deny. Such osiers can never make beams to bear stress in church and state. If this be good-nature, let me always be a clown ; if this be good fellowship, let me always be a churl. Give me to set a sturdy porter before my soul, who may not equally open to every comer. I cannot conceive how he can be a friend to any who is a friend to all, and the worst foe to himself.

XXIII.—HA AND AH.

HA is the interjection of laughter ; Ah is an interjection of sorrow. The difference betwixt them very small, as consisting only in the transposition of what is no substantial letter, but a bare aspiration. How quickly, in the age of a minute,

in the very turning of a breath, is our mirth changed into mourning !

XXIV.—HEAVEN SEEN AND LOST AND SEEN AGAIN.

TRAVELLING on the plain (which notwithstanding hath its risings and fallings), I discovered Salisbury steeple many miles off ; coming to a declivity, I lost the sight thereof ; but climbing up the next hill, the steeple grew out of the ground again. Yea, I often found it and lost it, till at last I came safely to it, and took my lodging near it. It fareth thus with us, whilst we are wayfaring to heaven, mounted on the Pisgah top of some good meditation, we get a glimpse of our celestial Canaan. But when, either on the flat of an ordinary temper, or in the fall of an extraordinary temptation, we lose the view thereof. Thus, in the sight of our soul, heaven is discovered, covered, and recovered ; till, though late, at last, though slowly, surely, we arrive at the haven of our happiness.

XXV.—CONTROVERSY AND MEDITATION.

I PERCEIVE controversial writings (sounding somewhat of drums and trumpets) do but make the wound the wider. Meditations are like the minstrel the prophet called for, to pacify his mind discomposed with passion.

XXVI.—A DIFFICULT CHOICE.

OFTEN have I thought with myself, what disease I would be best contented to die of. None please me. The stone, the colic, terrible as expected, intolerable when felt. The palsy is death before death. The consumption a flattering disease, cozening men into hope of long life at the last gasp. Some

sicknesses besot, others enrage men, some are too swift, and others too slow.

If I could as easily decline diseases as I could dislike them, I should be immortal.

XXVII.—NOR FULL NOR FASTING.

LIVING in a country village where a burial was a rarity, I never thought of death, it was so seldom presented unto me. Coming to London, where there is plenty of funerals (so that coffins crowd one another, and corpses in the grave jostle for elbow-room), I slight and neglect death because grown an object so constant and common.

How foul is my stomach to turn all food into bad humours? Funerals neither few nor frequent, work effectually upon me. London is a library of mortality. Volumes of all sorts and sizes, rich, poor, infants, children, youth, men, old men, daily die; I see there is more required to make a good scholar than only the having of many books: Lord, be thou my schoolmaster, and “teach me to number my days, that I may apply my heart unto wisdom.”

XXVIII.—BLUSHING TO BE SOMETIMES BLUSHED FOR.

A PERSON of great quality was pleased to lodge a night in my house. I durst not invite him to my family prayer, and therefore for that time omitted it: thereby making a breach in a good custom, and giving Satan advantage to assault it. Yea, the loosening of such a link might have endangered the scattering of the chain.

Bold bashfulness, which durst offend God, whilst it did fear man. Especially considering, that though my guest was never so high, yet, by the laws of hospitality, I was above

him whilst he was under my roof. Hereafter whosoever cometh within the doors, shall be requested to come within the discipline of my house ; if accepting my homely diet, he will not refuse my home devotion ; and sitting at my table, will be entreated to kneel down by it.

XXIX.—LUXURIOUS DEVOTIONS.

SHAMEFUL my sloth, that have deferred my night prayer till I am in bed. This lying along is an improper posture for piety. Indeed there is no contrivance of our body, but some good man in scripture hath handseled it with prayer. The publican standing, Job sitting, Hezekiah lying on his bed, Elijah with his face between his legs. But of all gestures, give me St. Paul's : " for this cause I bow my knees to the father of my Lord Jesus Christ." Knees when they may, then they must be bended.

I have read a copy of a grant of liberty from queen Mary to Henry Ratcliffe, earl of Sussex, giving him leave to wear a nightcap or coif in her majesty's presence, counted a great favour because of his infirmity. I know in case of necessity, God would graciously accept my devotion, bound down in a sick dressing ; but now whilst I am in perfect health it is inexcusable. Christ commanded some to " take up their bed," in token of their full recovery ; my laziness may suspect, lest thus my bed taking *me* up prove a presage of my ensuing sickness. But may God pardon my idleness this once, I will not again offend in the same kind, by his grace hereafter.

XXX.—ALWAYS SEEN, NEVER MINDED.

IN the most healthful times, two hundred and upwards was the constant weekly tribute paid to mortality in London. A

large bill, but it must be discharged. Can one city spend according to this weekly rate and not be bankrupt of people? At leastwise, must not my shot be called for to make up the reckoning?

When only seven young men, and those chosen by lot, were but yearly taken out of Athens to be devoured by the monster Minotaur, the whole city was in a constant fright, children for themselves, and parents for their children. Yea, their escaping of the first was but an introduction to the next year's lottery.

Were the dwellers and lodgers in London weekly to cast lots who should make up this two hundred, how would every one be affrighted? Now none regard it. My security concludes the aforesaid number will amount of infants and old folk. Few men of middle age, and amongst them surely not myself. But oh! is not this putting the evil day far from me, the ready way to bring it the nearest to me? The lot is weekly drawn (though not by me) for me, I am therefore concerned seriously to provide, lest that death's prize prove my blank.

XXXI.—DANGEROUS EPICURISM.

ZOPHAR, the Naamathite, mentioneth a sort of men, in whose mouths wickedness is sweet, "they hide it under their tongues, they spare it, and forsake it not, but keep it still in their mouths." . . . A sin thus rolled, becomes so soft and supple, and the throat is so short and slippery a passage, that insensibly it may slide down from the mouth into the stomach; and contemplative wantonness quickly turns into practical uncleanness.

XXXII.—FALSE HERALDRY, AND TRUE DIVINITY.

THOUGH metal on metal, colour on colour, be false heraldry ; line on line, precept on precept, is true divinity.

XXXIII.—WHO IS TO BLAME.

I IT is that have sinned : good reason, for Satan hath no impulsive power, he may strike fire till he be weary (if his malice can be weary) ; except a man's corruption brings the tinder, the match cannot be lighted. Away, then, with that plea of course ; THE DEVIL OWED ME A SHAME. Owe thee he might, but pay thee he could not, unless thou wert as willing to take his black money, as he to tender it.

XXXIV.—A LIE PROLIFIC,

THE Amalekite who brought the tidings to David began with truth, rightly reporting the overthrow of the Israelites ; cheaters must get some credit before they can cozen, and all falsehood, if not founded in some truth, would not be fixed in any belief.

But proceeding he told six lies successively.

1. That Saul called him.
2. That he came at his call.
3. That Saul demanded who he was.
4. That he returned his answer.
5. That Saul commanded him to kill him.
6. That he killed him accordingly.

A wilful falsehood told, is a cripple not able to stand by itself, without some to support it ; it is easy to tell a lie, hard to tell but a lie.

Lord, if I be so unhappy to relate a falsehood, give me to

recall it or repent of it. It is said of the ants, that to prevent the growing (and so the corrupting) of that corn which they hoard up for their winter provision, they bite off both the ends thereof, wherein the generating power of the grain doth consist. When I have committed a sin, O let me so order it that I may destroy the procreation thereof, and, by a true sorrow, condemn it to a blessed barrenness.

XXXV.—A QUAIN COMMENT.

SOMETIMES I have disputed with myself, which of the two was most guilty, David, who “said in haste, All men are liars,” or that wicked man “who sat and spake against his brother, and slandered his own mother’s son.”

David seems the greater offender ; for mankind might have an action of defamation against him, yea, he might justly be challenged for giving all men the lie. But mark, David was in haste, he spake it *in transitu*, when he was passing, or rather posting by, or if you please, not David, but David’s haste rashly vented the words. Whereas the other sat,—a sad, solemn, serious, premeditate, deliberate posture; his malice had a full blow, with a steady hand, at the credit of his brother. Not to say that SAT carries with it the countenance of a judicial proceeding, as if he made a session or bench-business thereof, as well condemning as accusing unjustly.

Lord, pardon my cursory, and preserve me from sedentary sins. If in haste or heat of passion I wrong any, give me at leisure to ask thee and them forgiveness. But O let me not sit by it, studiously to plot or project mischief to any out of malice prepense. To shed blood in cool blood, is blood with a witness.

XXXVI.—LAWFUL STEALTH.

I FIND two, (husband and wife), both stealing, and but one of them guilty of felony. “And Rachel had stolen the images that were her father’s, and Jacob stole away unawares to Laban the Syrian.” In the former a complication of theft, lying, sacrilege, and idolatry; in the latter no sin at all. For what our conscience tells us is lawful, and our discretion dangerous, it is both conscience and discretion to do it with all possible secrecy. It was as lawful for Jacob in that case privately to steal away, as it is for that man who finds the sunshine too hot for him to walk in the shade.

God keep us from the guilt of Rachel’s stealth. But for Jacob’s stealing away, one may confess the fact, but deny the fault therein.

XXXVII.—TEXT IMPROVED.

I HEARD a preacher take for his text: “Am not I thine ass, upon which thou hast ridden ever since I was thine unto this day; was I ever wont to do so unto thee?” I wondered what he would make thereof, fearing he would starve his auditors for want of matter. But hence he observed:

1. The silliest and simplest, being wronged, may justly speak in their own defence.

2. Worst men have a good title to their own goods. Balaam a sorcerer; yet the ass confesseth twice he was his.

3. They who have done many good offices, and fail in one, are often not only unrewarded for former service, but punished for that one offence.

4. When the creatures, formerly officious to serve us, start from their wonted obedience (as the earth to become barren,

and air pestilential), man ought to reflect on his own sin as the sole cause thereof.

How fruitful are the seeming barren places of scripture! Bad ploughmen, which make balks of such ground. Where-soever the surface of God's word doth not "laugh and sing with corn," there the heart thereof within is "merry" with mines, affording, where not plain matter, hidden mysteries.

XXXVIII.—THE FAN.

It is said of our Saviour, "his fan is in his hand." How well it fits him, and he it! Could Satan's clutches snatch the fan, what work would he make! He would fan as he doth winnow, in a tempest, yea, in a whirlwind, and blow the best away. Had man the fan in his hand, especially in these distracted times, out goes for chaff all opposite to the opinions of his party. Seeming sanctity will carry it away from such, who, with true, but weak grace, have ill natures and eminent corruptions.

There is a kind of darnel, called *lolium murinum*, because so counterfeiting corn, that even the mice themselves (experience should make them good tasters) are sometimes deceived therewith. Hypocrites in like manner so act holiness, that they pass for saints before men, whose censures often barn up the chaff, and burn up the grain.

XXXIX.—MUCH GOOD MAY IT DO YOU.

ONE Nicias a philosopher having his shoes stolen from him, "May they," said he, "fit his feet that took them away!" A wish at the first view very harmless, but there was that in it which poisoned his charity into a malicious revenge. For he

himself had *hurled* or crooked feet, so that in effect he wished the thief to be lame.

Whosoever hath plundered me of my books and papers, I freely forgive him ; and desire that he may fully understand and make good use thereof, wishing him more joy of them than he hath right to them. Nor is there any snake under my herbs, nor have I (as Nicias) any reservation, or latent sense to myself, but from my heart do desire, that to all purposes and intents my books may be beneficial unto him. Only requesting him, that one passage in his (lately my) Bible, Eph. iv. 28, may be taken into his serious consideration.

XL.—EJACULATORY PRAYERS.

IN barred havens so choked up with the envious sands that great ships, drawing many feet of water, cannot come near, lighter and lesser pinnaces may freely and safely arrive. When we are time-bound, place-bound, or person-bound, so that we cannot compose ourselves to make a large solemn prayer, this is the right instant for ejaculations, whether orally uttered, or only poured forth inwardly in the heart.

XLI.—THEIR PRIVILEGE.

EJACULATIONS take not up any room in the soul. They give liberty of callings, so that at the same instant one may follow his proper vocation. The husbandman may dart forth an ejaculation, and not make a balk the more. The seaman nevertheless steer his ship right, in the darkest night. Yea, the soldier at the same time may shoot out his prayer to God, and aim his pistol at his enemy, the one better hitting the mark for the other.

The field wherein bees feed is no whit the barer for their

biting ; when they have taken their full repast on flowers or grass, the ox may feed, the sheep fat, on their reversions. The reason is because those little chemists distil only the refined part of the flower, leaving the grosser substance thereof. So ejaculations bind not men to any bodily observance, only busy the spiritual half, which maketh them consistent with the prosecution of any other employment.

XLII.—TO GOD ALONE.

AMONGST all manner of prayer to God, I find in scripture neither promise, precept, nor precedent to warrant prayers to saints. And were there no other reason, this would encourage me to pray to Christ alone, because

St. Paul struck Elimas blind ; Christ made blind Bartemeus see. St. Peter killed Ananias and Sapphira with his word ; Christ with his word revived dead Lazarus. The disciples forbade the Syrophœnician woman to call after Christ ; Christ called unto her after they had forbidden her. All my Saviour's works are saving works, none extending to the death of mankind. . . I will therefore rather present my prayers to Him who always did heal, than to those who sometimes did hurt. And though this be no convincing argument to papists, it is a comfortable motive to protestants.

XLIII.—A WOLF-LION.

I FIND the natural philosopher, making a character of the lion's disposition, amongst other his qualities reporteth, that first the lion feedeth on men, and afterwards, if forced with extremity of hunger, on women.

Satan is a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour. Only he inverts the method, and in his bill of fare takes the

second course first. Ever since he over-tempted our grandmother Eve, encouraged with success, he hath preyed first on the weaker sex. It seems he hath all the vices, not the virtues, of that king of beasts ; a wolf-lion, having his cruelty without his generosity.

XLIV.—SPECULATION AND PRACTICE.

GOD, in the New Testament, hath placed all historical and practical matter (needful for Christians to know and believe) in the beginning of the gospel. All such truths lie above ground, plainly visible in the literal sense. The prophetic and difficult part comes in the close. But though the Testament was written in Greek, too many read it like Hebrew, beginning at the end thereof. How many trouble themselves about the Revelation, who might be better busied in plain divinity !

XLV.—MAD, NOT MAD.

I FIND St. Paul in the same chapter confess and deny madness in himself : Acts xxvi. "And, being exceeding mad against them, I persecuted them even unto strange cities." When Festus challenged him to be beside himself, "I am not mad, most noble Festus." Whilst he was mad indeed, then none did suspect or accuse him to be distracted ; but when converted, "and in his right mind," then Festus taxeth him of madness.

XLVI.—MIRACULOUS CURE.

WE read, Luke xiii. 11, of a woman who "had a spirit of infirmity eighteen years, and was bowed together, and could in nowise lift up herself." This woman may pass for the

lively emblem of the English nation ; from the year of our Lord 1642 (when our wars first began) unto this present 1660, are eighteen years in my arithmetic ; all which time our land hath been bowed together, past possibility of standing upright.

A pitiful posture wherein the face is made to touch the feet, and the back is set above the head ! God in due time set us right, and keep us right, that the head may be in its proper place ! Next the neck of the nobility, then the breast of the gentry, the loins of the merchants and citizens, the thighs of the yeomanry, the legs and feet of artificers and day-labourers. As for the clergy (here by me purposely omitted) what place soever shall be assigned them ; if low, God grant patience ; if high, give humility unto them.

XLVII.—GOOD ACCOUNTANT.

I WAS present in the west country some twenty-five years since, when a bishop made a partage of money collected by a brief, amongst such who in a village had been sufferers by a casual fire ; one of whom brought in the inventory of his losses far above all belief.

Being demanded how he could make out his losses to so improbable a proportion, he alleged the burning of a pear tree growing hard by his house, valuing the same at twenty years' purchase, and the pears at twenty shillings per annum, presuming every one would be a bearing year ; and by such windy particulars did blow up his losses to the sum by him nominated.

Some pretend in these wars to have lost more thousands than ever they were possessed of hundreds. These reckon in, not only what they had, but what they might, yea would

have had. They compute not only their possessions, but reversions, yea their probabilities, possibilities, and impossibilities also, which they might desire, but could never hope to obtain.

XLVIII.—THE HAND IS ALL.

A GENTLEWOMAN, some sixty years since, came to Winchester school, where she had a son, and where Dr. Love (one eminent in his profession) was then schoolmaster. This tender mother, seeing the terrible rods (the properties of that school), began with tears to bemoan the condition of her son, subject to so cruel correction. To whom the schoolmaster replied : Mistress, content yourself, it matters not how big the rod be, so it be in the hand of Love to manage it.

Alas ! he was only Love in his surname ; but what saith the apostle, “ God is love,” even in his own essence and nature.

XLIX.—ALL TONGUE AND EARS.

WE read, Acts xvii. 21 : “ All the Athenians, and strangers which were there, spent their time in nothing else, but either to tell or to hear some new thing.”

How cometh this transposition ? tell and hear ; it should be hear and tell ; they must hear it before they could tell it ; and, in the very method of nature, those that are deaf are dumb.

But know, it is more than probable that many Athenians told what they never heard, being themselves the first finders, founders, and forgers of false reports, therewith merely to entertain the itching curiosity of others.

England aboundeth with many such Athenians ; it is hard

to say whether more false coin or false news be minted in our days. One side is not more pleased with their own factions than the other is with their own fictions.

Some pretend to intelligence without understanding, whose relations are their own confutations. I know some who repair to such novelants on purpose to know what news is false by their reporting thereof!

L.—NORTHAMPTONSHIRE DIALECT.

I MUST confess myself born in Northamptonshire, and if that worthy county esteem me no disgrace to it, I esteem it an honour to me. The English of the common people therein (lying in the very heart of the land) is generally very good.

And yet they have an odd phrase, not so usual in other places.

They used to say, when at cudgel plays (such tame were far better than our wild battles) one gave his adversary such a sound blow as that he knew not whether to stand or to fall, that he SETTLED him at a blow.

The relics and stump (my pen dares write no worse) of the long parliament pretended they would *settle* the church and state; but surely had they continued, it had been done in the dialect of Northamptonshire: They would so have settled us we should neither have known how to have stood, or on which side to have fallen.

LI.—A PERFECT TENANT.

SOME of those whom they call QUAKERS, are, to give them their due, very good moral men, and exactly just in their civil transactions. In proof whereof let me mention this passage,

though chiefly I confess for the application thereof, which having done me (I praise God) some good, I am confident will do no hurt to any other.

A gentleman had two tenants, whereof one, being a QUAKER, repaired to his landlord on the quarter-day, "Here, THOU, said he, tell out and take THY rent," without stirring his cap, or showing the least sign of respect.

The other came cringing and congeing : " If it please your worship," said he, " the times are very hard, and trading is dead. I have brought to your worship five pounds (the whole due being twenty) and shall procure the rest for your worship with all possible speed."

Both these tenants put together would make a perfect one, the rent-completing of the one, and tongue-compliments of the other. But, seeing they were divided, I am persuaded that of the two the landlord was less offended with the former, imputing his ill manners to his folly, but ascribing his good dealing to his honesty.

God expecteth and requireth both good works and good words. We cannot make our addresses and applications unto him in our prayers with too much awe and reverence . . . It is the due paying of God's QUIT-RENTS, which he expecteth ; I mean the realizing of our gratitude unto him for his many mercies, in leading the remainder of our lives according to his will and his word.

LII.—IN MEDIO TUTISSIMUS.

ONCE a gaoler demanded of a prisoner newly committed unto him, whether or no he were a Roman catholic? No, answered he ; what then, said he, are you an anabaptist?

Neither, replied the prisoner. What, said the other, are you a Brownist, or a quaker? Nor so, said the man, I am a protestant, without wealt or gard, or any addition, equally opposite to all heretics and sectaries. Then, said the gaoler, get you unto the dungeon, I will afford no favour to you, who shall get no advantage by you. Had you been of any of the other religions, some hope I had to gain by the visits of such as are of your own persuasion, whereas now you will prove to me but an unprofitable prisoner.

This is the misery of moderation; I recall my word, seeing misery properly must have sin in it. This is an affliction attending moderate men, that they have not an active party to side with them and favour them.

Men of great stature will quickly be made porters to a king, and those diminutively little, dwarfs to a queen, whilst such who are of a middle height may get themselves masters where they can. The moderate man, eminent for no excess or extravagancy in his judgment, will have few patrons to protect, or persons to adhere unto him. But what saith St. Paul? "If in this life only we have hope in Christ, we are of all men the most miserable."

LIII.—SUPPRESSION OF "CHAPTERS."

IN these licentious times, wherein religion lay in a swoon, and many pretended ministers (minions of the times) committed or omitted in divine service what they pleased; some, not only in Wales, but in England, and in London itself, on the Lord's day (sometimes with, sometimes without a psalm) presently popped up into the pulpit, before any portion of

scripture, either in the Old or New Testament, was read to the people.

Hereupon one in jest-earnest said, that formerly they put down BISHOPS and DEANS, and now they had put down CHAPTERS too. It is high time that this fault be reformed for the future, that God's word, which is all gold, be not justled out to make room for men's sermons, which are but parcel-gilt at the best.

LIV.—SINS HARDEST TO CONQUER.

ALL bosom sins are not conquered with facility alike, and these three are of the greatest difficulty :

1. Constitutionary sins, riveted in our tempers and complexions.

2. Customary sins, habited in us by practice and presumption.

3. Such sins to the repentance whereof restitution is required.

Oh! when a man hath "not only devoured widows' houses," but also they have passed the first and second concoction in his stomach ; yea, when they are become blood in the veins, yea, sinews in the flesh of his estate, oh then to refund, to mangle and disinter one's domains, this goeth shrewdly against flesh and blood indeed ! But what saith the apostle, "Flesh and blood shall not inherit the kingdom of God."

Yet even this devil may be cast out with fasting and prayer, Matt. xvii. 21. This sin, notwithstanding it holdeth VIOLENT POSSESSION, may, by those good means, and God's blessing thereon, have a firm ejection.

LV.—ALL AFORE.

A DEAR friend of mine (now I hope with God) was much troubled with an impertinent and importunate fellow, desirous to tell him his fortune. "For things to come," said my friend, "I desire not to know them, but am contented to attend divine providence : tell me, if you can, some remarkable passages of my life past." But the cunning man was nothing for the preter tense (where his falsehood might be discovered), but all for the future, counting himself therein without the reach of confutation.

There are in our age a generation of people who are the best of prophets, and worst of historians ; Daniel and the Revelation are as easy to them as the ten commandments and the Lord's prayer : they pretend exactly to know the time of Christ's actual reign on earth, of the ruin of the Romish anti-christ, yea, of the day of judgment itself.

But these oracles are struck quite dumb if demanded any thing concerning the time past ; about the coming of the children of Israel out of Egypt and Babylon, the original increase and ruin of the four monarchies ; of these and the like they can give no more account than the child in the cradle. They are all for things to come, but have gotten (through a great cold of ignorance) such a crick in their neck, they cannot look backward on what was behind them.

LVI.—AN ILL MATCH.

DIVINE providence is remarkable in ordering, that a fog and a tempest never did, nor can, meet together in nature. For as soon as a fog is fixed, the tempest is allayed ; and as soon as a tempest doth arise, the fog is dispersed. This is a

great mercy; for otherwise such small vessels as boats and barges, which want the conduct of the card and compass, would irrecoverably be lost.

How sad, then, is the condition of many sectaries in our age; which in the same instant have a fog of ignorance in their judgments, and a tempest of violence in their affections, being too blind to go right, and yet too active to stand still.

LVII.—THREE MAKE UP ONE.

YOUNG king Jehoash had only a lease of piety, and not for his own but his uncle's life, 2 Kings, xii. 2: He did that which was right in the sight of the Lord all his days, wherein Jehoiada the priest instructed him.

Jehu was good in the midst of his life, and a zealous reformer to the utter abolishing of Baal out of Israel; but in his old age, 2 Kings, x. 31, he returned to the politic sins of Jeroboam, worshipping the calves in Dan and Bethel.

Manasseh was bad in the beginning and middle of his life, filling Jerusalem with idolatry; only towards the end thereof, when carried into a strange land, he came home to himself, and destroyed the profane altars he had erected.

These three put together make one perfect servant of God. Take the morning and rise with Jehoash, the noon and shine with Jehu, the night and set with Manasseh. Begin with youth-Jehoash, continue with man-Jehu, conclude with old-man-Manasseh, and all put together will spell one good Christian, yea, one good perfect reformer.

LVIII.—ZEAL.

WHEN our Saviour drove the sheep and oxen out of the temple, he did not drive them into his own pasture, nor

swept the coin into his own pockets when he overturned the tables of the money-changers. But we have in our days many who are forward to offer to God such zeal which not only cost them nothing, but wherewith they have gained great estates.

LIX.—AS IT WAS.

SOME alive will be deposed for the truth of this strange accident, though I forbear the naming of place or persons.

A careless maid, which attended a gentleman's child, fell asleep whilst the rest of the family were at church ; an ape, taking the child out of the cradle, carried it to the roof of the house, and there (according to his rude manner) fell a dancing and dandling thereof, down head, up heels, as it happened.*

The father of the child returning with his family from the church, commented with his own eyes on his child's sad condition. Bemoan he might, help it he could not. Dangerous to shoot the ape where the bullet might hit the babe ; all fall to their prayers as their last and best refuge, that the innocent child (whose precipice they suspected) might be preserved.

But when the ape was well wearied with its own activity, he fairly went down, and formally laid the child where he found it, in the cradle.

Fanatics have pleased their fancies these late years with turning and tossing and tumbling of religion, upward and downward, and backward and forward ; they have cast and contrived it into a hundred antic postures of their own imagining. However, it is now to be hoped, that after they

* Did this supply a hint for Swift? See Gulliver in Brobdignag.

have tired themselves out with doing of nothing, but only trying and tampering this and that way to no purpose, they may at last return and leave religion in the same condition wherein they found it.

LX.—SOLOMON THE RICHEST AND POOREST OF PRINCES.

SOLOMON was the riddle of the world, being the richest and poorest of princes.

Richest, for once in three years the land of Ophir sailed to Jerusalem, and caused such plenty of gold therein.

Poorest, as appeareth by his imposing so intolerable taxes on his subjects, the refusal of the mitigation whereof caused the defection of the ten tribes from the house of David.

But how came Solomon to be so much behind hand? Some I know score it on the account of his building of the temple, as if so magnificent a structure had impaired and exhausted his estate.

But, in very deed, it was his keeping of seven hundred wives and three hundred concubines, and his concubines in all probability more expensive than his wives, as the thief in the candle wasteth more wax than the wick thereof . . . All these had their several courts, which must needs amount to a vast expense.

LXI.—A HINT.

A NUNCIO of the pope's was treated at Sienna, by a prime person, with a great feast. It happened there was present thereat a syndick of the city (being a magistrate, parallel in his place to one of our aldermen), who, as full of words as empty of wit, engrossed all the discourse at the table to him-

self, who might with as good manners have eaten all the meat at the supper.

The entertainer, sorry to see him discover so much weakness to the disgrace of himself, endeavoured to stop the superfluity of his talk. All in vain. The leaks in a rotten ship might sooner be stanchèd. At last, to excuse the matter (as well as he might) he told the nuncio privately, "You, I am sure, have some weak men at Rome, as well as we have at Sienna." "We have so," said the nuncio, "but we make them no syndicks."

LXII.—EXORCISM.

KING James was no less dexterous at, than desirous of, the discovery of such who belied the father of lies, and falsely pretended themselves possessed with a devil.

Now a maid dissembled such a possession, and for the better colour thereof, when the first verses of the gospel of St. John were read in her hearing, she would fall into strange fits of fuming and foaming, to the amazement of the beholders.

But when the king caused one of his chaplains to read the same in the original, the same maid (possessed it seems with an English devil, who understood not a word of Greek) was tame and quiet, without any impression upon her.

LXIII.—TRAITS OF A GOOD WIFE.

She commandeth her husband in any equal matter, by constant obeying him.—It was always observed, that what the English gained of the French in battle by valour, the French regained of the English by cunning in treaties: so if the husband should chance, by his power, in his passion, to pre-

judice his wife's right, she wisely knoweth, by compounding and complying, to recover and rectify it again.

She never crosseth her husband in the spring-tide of his anger, but stays till it be ebbing-water.—And then mildly she argues the matter, not so much to condemn him, as to acquit herself. Surely, men, contrary to iron, are worst to be wrought upon when they are hot ; and are far more tractable in cold blood

Arcana imperii (her husband's secrets) she will not divulge.—Especially she is careful to conceal his infirmities. If he be none of the wisest, she so orders it that he appears on the public stage but seldom ; and then he hath couched his part so well, that he comes off with great applause

In her husband's sickness she feels more grief than she shows.—Partly that she might not dishearten him, and partly because she is not at leisure to seem so sorrowful, that she may be the more serviceable

The heaviest work of her servants she maketh light, by orderly and seasonably enjoining it.—Wherefore her service is counted a preferment, and her teaching better than her wages.

LXIV.—TRAITS OF A GOOD HUSBAND.

His love to his wife weakeneth not his ruling her ; and his ruling lesseneth not his loving her.—Wherefore he avoideth all fondness, (a sick love, to be praised in none, and pardoned only in the newly-married !) whereby more have wilfully betrayed their command, than ever lost it by their wives' rebellion. Methinks, that the he-viper is right enough served which, as Pliny reports, puts his head into the she-viper's mouth, and she bites it off. And what wonder is it if

women take the rule to themselves, which their uxorious husbands first surrender unto them ?

He is constant to his wife, and confident of her.—And, sure, where jealousy is the jailer, many break the prison ; it opening more ways to wickedness than it stoppeth ; so that where it findeth one—it maketh ten—dishonest.

He alloweth her meet maintenance, but measures it by his own estate.—Nor will he give less, nor can she ask more. Which allowance, if shorter than her deserts, and his desire, he lengtheneth it out with his courteous carriage unto her, chiefly in her sickness ; then not so much *word-pitying* her, as providing necessities for her.

That she may not intrench on his prerogative, he maintains her propriety in feminine affairs . . . Causes that are properly of feminine cognizance he suffers her finally to decide ; not so much as permitting an appeal to himself, that their jurisdictions may not interfere. He will not countenance a stubborn servant against her ; but, in her, maintains his own authority. Such husbands as bait the mistress with her maids, and clap their hands at the sport, will have cause to wring them afterwards.

He is careful that the wounds betwixt them take not air, and be publicly known.—Jars concealed are half reconciled ; which, if generally known, it is a double task to stop the breach at home, and men's mouths abroad. To this end he never publicly reproves her. An open reproof puts her to do penance before all that are present ; after which, many rather study revenge than reformation.

He keeps her in the wholesome ignorance of unnecessary secrets.—They will not be starved with the ignorance—who, perchance, may surfeit with the knowledge—of weighty counsels,

too heavy for the weaker sex to bear. He knows little who will tell his wife all he knows.

He beats not his wife after his death.—One, having a shrewd wife, yet loath to use her hardly in his lifetime, awed her with telling her, that he would beat her when he was dead ; meaning, that he would leave her no maintenance. This humour is unworthy a worthy man, who will endeavour to provide her a competent estate. Yet he that impoverisheth his children to enrich his widow, *destroys a quick hedge to make a dead one.*

LXV.—TRAITS OF A GOOD PARENT.

He showeth them, in his own practice, what to follow and imitate; and, in others, what to shun and avoid . . . A father that whipped his son for swearing, and swore himself whilst he whipped him, did more harm by his example than good by his correction.

He doth not welcome and embrace the first essays of sin in his children.—Weeds are counted herbs in the beginning of the spring : nettles are put in pottage, and salads are made of elder-buds. Thus fond fathers like the oaths and wanton talk of their little children ; and *please* themselves to hear them *displease* God. But our wise parent both instructs his children in piety, and with correction blasts the first buds of profaneness in them. He that will not use the rod on his child, his child shall be used as a rod on him.

He observeth gavel-kind in dividing his affections, though not his estate.*—He *loves* them (though *leaves* them not all alike) . . . Did not that mother shew little wit in her great partiality, who, when her neglected son complained that his bro-

* Gives each child an equal portion.

ther (her darling) had hit and hurt him with a stone, whipped him, only for standing in the way where the stone went which his brother cast?

He allows his children maintenance according to their quality.—Otherwise it will make them base, acquaint them with bad company and sharking tricks ; and it makes them surfeit the sooner when they come to their estates.

In choosing a profession he is directed by his child's disposition—Whose inclination is the strongest indenture to bind him to a trade. But when they set Abel to till the ground, and send Cain to keep sheep ; Jacob to hunt, and Esau to live in tents ; drive some to school, and others from it ; they commit a rape on nature, and it will thrive accordingly.

If his son prove wild, he doth not cast him off so far, but he marks the place where he lights.—With the mother of Moses, he doth not suffer his son so to sink or swim, but he leaves one to stand afar off to watch what will become of him.

He doth not give away his loaf to his children, and then come to them for a piece of bread.—He holds the reins (though loosely) in his own hands ; and keeps, to reward duty, and punish undutifulness. Yet, on good occasion, for his children's advancement, he will depart from part of his means. Base is their nature who will not have their branches lopped till their body be filled ; and will let go none of their goods, as if it presaged their speedy death : whereas it doth not follow, that he that puts off his cloak must presently go to bed.

On his death-bed he bequeaths his blessing to all his children.—Nor rejoiceth he so much to leave them great portions, as honestly obtained. Only money well and lawfully gotten is

good and lawful money. And if he leaves his children young, he principally nominates God to be their guardian ; and, next Him, is careful to appoint provident overseers.

LXVI.—TRAITS OF A GOOD CHILD.

He reverenceth the person of his parent, though old, poor, and froward.—As his parent bare with him when a child, he bears with his parent if twice a child ; nor doth his dignity above him cancel his duty unto him. When Sir Thomas More was Lord Chancellor of England, and Sir John his father one of the Judges of the King's Bench, he would in Westminster-hall beg his blessing of him on his knees.

Having practised his parents' precepts himself, he entails them on his posterity.—Therefore such instructions are by Solomon (Prov. i. 9) compared to frontlets and chains, (not to a suit of clothes, which serves but one, and quickly wears out, or out of fashion,) which have in them a real lasting worth, and are bequeathed as legacies to another age. The same counsels observed, are chains to grace, which, neglected, prove halters to strangle undutiful children. . . .

He is patient under correction, and thankful after it.—When Mr. West, formerly tutor (such I count *in loco parentis*) to Dr. Whitaker, was by him, then Regius Professor, created Doctor, Whitaker solemnly gave him thanks before the University for giving him correction when his young scholar.

He is a stork to his parent, and feeds him in his old age.—Not only if his father hath been a pelican, but though he hath been an ostrich unto him, and neglected him in his youth. . . And yet the debt (I mean only the principal, not counting the interest) cannot fully be paid ; and therefore he compounds

with his father to accept in good worth the utmost of his endeavour.

I conclude this subject with the example of a Pagan's son, which will shame most Christians. Pomponius Atticus, making the funeral oration at the death of his mother, did protest that, living with her threescore and seven years, he was never reconciled unto her, because (take the comment with the text) there never happened betwixt them the least jar which needed reconciliation.*

LXVII.—A GOOD SERVANT

Is one that, out of conscience, serves God in his master ; and so hath the principle of obedience in himself. As for those servants who found their obedience on some external thing, with engines, they will go no longer than they are wound or weighed up.

LXVIII.—TRAITS OF A GOOD WIDOW.

Her sorrow is no storm, but a still rain.—Indeed, some foolishly discharge the surplusage of their passions on themselves, tearing their hair ; so that their friends, coming to the funeral, know not which most to bemoan,—the dead husband, or the dying widow. Yet commonly it comes to pass, that such widows' grief is quickly emptied, which streameth out at so large a vent ; whilst *their* tears that but drop, will hold running a long time.

She continues a competent time in her widow's estate.—Anciently they were at least to live out their *annum luctûs*, "their year of sorrow." But as some erroneously compute the long lives of the patriarchs before the flood, not by solary

* *Se nunquam cum matre in gratiam rediisse.*

but lunar years, making a month a year; so many over-hasty widows cut their year of mourning very short, and within few weeks make post speed to a second marriage.

She doth not only live sole and single, but chaste and honest.—We know pest-houses always stand alone, and yet are full of infectious diseases. Solitariness is not an infallible argument of sanctity; and it is not enough to be unmarried, but to be undefiled.

Though going abroad sometimes about her business, she never makes it her business to go abroad.

She loves to look on her husband's picture, in the children he hath left her.—Not foolishly fond over them for their father's sake, (this were to kill them in honour of the dead!) but giveth them careful education. Her husband's friends are ever her welcomest guests, whom she entertaineth with her best cheer, and with honourable mention of their friend's and her husband's memory.

If she can speak little good of him, she speaks but little of him.—So handsomely folding up her discourse, that his virtues are shown outwards, and his vices wrapped up in silence; as counting it barbarism to throw dirt on his memory who hath moulds cast on his body. She is a champion for his credit if any speak against him.

She putteth her especial confidence in God's providence.—Surely if He be “a Father to the fatherless,” it must need follow that he is “an Husband to the widow;” and therefore she seeks to gain and keep His love unto her, by her constant prayer and religious life.

If she becomes a mother-in-law, there is no difference between her carriage to her own and her second husband's children, save that she is severest to her own, over whom she

hath the sole jurisdiction. And if her second husband's children, by a former wife, commit a fault, she had rather bind them over to answer for it before their own father, than to correct them herself, to avoid all suspicion of hard using of them.

LXIX.—THE ELDER BROTHER.

THE elder brother is one who made haste to come into the world, to bring his parents the first news of male-posterity; and is well rewarded for his tidings.

He is thankful for the advantage God gave him at the starting in the race into this world.—When twins have been even matched, one hath gained the goal but by his length. St. Augustine saith, that “it is every man's bounden duty solemnly to celebrate his birth-day.” If so, elder brothers may best afford good cheer on the festival.

He doth not so remember he is an heir, that he forgets he is a son.—Wherefore, his carriage to his parents is always respectful. It may chance that his father may be kept in a charitable prison, whereof his son hath the keys; the old man being only tenant for life, and the lands entailed on our young gentleman. In such a case, when it is in his power, if necessity requires, he enlargeth his father to such a reasonable proportion of liberty as may not be injurious to himself.

His father's deeds and grants he ratifies and confirms.—If a stitch be fallen in a lease, he will not widen it into a hole by cavilling, till the whole strength of the grant run out thereat; or take advantage of the default of the clerk in the writing, where the deed appears really done, and on a valuable consideration: he counts himself bound in honour to perform

what, by marks and signs, he plainly understands his father meant, though he spake it not out.

He reflecteth his lustre, to grace and credit his younger brethren.—Thus Scipio Africanus, after his great victories against the Carthaginians, and conquering of Hannibal, was content to serve as a lieutenant in the wars of Asia, under Lucius Scipio, his younger brother.

LXX.—THE YOUNGER BROTHER.

SOME account him the better gentleman of the two, because son to the more ancient gentleman; wherein his elder brother can give him the hearing, and a smile into the bargain.

He repines not at the providence of God in ordering his birth.—Heirs are made, even where matches are, both in heaven. Even in twins, God will have one next the door to come first into the world.

He labours, by his endeavours, to date himself an elder brother.—Nature makes but *one*, industry doth make *all the sons* of the same man heirs. The fourth brother gives a martilet for the difference of his arms, a bird observed to build either in castles, steeples, or ships; showing that the bearer thereof, being debarred from all hopes of his father's inheritance, must seek, by war, learning, or merchandise, to advance his estate.

In war he cuts out his fortunes with his own sword.—William the Conqueror, when he first landed his forces in England, burnt all his ships, that despair to return might make his men the more valiant. Younger brothers, being cut off at home from all hopes, are more zealous to purchase an honourable support abroad.

Nor are they less happy, if applying themselves to their book ;— Nature generally giving them good wits ; which, because they want room to burnish, may the better afford to soar high.

*But he gaineth more wealth, if betaking himself to merchandise—*Whence often he riseth to the greatest annual honour in the kingdom. Many families in England, though not first raised from the city, yet thence have been so restored and enriched, that it may seem to amount to an original rising.

*Sometimes he raiseth his estate by applying himself to the court ;—*a pasture wherein elder brothers are observed to grow lean, and younger brothers fat.

LXXI.—A GOOD ADVOCATE

Is one that will not plead that cause wherein his tongue must be confuted by his conscience. It is the praise of the Spanish soldier, that—whilst all other nations are mercenary, and for money will serve on any side—he will never fight against his own king ; nor will our advocate, against the sovereign truth plainly appearing to his conscience.

He not only hears, but examines, his client ; and pincheth the cause, where he fears it is foundered.—For many clients, in telling their case, rather plead than relate it ; so that the advocate hears not the true state of it, till opened by the adverse party. Surely, the lawyer that fills himself with instructions, will travel longest in the cause without tiring. Others, that are so quick in searching, seldom search to the quick ; and those miraculous apprehensions who understand more than all, before the client hath told half, run without their errand, and will return without their answer.

If the matter be doubtful, he will only warrant his own diligence.—Yet some keep an assurance-office in their chamber, and will warrant any cause brought unto them ; as knowing that, if they fail, they lose nothing but—what long since was lost—their credit.

He makes not a Trojan siege of a suit, but seeks to bring it to a set battle in a speedy trial.—Yet sometimes suits are continued by their difficulty, the potency and stomach of the parties, without any default in the lawyer.

He is faithful to that side that first retains him.—Not like Demosthenes, who secretly wrote one oration for Phormio, and another in the same matter for Apollodorus his adversary.

In pleading, he shoots fairly at the head of the cause ; and, having fastened, no frowns nor favours shall make him let go his hold.—Not snatching aside here and there to no purpose, speaking little in much, as it was said of Anaximenes,—“that he had a flood of words, and a drop of reason.” . . .

He is more careful to deserve, than greedy to take, fees.—He accounts the very pleading of a poor widow’s honest cause sufficient fees ; as conceiving himself, then, the King of Heaven’s advocate, bound *ex officio* to prosecute it.

LXXII.—A GOOD PHYSICIAN

Handsels not his new experiments on the bodies of his patients ;—letting loose mad receipts into the sick man’s body, to try how well nature in him will fight against them, whilst himself stands by and sees the battle ;—except it be in desperate cases, when death must be expelled by death.

To poor people he prescribes cheap but wholesome medicines ;—

not removing the consumption out of their bodies into their purses ; nor sending them to the East Indies for drugs, when they can reach better out of their gardens.

He brings not news, with a false spy, that the coast is clear, till death surprises the sick man.—I know, physicians love to make the best of their patient's estate. First, it is improper that *adjutores vitæ* should be *nuncii mortis*. Secondly, none, with their good-will, will tell bad news. Thirdly, their fee may be the worse for it. Fourthly, it is a confessing that their art is conquered. Fifthly, it will poison their patient's heart with grief, and make it break before the time. However, they may so order it, that the party may be informed of his dangerous condition, that he be not outed out of this world before he be provided for another.

When he can keep life no longer in, he makes a fair and easy passage for it to go out.—He giveth his attendance for the facilitating and assuaging of the pains and agonies of death. Yet, generally, it is death to a physician to be with a dying man.

Unworthy pretenders to physick are rather foils than stains to the profession, . . . Well did the poets feign *Æsculapius* and *Circe* brother and sister, and both children of the sun : for, in all times, (in the opinion of the multitude,) witches, old women, and impostors have had a competition with physicians. And commonly the most ignorant are the most confident in their undertakings, and will not stick to tell you what disease the gall of a dove is good to cure. He took himself to be no mean doctor, who, being guilty of no Greek, and being demanded why it was called *hectic* fever ; "Because," saith he, "of an *hecking* cough which ever attendeth that disease."

LXXIII.—A CONTROVERSIAL DIVINE,—AS HE OUGHT TO BE.

HE is truth's champion to defend her against all adversaries, —atheists, heretics, schismatics, and erroneous persons whatsoever. . . .

He engageth both his judgment and affections in opposing of falsehood;—Not like country fencers, who play only to make sport; but, like duellers indeed, as if for life and limb. Chiefly if the question be of large prospect and great concernings, he is zealous in the quarrel. Yet some, though their judgment weigh down on one side, the beam of their affections stands so even they care not which part prevails.

He abstains from all foul and railing language.—What! make the Muses, yea, the Graces, scolds? Such purulent spittle argues exulcerated lungs. Why should there be so much railing about the body of Christ, when there was none about the body of Moses in the Act kept betwixt the devil and Michael the archangel.

He tyranniseth not over a weak and undermatched adversary—but seeks rather to cover his weakness, if he be a modest man. When a professor pressed an answerer (a better Christian than a clerk) with an hard argument, *Reverende Professor*, said he, *ingenuè confiteor me non posse respondere huic argumento*. To whom the professor, *Rectè respondes*.*

In taking away an objection, he not only puts by the thrust, but breaks the weapon.—Some rather escape than defeat an argument; and though by such an evasion they may shut the mouth of the opponent, yet may they open the difficulty wider in the

* "Reverend Professor, I frankly confess that I am unable to reply to your argument." The Professor replied, "You have answered well."

hearts of the hearers. But our answerer either fairly resolves the doubt; or else shows the falseness of the argument, by begging the opponent to maintain such a fruitful generation of absurdities, as his argument hath begotten; or, lastly, returns and retorts it back upon him again. The first way unties the knot, the second cuts it asunder, the third whips the opponent with the knot himself tied. Sure, it is more honour to be a clear answerer than a cunning opposer; *because the latter takes advantage of man's ignorance, which is ten times more than his knowledge.*

What his answers want in suddenness they have in solidity.—Indeed, the speedy answer adds lustre to the disputation, and honour to the disputant; yet he makes good payment who, though he cannot presently throw the money out of his pocket, yet will pay it, if but going home to unlock his chest. Some that are not for *speedy*, may be for *sounder*, performance. When Melancthon, at the disputation of Ratisbon, was pressed with a shrewd argument by Eccius, “I will answer thee,” said he, “to-morrow.” “Nay,” said Eccius, “do it now, or it is nothing worth.” “Yea,” said Melancthon, “I seek the truth, and not mine own credit; and therefore it will be as good if I answer thee to-morrow by God’s assistance.”

He affects clearness and plainness in all his writings.—Some men’s heads are like the world before God said unto it, *Fiat lux!* These dark-lanterns may shine to themselves, and understand their own conceits, but nobody else can have light from them. Some affect this darkness, that they may be accounted profound; whereas one is not bound to believe, that all the water is deep that is muddy.

He is not curious in searching matters of no moment.—Captain Martin Frobisher fetched from the farthest northern

countries a ship's lading of mineral stones, (as he thought,) which afterwards were cast out to mend the highways. Thus are they served, and miss their hopes, who, long seeking to extract hidden mysteries out of nice questions, leave them off as useless at last.

He neither multiplies needless, nor compounds necessary, controversies.—Sure, they light on a labour in vain, who seek to make a bridge of reconciliation over the μέγα χάσμα betwixt Papists and Protestants ; for though we go ninety-nine steps they, (I mean their church,) will not come one to give us a meeting.

He is resolute and stable in fundamental points of religion.—These are his fixed poles and axletree, about which he moves, whilst they stand unmovable. Some sail so long on the sea of controversies, tossed up and down, to and fro, *pro* and *con*, that the very ground to them seems to move, and their judgments grow sceptical and unstable in the most settled points of divinity.

LXXIV.—THE GENERAL SCHOLAR.

I KNOW the general cavil against general learning is this : that *aliquis in omnibus est nullus in singulis*. “He that sips of many arts, drinks of none.” However, we must know, that all learning, which is but one grand science, hath so homogeneal a body, that the parts thereof do, with a mutual service relate to, and communicate strength and lustre each to other . . .

His tongue, being but one by nature, he gets cloven by art and industry.—Before the confusion of Babel, all the world was one continent in language ; since divided into several tongues, as several islands. Grammar is the ship by benefit whereof we pass from one to another in the learned languages,

—generally spoken in no country. His mother-tongue was like the dull music of a monochord, which, by study, he turns into the harmony of several instruments.

He first gaineth skill in the Latin and Greek tongues.—On the credit of the former alone, he may trade in discourse over all Christendom. But the Greek, though not so generally spoken, is known with no less profit, and more pleasure. The joints of her compounded words are so naturally oiled, that they run nimbly on the tongue; which makes them, though long, never tedious, because significant. . . .

Then he applies his study to logic and ethics.—The latter makes a man's soul mannerly and wise; but as for logic, that is the armory of reason, furnished with all offensive and defensive weapons. There are syllogisms, long swords; enthymemes, short daggers; dilemmas, two-edged swords that cut on both sides; sorites, chain-shot: and for the defensive, distinctions, which are shields; retortions, which are targets with a pike in the midst of them, both to defend and oppose. From hence he raiseth his studies to the knowledge of physics, the great hall of nature; and metaphysics, the closet thereof; and is careful not to wade therein so far, till, by subtle distinguishing of notions, he confounds himself.

He is skilful in rhetoric, which gives a speech colour, as logic doth favour, and both together beauty.—Though some condemn rhetoric as the mother of lies, speaking more than the truth in hyperboles, less in her meiosis, otherwise in her metaphors, contrary in her ironies; yet is there excellent use of all these, when disposed of with judgment. Nor is he a stranger to poetry, which is music in words; nor to music, which is poetry in sound: both excellent *sauce*; but they have lived and died poor that made them their *meat*.

Mathematics he moderately studieth, to his great contentment;—using it as ballast for his soul; yet to fix it, not to stall it; nor suffers he it to be so unmannerly as to jostle out other arts. As for judicial astrology, (which hath the least judgment in it,) this vagrant hath been whipped out of all learned corporations. If our artist lodgeth her in the out rooms of his soul for a night or two, it is rather to hear than believe her relations.

Hence he makes his progress into the study of history.—Nestor, who lived three ages, was accounted the wisest man in the world. But the historian may make himself wise, by living as many ages as have past since the beginning of the world. His books enable *him* to maintain discourse, who, besides the stock of his own experience, may spend on the common purse of his reading. This directs him in his life, so that he makes the shipwrecks of others sea-marks to himself; yea, accidents which others start from for their strangeness, he welcomes as his wonted acquaintance, having found precedents for them formerly. Without history a man's soul is purblind, seeing only the things which almost touch his eyes.

He is well seen in chronology, without which history is but a heap of tales . . . He is also acquainted with cosmography, treating of the world *in whole joints*; with chorography, *shredding* it into countries; and with topography, *mincing* it into particular places.

Thus, taking these sciences in their general latitude, he hath finished the round circle, or golden ring, of the arts; only he keeps a place for the diamond to be set in; I mean for that predominant profession of law, physic, divinity, or state-policy, which he intends for his principal calling hereafter.

LXXV.—THE FAITHFUL MINISTER.

He endeavours to get the general love and good-will of his parish.—This he doth, not so much to make a benefit of them, as a benefit for them, that his ministry may be more effectual ; otherwise he may preach his own heart out, before he preacheth any thing into theirs. The good conceit of the physician is half a cure ; and his practice will scarce be happy where his person is hated. Yet he humours them not in his doctrine, to get their love ; for such a spaniel is worse than a dumb dog. He shall sooner get their good-will by walking uprightly, than by crouching and creeping. If pious living, and painful labouring in his calling, will not win their affections, he counts it gain to lose them. As for those who causelessly hate him, he pities and prays for them : and such there will be. I should suspect his preaching had no salt in it, if no galled horse did wince.

He is strict in ordering his conversation.—As for those who cleanse blurs with blotted fingers, they make it the worse. It was said of one who preached very well, and lived very ill, “ that when he was out of the pulpit, it was pity he should ever go into it ; and when he was in the pulpit, it was pity he should ever come out of it.” But our minister *lives* sermons. And yet I deny not, but dissolute men, like unskilful horsemen, who open a gate on the wrong side, may, by the virtue of their office, open heaven for others, and shut themselves out.

His behaviour towards his people is grave and courteous.—Not too austere and retired ; which is laid to the charge of good Mr. Hooper the martyr, that his rigidness frightened people from consulting with him. “ Let your light,” saith

Christ, “shine before men ;” whereas over reservedness makes the brightest virtue burn dim. Especially he detesteth affected gravity, (which is rather *on* men than *in* them,) whereby some belie their register-book, antedate their age to seem far older than they are, and plait and set their brows in an affected sadness. Whereas St. Anthony the monk might have been known among hundreds of his order by his cheerful face, he having ever (though a most mortified man) a merry countenance.

He carefully catechiseth his people in the elements of religion ;—except he hath (a rare thing !) a flock without Lambs, of all old sheep ; and yet even Luther did not scorn to profess himself *discipulum Catechismi*, “a scholar of the Catechism.” . . .

He will not offer to God of that which costs him nothing,—but takes pains aforehand for his sermons. Demosthenes never made any oration on the sudden ; yea, being called upon, he never rose up to speak, except he had well studied the matter : and he was wont to say, “that he showed how he honoured and revered the people of Athens, because he was careful what he spake unto them.” . . .

He chiefly reproveth the reigning sins of the time and place he lives in.—We may observe, that our Saviour never inveighed against idolatry, usury, sabbath-breaking, amongst the Jews. Not that these were not sins, but they were not practised so much in that age, wherein wickedness was spun with a finer thread ; and therefore Christ principally bent the drift of his preaching against spiritual pride, hypocrisy, and traditions, then predominant amongst the people. Also our minister confuteth no old heresies which time hath confuted ; nor troubles his auditory with such strange hideous cases of conscience, that it is more hard to find the case than the

resolution. In public reproving of sin, he ever whips the vice, and spares the person. . . .

His similes and illustrations are always familiar, never contemptible.—Indeed, reasons are the pillars of the fabric of a sermon; but similitudes are the windows which give the best lights. He avoids such stories whose mention may suggest bad thoughts to the auditors, and will not use a light comparison to make thereof a grave application, for fear lest his poison go farther than his antidote.

He provideth not only wholesome but plentiful food for his people. . . Almost incredible was the painfulness of Baronius, the compiler of the voluminous “Annals of the Church,” who for thirty years together, preached three or four times a-week to the people. As for our minister, he preferreth rather to entertain his people with wholesome cold meat which was on the table before, than with that which is hot from the spit, raw, and half-roasted. Yet, in repetition of the same sermon, every edition hath a new addition, if not of new matter, of new affections. . . .

He makes not that wearisome, which should ever be welcome.—Wherefore his sermons are of an ordinary length, except on an extraordinary occasion. What a gift had John Halsebach, Professor at Vienna, in tediousness! who, being to expound the Prophet Isaiah to his auditors, read twenty-one years on the first chapter, and yet finished it not.

He counts the success of his ministry the greatest preferment.—Yet herein God hath humbled many painful pastors, in making them to be clouds, to rain, not over Arabia the Happy but over the Stony or Desert. . . Yet such pastors may comfort themselves, that great is their reward with God in heaven, who measures it, not by their success, but endeavours.

Besides, though they see not, their people may feel, benefit by their ministry. Yea, the preaching of the word in some places is like the planting of woods, where, though no profit is received for twenty years together, it comes afterwards. And grant, that God honours thee not to build his temple in thy parish, yet thou mayest, with David, provide metal and materials for Solomon thy successor to build it with.

To sick folks he comes sometimes before he is sent for,—as counting his vocation a sufficient calling. None of his flock shall want the extreme unction of prayer and counsel. Against the communion, especially, he endeavours that Janus's temple be shut in the whole parish, and that all be made friends.

He is never plaintiff in any suit but to be right's defendant.—If his dues be detained from him, he grieves more for his parishioner's bad conscience than his own damage. He had rather suffer ten times in his profit, than once in his title where not only his person, but posterity, is wronged; and then he proceeds fairly and speedily to a trial, that he may not vex and weary others, but right himself. During his suit he neither breaks off nor slacks offices of courtesy to his adversary; yea, though he loseth his suit, he will not also lose his charity. . . .

He is careful in the discreet ordering of his own family.—A good minister, and a good father, may well agree together. . .

Lying on his deathbed he bequeaths to each of his parishioners his precepts and example for a legacy,—and they, in requital, erect every one a monument for him in their hearts.

LXXVI.—A GOOD PARISHIONER.

Though near to the church, he is not far from God.—Like

unto Justus : " One that worshipped God ; and his house joined hard to the synagogue." * Otherwise, if his distance from the church be great, his diligence is the greater to come thither in season.

He is timely at the beginning of Common Prayer.—As Tully charged some dissolute people for being such sluggards, that they never saw the sun rising or setting, as being always up after the one, and a-bed before the other ; so some negligent people never hear prayers begun, or sermon ended : the Confession being past before they come, and the Blessing not come before they are passed away.

In sermon, he sets himself to hear God in the minister.—Therefore divesteth he himself of all prejudice,—the jaundice in the eye of the soul, presenting colours false unto it. He hearkens very attentively. It is a shame when the church itself is *cœmeterium*, wherein the living sleep above ground, as the dead do beneath.

At every point that concerns himself, he turns down a leaf in his heart;—and rejoiceth that God's word hath pierced him, as hoping that whilst his soul smarts, it heals. . . .

He accuseth not his minister of spite for particularizing him.—It does not follow, that the archer aimed, because the arrow hit. Rather, our parishioner reasoneth thus : " If my sin be notorious, how could the minister miss it ? if secret, how could he hit without God's direction ? " But foolish hearers make even the bells of Aaron's garments to clink as they think. And a guilty conscience is like a whirlpool, drawing in all to itself which otherwise would pass by. One, causelessly disaffected to his minister, complained that he, in his last sermon, had personally inveighed against him, and

* Acts xviii. 7.

accused him thereof to a grave, religious gentleman in the parish. "Truly," said the gentleman, "I had thought in his sermon he had meant me; for it touched my heart." This rebated the edge of the other's anger.

His tithes he pays willingly with cheerfulness.—How many part with God's portion grudgingly, or else pinch it in the paying! *Decimum*, "the tenth," amongst the Romans was ever taken for what was best or biggest. It falls out otherwise in paying of tithes, where the least and leanest are shifted off to make that number.

LXXVII.—THE GOOD SCHOOLMASTER.

THERE is scarce any profession in the commonwealth more necessary, which is so slightly performed. The reasons whereof I conceive to be these: First, young scholars make this calling their refuge; yea, perchance, before they have taken any degree in the University, commence schoolmasters in the country; as if nothing else were required to set up this profession, but only a rod and a ferula. Secondly, others, who are able, use it only as a passage to better preferment; to patch the rents in their present fortune, till they can provide a new one, and betake themselves to some more gainful calling. Thirdly, they are disheartened from doing their best, with the miserable reward which in some places they receive,—being masters to the children, and slaves to their parents. Fourthly, being grown rich, they grow negligent; and scorn to touch the school, but by the proxy of an usher. But see how well our schoolmaster behaves himself.

His genius inclines him with delight to his profession.—Some men had as lieve be school-boys as school-masters,—to be tied to the school, as COOPER'S "Dictionary" and SCAPULA'S

“Lexicon” are chained to the desk therein ; and though great scholars, and skilful in other arts, are bunglers in this. . . .

He studieth his scholars' natures as carefully as they their books, and ranks their dispositions into several forms. And though it may seem difficult for him in a great school to descend to all particulars, yet experienced schoolmasters may quickly make a *grammar* of boys' natures, and reduce them all (saving some few exceptions) to these general rules :—

1. *Those that are ingenious and industrious*.—The conjunction of two such planets in a youth presage much good unto him. To such a lad a frown may be a whipping, and a whipping a death ; yea, where their master whips them once, shame whips them all the week after. Such natures he useth with all gentleness.

2. *Those that are ingenious and idle*.—These think, with the hare in the fable, that, running with snails, (so they count the rest of their school-fellows,) they shall come soon enough to the post, though sleeping a good while before their starting. O ! a good rod would finely take them napping !

3. *Those that are dull and diligent*.—Wines,—the stronger they be, the more lees they have when they are new. Many boys are muddy-headed till they be clarified with age ; and such afterwards prove the best. Bristol diamonds are both bright, and squared, and pointed by nature, and yet are soft and worthless ; whereas orient ones, in India, are rough and rugged naturally. Hard, rugged, and dull natures of youth acquit themselves afterwards the jewels of the country ; and, therefore, their dulness at first is to be borne with, if they be diligent. That schoolmaster deserves to be beaten himself, who beats nature in a boy for a fault. And I question whether all the whipping in the world can make their parts

which are naturally sluggish, rise one minute before the hour nature hath appointed.

4. *Those that are invincibly dull and negligent also.*—Correction may reform the latter, not amend the former. All the whetting in the world can never set a razor's edge on that which hath no steel in it. Such boys he consigneth over to other professions. Shipwrights and boat-makers will choose those crooked pieces of timber which other carpenters refuse. Those may make excellent merchants and mechanics who will not serve for scholars.

He is able, diligent, and methodical in his teaching.—Not leading them rather in a circle than forwards. He minces his precepts, for children to swallow; hanging clogs on the nimbleness of his own soul, that his scholars may go along with him.

He is, and will be known to be, an absolute monarch in his school.—If cockering mothers proffer him money, to purchase their sons an exemption from his rod, (to live as it were, in a peculiar, out of their master's jurisdiction,) with disdain he refuseth it, and scorns the late custom in some places of commuting whipping into money, and ransoming boys from the rod at a set price. If he hath a stubborn youth, correction-proof, he debaseth not his authority by contesting with him, but fairly (if he can) puts him away, before his obstinacy hath infected others.

He is moderate in inflicting deserved correction.—Many a schoolmaster better answereth the name παιδοτερίβης than παιδαγωγός, rather “tearing his scholars' flesh with whipping than giving them good education.” No wonder if his scholars hate the Muses, being presented unto them in the shapes of fiends and furies. . . .

Such an Orbilius mars more scholars than he makes. Their tyranny hath caused many tongues to stammer, which spake plain by nature, and whose stuttering at first was nothing else but fears quavering on their speech at their master's presence; and whose mauling them about their heads hath dulled those who in quickness exceeded their master.

He spoils not a good School, to make thereof a bad College,— therein to teach his scholars logic. For, besides that logic may have an action of trespass against grammar for encroaching on her liberties, syllogisms are solecisms taught in the school; and oftentimes youth are forced afterwards, in the University, to unlearn the fumbling skill they had before.

Out of his school, he is no whit pedantical in carriage or discourse.—Contenting himself to be rich in Latin, though he doth not jingle with it in every company wherein he comes.

LXXVIII.—THE GOOD MERCHANT.

THE good merchant is one, who, by his trading, claspeth the islands to the continent, and one country to another: an excellent gardiner, who makes England bear wine, and oil, and spices; yea, herein goes beyond nature, in causing that *omnis fert omnia tellus*. . . .

He wrongs not the buyer in number, weight, or measure.—These are the landmarks of all trading, which must not be removed; for such cozenage were worse than open felony. First, because they rob a man of his purse, and never bid him stand. Secondly, because highway thieves defy—but these pretend—justice. Thirdly, as much as lies in their power, they endeavour to make God accessory to their cozenage, deceiving by pretending his weights. For God is the prin-

cipal clerk of the market : " All the weights of the bag are his work." *

He never warrants any ware for good but what is so indeed.—Otherwise he is a thief ; and may be a murderer, if selling such things as are applied inwardly. . . .

He either tells the faults in his ware, or abates proportionably in the price he demands—For then the low value shows the viciousness of it. Yet, commonly, when merchants part with their commodities, we hear (as in funeral orations) all the virtues, but none of the faults thereof. . . .

He makes not advantage of his chapman's ignorance, chiefly if referring himself to his honesty;—where the seller's conscience is all the buyer's skill ; who makes him both seller and judge, so that he doth not so much ask as order what he must pay. When one told old bishop Latimer, that the cutler had cozened him, in making him pay twopence for a knife not (in those days) worth a penny ; " No," quoth Latimer, " he cozened not me, but his own conscience." . . .

But how long shall I be retailing out rules to this merchant ? It would employ a casuist an apprenticeship of years. Take our Saviour's wholesale rule : " Whatsoever ye would have men do unto you, do you unto them ; for this is the law and the prophets."

LXXIX.—THE GOOD YEOMAN.

THE good yeoman is a gentleman in ore, whom the next age may see refined ; and is the wax capable of a genteel impression, when the prince shall stamp it. Wise Solon (who accounted Tellus the Athenian the most happy

* Prov. xvi. 11.

man, for living privately on his own lands) would surely have pronounced the English yeomanry "a fortunate condition," living in the temperate zone betwixt greatness and want ; an estate of people almost peculiar to England. France and Italy are like a die, which hath no points between cinque and ace,—nobility and peasantry. Their walls, though high, must needs be hollow, wanting filling stones. . . .

In England, the temple of honour is bolted against none who have passed through the temple of virtue ; nor is a capacity to be genteel denied to our yeoman, who thus behaves himself :—

He wears russet clothes, but makes golden payment—having tin in his buttons, and silver in his pocket. If he chance to appear in clothes above his rank, it is to grace some great man with his service ; and then he blusheth at his own bravery. Otherwise, he is the surest landmark whence foreigners may take aim of the ancient English customs ; the gentry more floating after foreign fashions.

In his house he is bountiful both to strangers and to poor people.—Some hold, when hospitality died in England, she gave her last groan amongst the yeomen of Kent. And still at our yeoman's table, you shall have as many joints as dishes ; no meat disguised with strange sauces ; no straggling joint of a sheep in the midst of a pasture of grass, beset with salads on every side ; but solid, substantial food. No servitors (more nimble with their hands, than the guests with their teeth) take away meat, before stomachs are taken away. Here you have that which in itself is good, made better by the store of it, and best by the welcome to it. . . .

He seldom goes far abroad, and his credit stretcheth further than his travel.—He goes not to London, but *se defendendo*

to save himself of a fine, being returned of a jury ; where seeing the king once, he prays for him ever afterwards.

In his own country he is a main man in juries;—where, if the judge please to open his eyes in matter of law, he needs not to be led by the nose in matters of fact. He is very observant of the judge's *item*, when it follows the truth's *imprimis* ; otherwise, (though not mutinous in a jury,) he cares not whom he displeaseth, so he pleaseth his own conscience.

He improveth his land to a double value by his good husbandry.—Some grounds that wept with water, or frowned with thorns, by draining the one, and clearing the other, he makes both to laugh and sing with corn. By marl and limestones burnt, he bettereth his ground ; and his industry worketh miracles, by turning stones into bread. Conquest and good husbandry both enlarge the king's dominions ; the one, by the sword, making the acres more in number ; the other, by the plough, making the same acres more in value. Solomon saith, “The king himself is maintained by husbandry.” . . .

In time of famine, he is the Joseph of the country, and keeps the poor from starving.—Then he tameth his stacks of corn, which not his covetousness but providence hath reserved for time of need ; and to his poor neighbours abateth somewhat of the high price of the market.

LXXX.—THE HANDICRAFTSMAN.

HE is a necessary member in a commonwealth. For though nature, which hath armed most other creatures, sent man naked into the world, yet in giving him hands, and wit

to use them, in effect she gave him shells, scales, paws, claws, horns, tusks, with all offensive and defensive weapons of beasts, fish, and fowl; which, by the help of his hands in imitation, he may provide for himself; and herein the skill of our artisan doth consist.

His trade is such whereby he provides things necessary for mankind.—What St. Paul saith of the *natural*, is also true of the *politic*, body: Those members of the body are much more necessary which seem most feeble. Mean trades for profit are most necessary in the State, and a house may better want a gallery than a kitchen. The Philistines knew this when they massacred all the smiths in Israel, who might worse be spared than all the usurers therein; and whose hammers nail the commonwealth together, being necessary both in peace and war.

Or else his trade contributeth to man's lawful pleasure.—God is not so hard a Master, but that he alloweth his servants sauce (besides hunger) to eat with their meat.

But in no case will he be of such a trade which is a mere pander to man's lust;—and only serves their wantonness (which is pleasure run stark mad) and foolish curiosity. Yet are there too many extant of such professions; who, one would think, should stand in daily fear lest the world should turn wise, and so all trades be cashiered, but that (be it spoken to their shame!) it is as safe a tenure to hold a livelihood by men's riot, as by their necessity.

The wares he makes show good to the eye, but prove better in the use.—For he knows if he sets his mark (the Tower-stamp of his credit) on any bad wares, he sets a deeper brand on his own conscience. Nothing hath more debased the credit of our English cloths beyond the seas, than the deceitfulness

in making them, since the fox hath crept under the fleece of the sheep.* . . .

He seldom attaineth to any very great estate;—except his trade hath some outlets and excursions into wholesale and merchandise ; otherwise, mere artificers cannot heap up much wealth. It is difficult for gleaners, without stealing whole sheaves, to fill a barn. His chief wealth consisteth in enough, and that he can live comfortably, and leave his children the inheritance of their education.

LXXXI.—THE TRUE GENTLEMAN.

He is extracted from ancient and worshipful parentage.—When a pippin is planted on a pippin-stock, the fruit growing thence is called a “renate,”—a most delicious apple, as both by sire and dam well-descended. Thus, his blood must needs be well-purified who is genteelly born on both sides.

If his birth be not—at least his qualities are—generous. . . .

Thus valour makes him son to Cæsar, learning entitles him kinsman to Tully, and piety reports him nephew to godly Constantine. It graceth a gentleman of low descent and high desert, when he will own the meanness of his parentage. How ridiculous is it when many men brag, that their families are more ancient than the moon, which, all know, are later than the star which, some seventy years since, shined in Cassiopeia.

He is not in his youth possessed with the great hopes of his possession.—No flatterer reads constantly in his ears a survey of the lands he is to inherit. This has made many boys' thoughts swell so great, they could never be kept in compass afterwards. Only his parents acquaint him, that he is the next

* A hint applicable to these times as well as those of Fuller.

undoubted heir to correction, if misbehaving himself ; and he finds no more favour from his schoolmaster, than his schoolmaster finds diligence in him, whose rod respects persons no more than bullets are partial in a battle.

At the University, he is so studious as if he intended learning for his profession.—He knows well, that cunning is no burden to carry, as paying neither portage by land, nor poundage by sea. Yea, though to have land be a good First, yet to have learning is the surest Second, which may stand to it when the other may chance to be taken away. . . .

He is courteous and affable to his neighbours.—As the sword of the best-tempered metal is most flexible ; so the truly generous are most pliant and courteous in their behaviour to their inferiors. . . .

He compounds many petty differences betwixt his neighbours, which are easier ended in his own porch than in Westminster-Hall. For many people think, if once they have fetched a warrant from a Justice, they have given earnest to follow the suit ; though, otherwise, the matter be so mean, that the next night's sleep would have bound both parties to the peace, and made them as good friends as ever before. Yet,

He connives not at the smothering of punishable faults.—He hates that practice, as common as dangerous amongst country-people, who, having received again the goods which were stolen from them, partly out of foolish pity, and partly out of covetousness to save charges in prosecuting the law, let the thief escape unpunished. Thus, whilst private losses are repaired, the wounds to the commonwealth, in the breach of the laws, are left uncured ; and thus petty-larceners are encouraged into felons, and afterwards are hanged for pounds,

because never whipped for *pence* ; who, if they had felt the *cord*, had never been brought to the *halter*.

If chosen a Member of Parliament, he is willing to do his country service.—If he be no rhetorician, to raise affections, (yea, Mercury was a greater speaker than Jupiter himself!) he counts it great wisdom to be the good manager of “Yea” and “Nay.”

LXXXII.—HOSPITALITY.

To keep a disorderly house is the way to keep neither house nor lands.—For whilst they keep the greatest *roaring*, their state steals away in the greatest *silence*. Yet when many consume themselves with secret vices, then hospitality bears the blame ; whereas it is not the meat but the sauce, not the supper but the gaming after it, doth undo them.

Measure not thy entertainment of a guest by HIS estate, but THINE OWN.—Because he is a lord, forget not that thou art but a gentleman ; otherwise, if with feasting him thou breakest thyself, he will not cure thy rupture, and (perchance) rather deride than pity thee.

Mean men's palates are best pleased with fare rather plentiful than various, solid than dainty.—Dainties will cost more, and content less, to those that are not critical enough to distinguish them.

Occasional entertainment of men greater than thyself, is better than solemn inviting them. Then short warning is thy large excuse ; whereas, otherwise, if thou dost not over-do thy estate, thou shalt under-do his expectations ; for thy feast will be but his ordinary fare. A king of France was often pleased, in his hunting, wilfully to lose himself, to find the house of a private park-keeper ; where, going from the school

of state-affairs, he was pleased to make a play-day to himself. He brought sauce (that is, hunger) with him, which made coarse meat dainties to his palate. At last the park-keeper took heart, and solemnly invited the king to his house ; who came with all his court, so that all the man's meat was not a morsel for them. "Well," said the park-keeper, "I will invite no more kings;" having learnt the difference between princes when they please to put on the vizard of privacy, and when they will appear like themselves, both in their person and attendants.

LXXXIII.—JESTING.

It is good to make a jest, but not to make a trade of jesting.—The earl of Leicester, knowing that queen Elizabeth was much delighted to see a gentleman dance well, brought the master of a dancing-school to dance before her. "Pish!" said the queen, "it is his profession: I will not see him." She liked it not where it was a master-quality, but where it attended on other perfections. The same may we say of jesting.

Jest not with the two-edged sword of God's word.—Will nothing please thee to wash thy hands in, but the font? or to drink healths in, but the church-chalice? And know, the whole art is learnt at the first admission, and profane jests will come without calling. . . .

Wanton jests make fools laugh, and wise men frown.—Seeing we are civilized Englishmen, let us not be naked savages in our talk. Such rotten speeches are worst in withered age, when men run after that sin in their words which flieth from them in the deed.

Let not thy jests, like mummy, be made of dead men's flesh.—Abuse not any that are departed; for, to wrong their memories, is to rob their ghosts of their winding-sheets.

Scoff not at the natural defects of any, which are not in their power to amend.—O, it is cruelty to beat a cripple with his own crutches!

He that relates another man's wicked jest with delight, adopts it to be his own.—Purge them, therefore, from their poison. If the *profaneness* may be severed from the *wit*, it is like a lamprey: take out the string in the back, it may make good meat. But if the staple-conceit consists in profaneness, then it is a viper, all poison, and meddle not with it.

He that will lose his friend for a jest, deserves to die a beggar by the bargain.—Yet some think their conceits, like mustard, not good except they bite.

No time to break jests when the heart-strings are about to be broken.—No more showing of wit when the head is to be cut off. Like that dying man, who, when the priest, coming to him to give him extreme unction, asked of him where his feet were, answered, “At the end of my legs.” But, at such a time, jests are an unmannerly *crepitus ingenii*; and let those take heed who end here with Democritus, that they begin not with Heraclitus hereafter.

LXXXIV.—MEMORY.

It is the treasure-house of the mind, wherein the monuments thereof are kept and preserved. Plato makes it the mother of the muses. Aristotle sets it one degree further, making experience the mother of arts, memory the parent of experience. Philosophers place it in the rear of the head; and, it seems, the mine of memory lies there, because *there*

naturally men dig for it, scratching it when they are at a loss. This again is twofold: one, the simple retention of things; the other, a regaining them when forgotten.

Brute creatures equal, if not exceed, men in a bare retentive memory.—Through how many labyrinths of woods, without other clew of thread than natural instinct, doth the hunted hare return to her muce! How doth the little bee, flying into several meadows and gardens, sipping of many cups, yet never intoxicated, through an ocean (as I may say) of air, steadily steer herself home, without help of card or compass! But these cannot play an after-game, and recover what they have forgotten, which is done by the mediation of discourse.

First soundly infix in thy mind what thou desirest to remember.—What wonder is it if agitation of business jog that out of thy head, which was there rather tacked than fastened? whereas those notions which get in by *violenta possessio* will abide there till *ejectio firma*, sickness or extreme age, dispossess them. *It is best knocking-in the nail over-night, and clinching it the next morning.*

Overburden not thy memory, to make so faithful a servant a slave.—Remember, Atlas was weary. Have as much reason as a camel,—to rise when thou hast thy full load. Memory like a purse,—if it be over-full that it cannot shut, all will drop out of it. Take heed of a gluttonous curiosity to feed on many things, lest the greediness of the appetite of thy memory spoil the digestion thereof. Beza's case was peculiar and memorable: Being above fourscore years of age, he perfectly could say by heart any Greek chapter in St. Paul's epistles, or any thing else which he had learned long before, but forgot whatsoever was newly told him; his memory, like

an inn, retaining old guests, but having no room to entertain new.

Spoil not thy memory by thine own jealousy, nor make it bad by suspecting it.—How canst thou find that true which thou wilt not trust?

Marshal thy notions into a handsome method.—One will carry twice more weight trussed and packed up in bundles, than when it lies untowardly flapping and hanging about his shoulders. Things orderly fardled up under heads are most portable.

Adventure not all thy learning in one bottom, but divide it betwixt thy memory and thy note-books.—He that, with Bias, carries all his learning about him in his head, will utterly be beggared and bankrupt, if a violent disease (a merciless thief!) should rob and strip him. I know some have a commonplace against commonplace books, and yet, perchance, will privately make use of what publicly they declaim against.

LXXXV.—OF NATURAL FOOLS.

THEY have the cases of men, and little else of them beside speech and laughter. And, indeed, it may seem strange that *risibile* being the property of man alone, they who have least of man should have most thereof, laughing without cause or measure.

Generally nature hangs out a sign of simplicity in the face of a fool.—And there is enough in his countenance for a hue-and-cry to take him on suspicion: or else it is stamped on the figure of his body; their heads sometimes so little, that there is no room for wit; sometimes so long, that there is no wit for so much room.

Yet some, by their faces, may pass current enough till they cry themselves down by their speaking.—Thus men know the bell is cracked when they hear it tolled; yet some that have stood out the assault of two or three questions, and have answered pretty rationally, have afterwards of their own accord betrayed and yielded themselves to be fools.

One may get wisdom by looking on a fool.—In beholding him, think how much thou art beholden to HIM that suffered thee not to be like him. Only God's pleasure put a difference betwixt you. And consider, that a fool and a wise man are alike both in the starting-place—their birth, and at the post—their death; only they differ in the race of their lives.

It is unnatural to laugh at a natural.—How can the object of thy pity be the subject of thy pastime?

To make a trade of laughing at a fool, is the highway to become one.—Tully confessed, that whilst he laughed at one Hircus, a very ridiculous man, *dum illum rideo penè factus sum ille*. And one telleth us of Gallus Vibius, a man first of great eloquence, and afterwards of great madness, which seized not on him so much by accident as his own affectation,—so long mimically imitating madmen that he became one.

LXXXVI.—THE WISDOM OF FOOLS AND FOLLIES OF THE WISE.

Many have been the wise speeches of fools, though not so many as the foolish speeches of wise men.—Now, the wise speeches of these silly souls proceed from one of these reasons:—either because, talking much, and shooting often, they must needs hit the mark sometimes, though not by aim, by hap:—or else because a fool's *mediocriter* is *optimè*; sense from his mouth, a sentence; and a tolerable speech cried up for an apophthegm:—or, lastly, because God may sometimes illu-

minate them, and (especially towards their death) admit them to the possession of some part of reason. A poor beggar in Paris, being very hungry, stayed so long in a cook's shop, who was dishing-up of meat, till his stomach was satisfied with only the smell thereof. The cholerick, covetous cook demanded of him to pay for his breakfast. The poor man denied it, and the controversy was referred to the deciding of the next man that should pass by, who chanced to be the most notorious idiot in the whole city. He, on the relation of the matter, determined that the poor man's money should be put betwixt two empty dishes, and the cook should be recompensed with the gingling of the poor man's money, as he was satisfied with only the smell of the cook's meat. And this is affirmed by credible writers as no fable, but an undoubted fact. More waggish was that of a rich-landed fool, whom a courtier had begged, and carried about to wait on him. He, coming with his master to a gentleman's house where the picture of a fool was wrought in a fair suit of arras, cut the picture out with a penknife. And being chidden for so doing, "You have more cause," said he, "to thank me; for if my master had seen the picture of the fool, he would have begged the hangings of the king as he did my lands." When the standers-by comforted a natural who lay on his death-bed, and told him that four proper fellows should carry his body to the church: "Yea," quoth he, "but I had rather by half go thither myself;" and then prayed to God, at his last gasp, not to require more of him than he gave him.

LXXXVII.—OF RECREATIONS.

RECREATION is a second creation, when weariness hath almost annihilated one's spirits. It is the breathing of the

soul, which otherwise would be stifled with continual business. We may trespass in them, if using such as are forbidden by the—lawyer, as against the statutes—physician, as against health—divine, as against conscience.

Spill not the morning (the quintessence of the day!) in recreations.—For sleep itself is a recreation. Add not, therefore, sauce to sauce ; and *he* cannot properly have any title to be refreshed, *who* was not first faint. Pastime, like wine, is poison in the morning. It is then good husbandry to sow the head, which hath lain fallow all night, with some serious work. Chiefly, intrench not on the Lord's-day to use unlawful sports ; this were to spare thine own flock, and to shear God's lamb.

Let thy recreations be ingenious, and bear proportion with thine age.—If thou sayest with Paul, “ When I was a child, I did as a child ; ” say also with him, “ But when I was a man, I put away childish things.” Wear also the child's coat, if thou usest his sports.

Refresh that part of thyself which is most wearied.—If thy life be sedentary, exercise thy body ; if stirring and active recreate thy mind. But take heed of cozening thy mind, in setting it to do a double task, under pretence of giving it a play-day, as in the labyrinth of chess, and other tedious and studious games.

Yet recreations distasteful to some dispositions relish best to others.—Fishing with an angle is, to some, rather a torture than a pleasure,—to stand an hour as mute as the fish they mean to take ; yet herewithal Dr. Whitaker was much delighted. When some noblemen had gotten William Cecil, lord Burleigh, and Treasurer of England, to ride with them a-hunting, and the sport began to be cold, “ What call you

this?" said the Treasurer. "O! now," said they, "the dogs are at a fault." "Yea," quoth the Treasurer, "take me again in such a fault, and I will give you leave to punish me!" Thus, as soon may the same meat please all palates, as the same sport suit with all dispositions.

Running, leaping, and dancing, the descants on the plain song of walking, are all excellent exercises.—And yet those are the best recreations which, beside refreshing, enable, at least dispose, men to some other good ends. Bowling teaches men's hands and eyes mathematics and the rules of proportion. Swimming hath saved many a man's life, when himself hath been *both the wares and the ship*. Tilting and fencing is war without anger; and manly sports are the grammar of military performance.

But above all, shooting is a noble recreation, and a half-liberal art.—A rich man told a poor man, that he walked to get a stomach for his meat. "And I," said the poor man, "walk to get meat for my stomach." Now, shooting would have fitted both their turns; it provides food when men are hungry, and helps digestion when they are full.

LXXXVIII.—DEFORMITY.

Some people, handsome by nature, have wilfully deformed themselves;—such as wear Bacchus's colours in their faces, arising not from having—but being—bad livers.

Nature often-times recompenseth deformed bodies with excellent wits;—witness Æsop, than whose Fables children cannot read an easier, nor men a wiser, book; for all the latter moralists do but write comments upon them. Many jeering wits who have thought to have rid at their ease on the bowed

backs of some cripples, have, by their unhappy answers been unhorsed and thrown flat on their own backs. A jeering gentleman commended a beggar, who was deformed, and little better than blind, for having an excellent eye. "True," said the beggar, "for I can discern an honest man from such a knave as you are!"

Some souls have been the chapels of sanctity, whose bodies have been the spitals of deformity.—An emperor of Germany, coming by chance on a Sunday into a church, found there a most misshapen priest, *penè portentum nature*, insomuch as the emperor scorned and contemned him. But when he heard him read those words in the service, "For it is He that made us, and not we ourselves," the emperor checked his own proud thoughts, and made inquiry into the quality and condition of the man, and finding him, on examination, to be most learned and devout, he made him archbishop of Cologne, which place he did excellently discharge.

LXXXIX.—OF BOOKS.

SOLOMON saith truly, "Of making many books there is no end;" so insatiable is the thirst of men therein: as also endless is the desire of many in buying and reading them.

It is a vanity to persuade the world one hath much learning, by getting a great library.—As soon shall I believe every one is valiant that hath a well-furnished armory. I guess good housekeeping by the smoking, not the number, of the tunnels, as knowing that many of them (built merely for uniformity) are without chimneys, and more without fires. Once a dunce, void of learning but full of books, flouted a library-less scholar with these words: *Salve, Doctor sine libris!* But, thè

next day, the scholar coming into the jeerer's study crowded with books, *Salvete, libri*, saith he, *sine Doctore !*

Few books well selected are best.—Yet, as a certain fool bought all the pictures that came out, because he might have his choice ; such is the vain humour of many men in gathering of books. Yet, when they have done all, they miss their end ; it being in the editions of authors as in the fashions of clothes,—when a man thinks he hath gotten the latest and newest, presently another newer comes out.

Some books are only cursorily to be tasted of;—namely, first, voluminous books, the task of a man's life to read them over. Secondly, auxiliary books, only to be repaired-to on occasions. Thirdly, such as are mere pieces of formality, so that if you look *on* them you look *through* them ; and he that peeps through the casement of the index, sees as much as if he were in the house.

The genius of the author is commonly discovered in the Dedicatory Epistle.—Many place the purest grain in the mouth of the sack, for chapmen to handle or buy : and from the dedication one may probably guess at the work, saving some rare and peculiar exceptions. Thus, when once a gentleman admired how so pithy, learned, and witty a dedication was matched to a flat, dull, foolish book ; “ In truth,” said another, “ they may be well matched together, for I profess they be nothing akin.”

Proportion an hour's meditation to an hour's reading of a staple author.—This makes a man master of his learning, and dis-spirits the book into the scholar.

When a French printer complained that he was utterly undone by printing a solid, serious book of Rabelais concerning physic, Rabelais, to make him recompense, made that his

jesting, scurrilous work, which repaired the printer's loss with advantage. Such books the world swarms too much with. When one had set out a witless pamphlet, writing *Finis* at the end thereof, another wittily wrote beneath it,—

“Nay, there thou liest, my friend,
In writing foolish books there is NO END.”

XC.—OF FAME.

FAME is the echo of actions, resounding them to the world, save that the echo repeats only the *last* part, but fame relates all and often more than all.

Fame sometimes hath created something of nothing.—She hath made whole countries, more than ever nature did, especially near the poles ; and then hath peopled them likewise with inhabitants of her own invention,—pigmies, giants, and Amazons. Yea, fame is sometimes like unto a kind of mushroom, which Pliny recounts to be the greatest miracle in nature, because growing and having no root as fame no ground of her reports.

Fame often makes a great deal of a little.—Absalom killed one of David's sons,* and fame killed all the rest ; and generally she magnifies and multiplies matters.

Politicians sometimes raise fames (reports) on purpose,—as that such things are done already, which they mean to do afterwards. By the light of those false fires, they see into men's hearts ; and these false rumours are *true scouts to discover men's dispositions*. Besides, the deed, though strange in itself, is done afterwards with the less noise, men having vented their wonder beforehand ; and the strangeness of the

* 2 Sam. xiii. 30.

action is abated, because formerly made stale in report. But if the rumour startles men extremely, and draws with it dangerous consequences, then they can presently confute it, let their intentions fall, and prosecute it no further.

Strange was that plot of Stratocles, who gave it out that he had gotten a victory ; and the constant report thereof continued three days, and then was confuted : and Stratocles being charged with abusing his people with a lie, "Why," said he, "are ye angry with me for making you pass three days in mirth and jollity, more than otherwise you should?"

Incredible is the swiftness of fame in carrying reports.—First, she creeps through a village, then she goes through a town, then she runs through a city, then she flies through a country, still the farther the faster.

Fame is apt to be antedated and raised before the fact, being related at guess before it was acted. Thus, some have been causelessly commended for early rising in the morning, who indeed came to their journey's end over-night. If such fore-made reports prove true, they are admired and registered ; if false, neglected and forgotten : as those only which escaped shipwreck hung up *votivas tabulas*, "tablets with their names," in those haven-towns where they came ashore. But as for those who are drowned, their memorials are drowned with them.

A fond fame is best confuted by neglecting it.—By "fond" understand such a report as is rather ridiculous, than dangerous, if believed. It is not worth the making a schism betwixt newsmongers to set up an anti-fame against it.

And fame hath much of the scold in her ; the best way to silence her is, to be silent, and then at last she will be out of breath with blowing her own trumpet.

Fame sometimes reports things less than they are,—pardon her for offending herein, she is guilty so seldom.

But fame falls most short in those transcendents which are above her predicaments ; as in Solomon's wisdom : “ And, behold, one half was not told me : thy wisdom and prosperity exceedeth the fame that I heard.” But chiefly in fore-reporting the happiness in heaven, “ which eye hath not seen nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive.”

XCI.—THE GOOD JUDGE.

THE good advocate, whom we formerly described, is since, by his prince's favour and own deserts, advanced to be a Judge ; which his place he freely obtained with sir Augustine Nicolls, whom king James used to call “ the Judge that would give no money.” Otherwise, they that buy justice by wholesale,—to make themselves savers, must sell it by retail.

He is patient and attentive in hearing the pleadings on both sides;—and hearkens to the witnesses, though tedious. He may give a waking testimony, who hath but a dreaming utterance ; and many country people must be impertinent, before they can be pertinent, and cannot give evidence about a hen, but first they must begin with it in the egg. All which our Judge is contented to hearken to. . . .

Having heard with patience, he gives sentence with uprightness.—For when he put on his robes, he put off his relations to any ; and, like Melchisedec, becomes without pedigree. . . He therefore allows of no *noted* favourites, which cannot but cause multiplication of *fees*, and suspicion of *by-laws*.

He so hates bribes, that he is jealous to receive any kindness above the ordinary proportion of friendship, lest, like the sermons of wandering preachers, they should end in begging. And, surely, integrity is the proper portion of a Judge. Men have a touchstone whereby to try gold, but gold is the touchstone whereby to try men. It was a shrewd gird which Catulus gave the Roman Judges for acquitting Clodius, a great malefactor, when he met them going home well attended with officers : " You do well," quoth he, " to be well guarded for your safety, lest the money be taken away from you you took for bribes." Our Judge also detesteth the trick of Mendicant Friars, who will touch no money themselves, but have a boy with a bag to receive it for them.

When he sits upon life, in judgment he remembereth mercy . . . Oh let him take heed how he strikes that hath a dead hand ! . . .

The sentence of condemnation he pronounceth with all gravity.—It is best when steeped in the Judge's tears. He avoideth all jesting on men in misery : easily may he put them out of countenance, whom he hath power to put out of life.

He is exact to do justice in civil suits betwixt sovereign and subject.—This will most ingratiate him with his prince at last. Kings neither are, can, nor should be lawyers themselves, by reason of higher State-employments ; but herein they see with the eyes of their Judges, and at last will break those false spectacles which, in point of law, shall be found to have deceived them.

XCII.—TRAITS OF A GOOD BISHOP.

He is very merciful in punishing offenders. . . He had rather draw tears than blood. O let not the " stars of our church" be

herein turned to comets ; whose appearing in place of judicature presageth to some death or destruction. I confess, that even justice itself is a kind of mercy. But God grant, that my portion of mercy be not paid me in that coin ! And though the highest detestation of sin best agreeth with clergymen, yet ought they to cast a severe eye on the vice and example, and a merciful eye on the person.

None more forward to forgive a wrong done to himself.—Worthy archbishop Whitgift interceded to queen Elizabeth for remitting of heavy fines laid on some of his adversaries, (learning from Christ his Master to be a mediator for them,) till his importunity had angered the queen ; yea, and till his importunity had pleased her again ; and gave not over till he got them to be forgiven.

He meddleth as little as may be with temporal matters.—Having little skill in them, and less will to them. Not that he is unworthy to manage them, but they unworthy to be managed by him. Yea, generally, the most dexterous in spiritual matters are left-handed in temporal businesses, and go but untowardly about them. Heaven is his *vocation*, and therefore he counts earthly employments *avocations* ; except in such cases which lie, as I may say, in the Marches of Divinity, and have connexion with his calling ; or else, when temporal matters meddle with him, so that he must rid them out of his way. . . .

If called to the court he there doth all good offices.—Betwixt prince and people, striving to remove all misprisions and disaffections, and advancing unity and concord. They that think the church may flourish when the commonwealth doth wither, may as well conceive that the brains may be sound when *pia mater* is perished. When, in the way of the con-

fessor, he privately tells his prince of his faults, he knows, by Nathan's parable, to go the nearest way home by going far about. . . .

His mortified mind is no whit moved with the magnificent vanities of the court;—No more than a dead corpse is affected with a velvet hearse-cloth over it.

XCIH.—THE ATHEIST.

THE word “atheist” is of a very large extent: every polytheist is, in effect, an atheist; for he that multiplies a deity, annihilates it; and he that divides it, destroys it.

But, amongst the Heathen, we may observe, that whosoever sought to withdraw people from their idolatry was presently indicted and arraigned of atheism. If any philosopher saw God through their gods, this dust was cast in his eyes for being more quick-sighted than others,—that presently he was condemned for an atheist; and thus Socrates, the Pagan martyr, was put to death *ὡς ἄθεος*.

At this day three sorts of atheists are extant in the world:—

1. In life and conversation.—“God is not in all his thoughts;” not that he thinks there is no God; but thinks not there is a God, never minding or heeding Him in the whole course of his life and actions.

2. In will and desire.—Such could wish there were no God or devil; as thieves would have no judge nor jailor. *Quod metuunt perisse expetunt.*

3. In judgment and opinion.—Of the former two sorts of atheists, there are more in the world than are generally thought; of this latter, more are thought to be than there are;—a contemplative atheist being very rare. . . .

First, he quarrels at the diversities of religions in the world;—Complaining how great clerks dissent in their judgments, which makes him sceptical in all opinions: whereas such differences should not make men careless to have any—but careful to have the best—religion . . . He keeps a register of many difficult places of Scripture; not that he desires satisfaction therein, but delights to puzzle divines therewith; and counts it a great conquest when he hath posed them. Unnecessary questions out of the Bible are his most necessary study; and he is more curious to know where Lazarus's soul was, the four days he lay in the grave, than careful to provide for his own soul when he shall be dead . . .

He furnisheth himself with an armory of arguments to fight against his own conscience,—Some taken from

1. The impunity and outward happiness of wicked men.—As the Heathen poet, whose verses for me shall pass un-Englished:—

*Esse Deos credamne? fidem jurata fefellit,
Et facies illi, quæ fuit ante, manet.*

And no wonder if an atheist breaks his neck thereat, whereat the foot of David himself did almost slip, when he saw the prosperity of the wicked;* whom God only reprieves for punishment hereafter.

2. From the afflictions of the godly;—Whilst, indeed, God only tries their faith and patience. As Absalom complained of his father David's government, that none were deputed to redress people's grievances; so he objects, that none righteth the wrongs of God's people, and thinks (proud dust!) the world would be better steered if he were the pilot thereof.

* Psalm lxxiii. 2, 3.

3. From the delaying of the day of judgment;—With those mockers, whose objections the apostle fully answereth.* And in regard of his own particular, the atheist hath as little cause to rejoice at the deferring of the day of judgment, as the thief hath reason to be glad that the Assizes be put off, who is to be tried, and may be executed before, at the Quarter-Sessions: so death may take our atheist off, before the day of judgment come.

With these and other arguments he struggles with his own conscience, and long in vain seeks to conquer it, even fearing that Deity he flouts at, and dreading that God whom he denies. And as that famous Athenian soldier, Cynægirus, catching hold of one of the enemies' ships, held it first with his right hand, and, when that was cut off, with his left, and when both were cut off, yet still kept it with his teeth; so the conscience of our atheist—though he bruise it, and beat it, and maim it never so much—still keeps him by the teeth, still feeding and gnawing upon him, torturing and tormenting him with thoughts of a Deity, which the other desires to suppress.

At last he himself is utterly overthrown by conquering his own conscience.—God in justice takes from him the light which he thrust from himself, and delivers him up to a seared conscience and a reprobate mind, whereby hell takes possession of him. The apostle saith, that a man “may feel God in his works.”† But now our atheist hath a dead palsy, is past all sense, and cannot perceive God, who is every where presented unto him . . . However, descending impenitent into hell, there he is atheist no longer, but hath as much religion as the devil, to confess God and tremble:—

* 2 Peter iii.

† Acts xvii. 27.

Nullus in inferno est atheos, ante fuit :

“On earth were atheists many,
In hell there is not any.”

All speak truth, when they are on the rack ; but it is a woful thing to be hell's convert.

XCIV.—THE HYPOCRITE.

By hypocrite we understand such a one as doth “practise hypocrisy,” (Isaiah xxxii. 6,) make a trade or work of dissembling : for otherwise, “It is the lot of very few, if of any at all, to be free from every stain of hypocrisy.” * The best of God's children have a smack of hypocrisy.

A hypocrite is himself both the archer and the mark, in all actions shooting at his own praise or profit.—And therefore he doth all things that they may be seen. What, with others, is held a principal point in law, is his main maxim in divinity, —to have good witness ! Even fasting itself is meat and drink to him, whilst others behold it.

In the outside of religion he outshines a sincere Christian.—Gilt cups glitter more than those of massy gold, which are seldom burnished. Yea, well may the hypocrite afford gaudy facing, who cares not for any lining ; brave it in the shop, that hath nothing in the warehouse. Nor is it a wonder if in outward service he outstrips God's servants, who out-doeth God's command by *will-worship*, giving God more than he requires ; though not what he most requires, I mean, his heart.

His vizard is commonly plucked off in this world.—Sincerity is an entire thing in itself ; hypocrisy consists of several pieces cunningly closed together Now by these shrewd

* *Hypocritarum maculâ carere, aut paucorum est, aut nullorum.*

signs a dissembler is often discovered : First, heavy censuring of others for light faults. Secondly, boasting of his own goodness. Thirdly, the unequal beating of his pulse in matters of piety ; hard, strong, and quick, in public actions ; weak, soft, and dull, in private matters. Fourthly, shrinking in prosecution ; for painted faces cannot abide to come nigh the fire.

Yet sometimes he goes to the grave neither detected nor suspected:—if masters in their art, and living in peaceable times, wherein piety and prosperity do not fall out, but agree well together. Maud, mother to king Henry II., being besieged in Winchester Castle, counterfeited herself to be dead, and so was carried out in a coffin, whereby she escaped. Another time, being besieged at Oxford in a cold winter, with wearing white apparel she got away in the snow undiscovered. Thus, some hypocrites, by dissembling mortification, that they are dead to the world, and by professing a snow-like purity in their conversations, escape all their lifetime undiscerned by mortal eyes.

By long dissembling piety, he deceives himself at last.—Yea, he may grow so infatuated, as to conceive himself no dissembler, but a sincere saint. A scholar was so possessed with his lively personating of king Richard III., in a College-comedy, that ever after he was transported with a royal humour in his large expenses ; which brought him to beggary, though he had great preferment. Thus the hypocrite, by long acting the part of piety, at last believes himself really to be such a one, whom at first he did but counterfeit.

God here knows, and hereafter will make hypocrites known to the whole world.—Ottochar, king of Bohemia, refused to do homage to Rodolphus I., emperor, till at last, chastised with war, he was content to do him homage privately in a tent ;

which tent was so contrived by the emperor's servants, that, by drawing one cord, it was all taken away, and so Ottochar presented on his knees, doing his homage, to the view of three armies in presence. Thus God, at last, shall uncase the closest dissembler, to the sight of men, angels, and devils, having removed all veils and pretences of piety : no goat in a sheepskin shall steal on his right hand at the last day of judgment.

XCV.--THE LIAR.

THE liar is one that makes a trade to tell falsehoods, with intent to deceive. He is either open or secret. A secret liar or equivocator is such a one, as, by mental reservations and other tricks, deceives him to whom he speaks, being lawfully called to deliver all the truth. And, sure, speech being but a copy of the heart, it cannot be avouched for a true copy that hath less in it than the original. . . .

At first he tells a lie with some shame and reluctance.—For then, if he cuts off but a lap of truth's garment, his heart smites him ; but, in process of time, he conquers his conscience, and, from quenching it, there ariseth a smoke which soots and fouls his soul, so that afterwards he lies without any regret.

Having made one lie, he is fain to make more to maintain it.—For an untruth, wanting a firm foundation, needs many buttresses. The honour and happiness of the Israelites is the misery and mischief of lies : “Not one amongst them shall be barren,” (Deut. vii. 14,) but miraculously procreative to beget others.

He hath a good memory which he badly abuseth.—Memory in a liar is no more than needs. For, first, lies are hard to be remembered, because many, whereas truth is but one.

Secondly, because a lie cursorily told, takes little footing and settled fastness in the teller's memory, but prints itself deeper in the hearers', who take the greater notice, because of the improbability and deformity thereof; and one will remember the sight of a monster longer than the sight of a handsome body. Hence comes it to pass, that when the liar hath forgotten himself, his auditors put him in mind of the lie, and take him therein.

Sometimes, though his memory cannot help him from being arrested for lying, his wit rescues him:—which needs a long reach to bring all ends presently and probably together, gluing the splinters of his tales so cunningly, that the cracks cannot be perceived. Thus the relic-monger bragged, he could show a feather of the dove at Christ's baptism; but being to show it to the people, a wag had stolen away the feather, and put a coal in the room of it. "Well," quoth he to the spectators, "I cannot be so good as my word for the present; but here is one of the coals that broiled St. Lawrence, and that is worth the seeing." *

Being challenged for telling a lie, no man is more furiously angry.—Then he draws his sword and threatens, because he thinks that an offer of revenge, to show himself moved at the accusation, doth in some sort discharge him of the imputation; . . . and the party charged doth conceive, that, if he vindicates valour, his truth will be given him into the bargain.

At last he believes his own lies to be true.—He hath told them over and over so often, that prescription makes a right; and he verily believes, that at the first he gathered the story out of some authentical author, which only grew in his own brain.

* See this story told with exquisite humour in "Eulenspiegel."

No man else believes him when he speaks the truth.—How much gold soever he hath in his chest, his word is but brass, and passeth for nothing : yea, he is dumb in effect ; for it is all one whether one cannot speak, or cannot be believed.

XCVI.—THE TYRANT.

A TYRANT is one whose list is his law, making his subjects his slaves. Yet this is but a tottering kingdom which is founded on trembling people, who fear and hate their sovereign.

He gets all places of advantage into his own hands.—Yea, he would disarm his subjects of all scythes and pruning-hooks, but for fear of a general rebellion of weeds and thistles in the land.

He takes the laws at the first, rather by undermining than assault.—And therefore, to do unjustly with the more justice, he counterfeits a legality in all his proceedings, and will not butcher a man without a statute for it.

Afterwards, he rageth freely in innocent blood.—Is any man virtuous ? Then he is a traitor, and let him die for it, who durst presume to be good when his prince is bad. Is he beloved ? He is a rebel, hath proclaimed himself king, and reigns already in people's affections ; it must cost him his life. Is he of kin to the crown, though so far off that his alliance is scarce to be derived ? All the veins of his body must be drained and emptied, to find there, and fetch thence, that dangerous drop of royal blood. And thus, having taken the prime men away, the rest are easily subdued. In all these particulars, Machiavel is his only counsellor ; who, in his "Prince," seems to him to resolve all these cases of conscience to be very lawful.

Worst men are his greatest favourites.—He keeps a constant kennel of blood-hounds, to accuse whom he pleaseth. These will *depose* more than any can *suppose*, not sticking to swear that they heard fishes speak, and saw through a mill-stone at midnight. These fear not to forswear, but fear they shall not forswear enough—to cleave the pin and do the deed. The less credit they have, the more they are believed, and their very accusation is held a proof. . . .

He counts men in misery the most melodious instruments.—Especially if they be well-tuned and played upon by cunning musicians, who are artificial in tormenting them, the more the merrier ; and if he hath a set and full concert of such tortured miserable souls, he danceth most cheerfully at the pleasant ditty of their dying groans. He loves not to be prodigal of men's lives, but thriftily improves the objects of his cruelty, —spending them by degrees, and epicurizing on their pain ; so that, as Philoxenus wished a crane's throat, he could desire asses' ears, the longer to entertain their hideous and miserable roaring. Thus nature had not racks enough for men, (the colic, gout, stone,) but art must add to them, and devils in flesh antedate hell here in inventing torments ; which, when inflicted on malefactors, extort pity from merciful beholders, and make them give what is not due ; but, when used by tyrants on innocent people, such tender hearts as stand by suffer what they see, and, by the proxy of sympathy, feel what they behold.

He seeks to suppress all memorials and writings of his actions.—And as wicked Tereus, after he had ravished Philomela, cut out her tongue ; so when tyrants have wronged and abused the times they live in, they endeavour to make them speechless, to tell no tales to posterity. . . .

At last he is haunted with the terrors of his own conscience.—If any two do but whisper together, (whatsoever the propositions be,) he conceives their discourse concludes against him. Company and solitariness are equally dreadful unto him, being never safe ; and he wants a guard to guard him from his guard, and so proceeds *in infinitum*. The scouts of Charles duke of Burgundy brought him news, that the French army was hard by,—being nothing else but a field full of high thistles, whose tops they mistook for so many spears. On lesser ground, this tyrant conceives greater fears. Thus in vain doth he seek to fence himself from without, whose foe is within him.

He is glad to patch up a bad night's sleep, out of pieces of slumber.—They seldom sleep soundly, who have blood for their bolster. His fancy presents him with strange masks, wherein only fiends and furies are actors. The fright awakes him ; and he is no sooner glad that it was a dream, but fears it is prophetic.

XCVII.—FORCED MARRIAGES.

AFFECTIONS, like the conscience, are rather to be led than drawn ; and, it is to be feared, they that marry where they do not love, will love where they do not marry.

XCVIII.—THE WORST METALLIC POISON.

THE same word in the Greek, *ῥίς*, signifies “rust” and “poison :” and some strong poison is made of the rust of metals ; but none more venomous than the rust of money in the rich man’s purse unjustly detained from the labourer, which will poison and infect his whole estate.

XCIX.—THE LAST WORD.

SOME servants are so talkative, one may as well command the echo as them, not to speak last; and then they count themselves conquerors, because last they leave the field. Others, though they seem to yield, and go away, yet, with the flying Parthians, shoot backward over their shoulders, and dart bitter taunts at their masters; yea, though, with the clock, they have given the last stroke, yet they keep a jarring, muttering to themselves a good while after.

C.—KEEP CLOSE TO THE LIGHT.

IF in a dark business we perceive God to guide us by the lantern of his providence, it is good to follow the light close, lest we lose it by our lagging behind.

CI.—CANONICAL HOURS.

THE apostle's precept is the plain song, "Pray continually;" and men's inventions ran their descants upon it, and confined it to certain hours: a practice in itself not so bad for those who have leisure to observe it, save that when devotion is thus artificially plaited into hours, it may *take up men's minds in formalities to neglect the substance*.

CII.—DISCREET CHARITY.

SURE, none need be more bountiful in giving than the sun is in shining; which, though freely bestowing his beams on the world, keeps, notwithstanding, the body of light to himself. Yea, it is necessary that liberality should as well have banks as a stream.*

* Or, as Fuller has it in his Holy War:—"Charity's eyes must be open as well as her hands."

CIII.—CELIBACY.

CELIBACY is none of those things to be desired in and for itself, but because it leads a more convenient way to the worshipping of God, especially in time of persecution. For, then, if Christians be forced to run races for their lives, the unmarried have the advantage,—lighter by many ounces, and freed from much incumbrance, which the married are subject to ; who, though private persons, herein are like princes,—they must have their train follow them.*

CIV.—MISOGYNISTS.

UNWORTHY is the practice of those who in their discourse plant all their arguments point-blank to batter down the married estate, bitterly inveighing against it ; yea, base is the behaviour of some young men, who can speak nothing but satires against God's ordinance of matrimony, and the whole sex of women. This they do, either out of deep dissimulation, to divert suspicion, that they may prey the farthest from their holes : or else they do it out of revenge ; having themselves formerly lighted on bad women, (yet no worse than they deserved,) they curse all adventures, because of their own shipwreck : or, lastly, they do it out of mere spite to nature and God himself : and pity it is but that their fathers had been of the same opinion ! Yet it may be tolerable, if only in harmless mirth they chance to bestow a jest upon the follies of married people. Thus when a gentlewoman told an ancient bachelor who looked very young, that she thought he had eaten a snake ; "No, mistress," saith he,

* Something like what Bacon says : "He that hath wife and children hath given hostages to fortune ; for they are impediments to great enterprises."

“it is because I never *meddled with any snakes* which maketh me look so young.”

CV.—A MODEST WOMAN

Blusheth at the wanton discourse of others in her company,—as fearing that, being in the presence where treason against modesty is spoken, all in the place will be arraigned for principal . . . Wherefore, that she may not suffer in her title to modesty, to preserve her right she enters a silent caveat by a blush in her cheeks, and embraceth the next opportunity to get a gaol-delivery out of that company where she was detained in durance. Now, because we have mentioned blushing, which is so frequent with virgins that it is called “a maiden’s blush,” (as if they alone had a patent to dye this colour,) give us leave a little to enlarge ourselves on this subject.

1. *Blushing oftentimes proceeds from guiltiness*;—when the offender, being pursued after, seeks as it were to hide himself under the vizard of a new face.

2. *Blushing is other-times rather a compurgator than an accuser*. . . .

3. *Where small faults are committed, blushing obtains a pardon of course with ingenuous beholders*:—As, if one be guilty of casual incivilities, or solecisms in manners, occasioned by invincible ignorance and unavoidable mistakes; in such a case, blushing is a sufficient penance to restore to state of innocency.

CVI.—CELIBACY.

THOUGH there be no fire seen outwardly, as in the English chimneys, it may be hotter within, as in the Dutch stoves;

and as well the devils as the angels in heaven, "neither marry nor are given in marriage."

CVII.—GOOD—"TIME OUT OF MIND."

THOSE whose childhood, with Hildegardis, hath had the advantage of pious education, may be said to have been good "time out of mind," as not able to remember the beginning of their own goodness.

CVIII.—AN OLD TRUTH IN A NEW SETTING.

MEN commonly do beat and bruise their links before they light them, to make them burn the brighter: God first humbles and afflicts whom he intends to illuminate with more than ordinary grace.

CIX.—MONKISH VISIONS.

ST. PAUL, in his revelations, was "caught up into the third heaven;" whereas most monks, with a contrary motion, were carried into hell and purgatory, and there saw apparitions of strange torments.*

CX.—MIRACLES OF HILDEGARDIS.

I MUST confess, at my first reading of them, my belief digested some, but surfeited on the rest: for she made no more to cast out a devil than a barber to draw a tooth, and with less pain to the patient. I never heard of a great feast made all of cordials: and it seems improbable that miracles (which

* Fuller in his Holy War, speaking of the "superabundance" of revelations in the middle ages, says, speaking of Peter the Hermit: "One may wonder that the world should see most visions when it was most blind."

in Scripture are used sparingly, and chiefly for conversion of unbelievers) should be heaped so many together, made every-day's work, and by her commonly, constantly, and ordinarily wrought. And, I pray, why is the Popish church so barren of true works now-a-days here wrought at home amongst us? For, as for those reported to be done far off, it were ill for some if the gold from the Indies would abide the touch no better than the miracles.

CXI.—WISE PATRONAGE.

WHEN one, being a husbandman, challenged kindred of Robert Grossthead, bishop of Lincoln, and thereupon requested favour of him to bestow an office on him; "Cousin," quoth the bishop, "if your cart be broken, I will mend it; if your plough be old, I will give you a new one, and seed to sow your land. But a husbandman I found you, and a husbandman I will leave you." It is better to ease poor kindred in their profession than to ease them from their profession.

CXII.—CLAIMS OF CHRISTIAN AND SURNAMES.

WHEN men leave all to the eldest, and make no provision for the rest of their children, it is against all rules of religion, —*forgetting their Christian-name to remember their surname.*

CXIII.—IMPOSSIBLE LEARNING OF PARACELSUS.

It is too ridiculous what a scholar of his relates,—that he lived ten years in Arabia to get learning, and conversed in Greece with the Athenian philosophers! Whereas, in that age, Arabia the Happy was accursed with barbarism, and Athens grown a stranger to herself; both which places being then subjected to the Turks, the very ruins of all learning

were ruined there. Thus we see how he better knew *to act his part* than *to lay his scene*, and had not chronology enough to tell the clock of time, when and where to place his lies to make them like truth.

CXIV.—THE TRUE CHURCH ANTIQUARY.

HE is a traveller into former times, whence he hath learnt their language and fashions. If he meets with an old manuscript, which hath the mark worn out of its mouth, and hath lost the date, yet he can tell the age thereof either by the phrase or character.

He bails at middle antiquity, but lodges not till he comes at that which is ancient indeed.—Some scour off the rust of old inscriptions into their own souls, cankering themselves with superstition, having read so often, *Orate pro animâ*,* that at last they fall a-praying for the departed; and they more lament the ruin of monasteries than the decay and ruin of monks' lives, degenerating from their ancient piety and painfulness. Indeed, *a little skill* in antiquity inclines a man to Popery; but *depth in that study* brings him about again to our religion.† A nobleman who had heard of the extreme

* Pray for the soul.

† One of Fuller's editors asks, "Who will be hardy enough to assert, that ALEXANDER POPE had never perused this passage? especially when he recollects these celebrated lines in the 'Essay on Criticism:'—

" 'A little learning is a dangerous thing;
 Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring;
 There shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,
 And drinking largely sobers us again.' "

It is yet more clear that Fuller is applying the similar but more memorable saying of Bacon, in reference to Atheism.

age of one dwelling not far off, made a journey to visit him ; and, finding an aged person sitting in the chimney-corner, addressed himself unto him with admiration of his age, till his mistake was rectified : for, “ O sir !” said the young-old man, “ I am not he whom you seek for, but his son ; my father is farther off in the field.” The same error is daily committed by the Romish church, adoring the reverend brow and grey hairs of some ancient ceremonies, perchance but of some seven or eight hundred years’ standing in the church ; and they mistake these for their fathers, of far greater age in the primitive times. . .

He is not zealous for the introducing of old useless ceremonies.—The mischief is, some that are most violent to bring such in, are most negligent to preach the cautions in using them ; and simple people, like children in eating of fish, swallow bones and all, to their danger of choking.* . . . When many Popish tricks are abroad in the country, if then men meet with a ceremony which is a stranger, especially if it can give but a bad account of itself, no wonder if the watch take it up for one on suspicion.

He affects not fanciful singularity in his behaviour:—Nor cares to have a proper mark, in writing of words, to disguise some peculiar letter from the ordinary character. Others, for fear travellers should take no notice that skill in antiquity dwells in such an head, hang out an antique hat for the sign, or use some obsolete garb in their garments, gestures, or discourse.

CXV.—CHARACTER OF MR. PERKINS.

HIS sermons were not so plain but that the piously learned

* A hint good for all times, and not least for these.

did admire them, nor so learned but that the plain did understand them. What was said of Socrates, "that he first humbled the towering speculations of philosophers into practice and morality;" so our Perkins brought the schools into the pulpit, and, unshelling their controversies out of their hard school terms, made thereof plain and wholesome meat for his people. For he had a capacious head, with angles winding and roomy enough to lodge all controversial intricacies; and, had not preaching diverted him from that way, he had no doubt attained to eminency therein. An excellent surgeon he was at jointing of a broken soul, and at stating of a doubtful conscience. And, sure, in case-divinity Protestants are defective. For (save that a Smith or two of late have built them forges, and set up shop) we go down to our enemies to sharpen all our instruments, and are beholden to them for offensive and defensive weapons in cases of conscience.

He would pronounce the word *damn* with such an emphasis, as left a doleful echo in his auditors' ears a good while after; and when catechist of Christ-College, in expounding the Commandments, applied them so home, able almost to make his hearers' hearts fall down, and hairs to stand upright. But in his older age he altered his voice, and remitted much of his former rigidity; often professing that to preach mercy was the proper office of the ministers of the Gospel.

CXVI.—PRIMITIVE ECCLESIASTICAL ELECTIONS.

THESE popular elections were well discharged in those purer times, when men, being *scoured* with constant persecution, had little leisure to *rust* with factions; and when there

were no baits for corruption, the places of ministers being then of great pains and peril, and small profit.

CXVII.—A WISE LANDLORD.

His rent doth quicken his tenant, but not gall him.—Indeed, it is observed, that where landlords are very easy, the tenants (but this is *per accidens*, out of their own laziness) seldom thrive, contenting themselves to make up the just measure of their rent, and not labouring for any surplusage of estate. But our landlord puts some metal into his tenant's industry ; yet not granting him too much, lest the tenant revenge the landlord's cruelty to him upon his land.

CXVIII.—WORSE THAN FAIRIES.

A FARMER rented a grange, generally reported to be haunted by fairies, and paid a shrewd rent for the same at each half-year's end. Now, a gentleman asked him how he durst be so hardy as to live in the house, and whether no spirits did trouble him. "Truth," said the farmer, "there be two saints in heaven vex me more than all the devils in hell ; namely, the Virgin Mary, and Michael the Archangel ;" on which days he paid his rent.

CXIX.—MEDIOCRITY SOMETIMES BEST.

SOMETIMES ordinary scholars make extraordinary good masters. Every one who can play well on Apollo's harp, cannot skilfully drive his chariot ; there being a peculiar mystery of government. Yea, as a little alloy makes gold to work the better, so, perchance, some dulness in a man makes him fitter to manage secular affairs ; and those who have climbed up Parnassus but half-way, better behold worldly

business (as lying low and nearer to their sight) than such as have climbed up to the top of the mount.

CXX.—RENT OF COLLEGE-LANDS.

SURE, College-lands were never given to fat the tenants and starve the scholars, but that both might comfortably subsist. Yea, generally I hear the Muses commended for the best landladies, and a College-lease is accounted but as the worst kind of freehold.

CXXI.—PUBLIC INGRATITUDE.

MARK generally the grand deservers in States, and you shall find them lose their lustre before they end their life ; the world, out of covetousness to save charges to pay them their wages, quarrelling with them, as if an overmerit were an offence. And, whereas some impute this to the malignant influence of the heavens, I ascribe it rather to a pestilent vapour out of the earth ; I mean, that rather men, than stars, are to be blamed for it.

CXXII.—GOLDEN POVERTY.

Pythis, a king, having discovered rich mines in his kingdom, employed all his people in digging of them ; whence tilling was wholly neglected, insomuch as a great famine ensued. His queen, sensible of the calamities of the country, invited the king her husband to dinner, as he came home hungry from overseeing his workmen in the mines. She so contrived it, that the bread and meat were most artificially made of gold ; and the king was much delighted with the conceit thereof, till at last he called for real meat to satisfy his hunger. “Nay,” said the queen, “if you employ all your

subjects in your mines, you must expect to feed upon gold ; for nothing else can your kingdom afford."

CXXIII.—SOLDIERS—A NECESSITY.

THOUGH many hate soldiers as the twigs of the rod war, wherewith God scourgeth wanton countries into repentance ; yet is their calling so needful, that were not *some* soldiers we must be *all* soldiers, daily employed to defend our own,—the world would grow so licentious.

CXXIV.—A SOLDIER'S DUTY.

He counts his prince's lawful command to be his sufficient warrant to fight.—In a defensive war, when his country is hostilely invaded, it is pity but *his* neck should hang in suspense with his conscience that doubts to fight. In offensive war, though the case be harder, the common soldier is not to dispute, but do, his prince's command. Otherwise princes, before they levy an army of soldiers, must first levy an army of casuists and confessors to satisfy each scrupulous soldier in point of right to the war ; and the most cowardly will be the most conscientious, to multiply doubts eternally. . . .

He is contented, though in cold weather his hands must be their own fire, and warm themselves with working ; though he be better armed against their enemies than the weather, and his corslet wholler than his clothes ; though he hath more fasts and vigils in his almanack than the Romish church did ever enjoy. He patiently endureth drought for desire of honour ; and one thirst quencheth another. In a word : though much indebted to his own back and belly, and unable

to pay them, yet he hath credit himself, and confidently runs on ticket with himself, hoping the next victory will discharge all scores with advantage. . . .

He attends with all readiness on the commands of his general;—rendering up his own judgment, in obedience to the will and pleasure of his leader, and by an implicit faith believing all is best which he enjoineth ; lest otherwise he be served as the French soldier was in Scotland, some eighty years since, who first mounted the bulwark of a fort besieged, whereupon ensued the gaining of the fort : but marshal de Thermes, the French general, first knighted him, and then hanged him within an hour after, because he had done it without commandment.

He will not in a bravery expose himself to needless peril.—It is madness to holloa in the ears of sleeping temptation, to awaken it against one's self, or to go out of his calling to find a danger. But if a danger meets him as he walks in his vocation, he neither stands still, starts aside, nor steps backward, but either goes over it with valour, or under it with patience. All single duels he detesteth, as having, first, no command in God's word ; yea, this arbitrary deciding causes by the sword subverts the fundamental laws of the Scripture ; secondly, no example in God's word,—that of David and Goliath moving in a higher sphere, as extraordinary ; thirdly, it tempts God to work a miracle for man's pleasure, and to invert the course of nature, whereby, otherwise, the stronger will beat the weaker ; fourthly, each dueller challengeth his king as unable or unwilling legally to right him, and therefore he usurps the office himself ; fifthly, if slaying, he hazards his neck to the halter ; if slain, in heat of malice, without repentance, he adventures his soul to the devil.

CXXV.—THEORY AND EXPERIMENT.

LIONS, they say, except forced with hunger, will not prey on women and children ; though I would wish none to try the truth thereof.

CXXVI.—A GOOD SEA-CAPTAIN.

The more power he hath, the more careful he is not to abuse it.—Indeed, a sea-captain is a king in the island of a ship ; supreme judge, above appeal, in causes civil and criminal ; and is seldom brought to an account, in courts of justice on land, for injuries done to his own men at sea.

He is careful in observing of the Lord's-day.—He hath a watch in his heart, though no bells in a steeple, to proclaim that day by ringing to prayers. Sir Francis Drake, in three years' sailing about the world, lost one whole day, which was scarce considerable in so long time. It is to be feared, some captains at sea lose a day every week, one in seven, neglecting the sabbath.

He is as pious and thankful when a tempest is past, as devout when it is present,—not clamorous to receive mercies, and tongue-tied to return thanks. Many mariners are calm in a storm, and storm in a calm, blustering with oaths. In a tempest, it comes to *their* turn to be religious *whose* piety is but a fit of the wind ; and, when that is allayed, their devotion is ended. . . .

In taking a prize, he most prizeth the men's lives whom he takes;—though some of them may chance to be negroes or savages. It is the custom of some to cast them overboard, and there is an end of them : for the dumb fishes will tell no tales. But the murder is not so soon drowned as the men.

What, is a brother by false blood no kin ? A savage hath God to his Father by creation, though not the church to his mother ; and God will revenge his innocent blood. But our captain *counts the image of God nevertheless his image, cut in ebony as if done in ivory* ; and in the blackest Moors he sees the representation of the King of heaven.

In dividing the gains, he wrongs none who took pains to get them ;—not shifting off his poor mariners with nothing, or giving them only the garbage of the prize, and keeping all the flesh to himself. In time of peace he quietly returns home ; and turns not to the trade of pirates, *who are the worst sea-vermin, and the devil's water-rats.*

His voyages are not only for profit, but some for honour and knowledge ;—to make discoveries of new countries, imitating the worthy Columbus. Before his time, the world was cut off at the middle ; Hercules's pillars (which indeed are the navel) being made the feet and utmost bounds of the continent, till his successful industry enlarged it.

Our sea-captain is likewise ambitious to perfect what the other began. He counts it a disgrace, seeing all mankind is one family, sundry countries but several rooms, that we who dwell in the parlour (so he counts Europe) should not know the outlodgings of the same house, and the world be scarce acquainted with itself before it be dissolved from itself at the day of judgment.

CXXVII.—ELOQUENT AND ODD.

TELL me, ye naturalists, Who sounded the first march and retreat to the tide, “ Hither shalt thou come, and no further ? ” Why doth not the water recover his right over the earth, being higher in nature ? Whence came the salt, and who

first boiled it, which made so much brine? When the winds are not only wild in a storm, but even stark-mad in a hurricane, who is it that restores them again to their wits, and brings them asleep in a calm? Who made the mighty whales, which swim in a sea of water, and have a sea of oil swimming in them? Who first taught the water to imitate the creatures on land? so that the sea is the stable of horse-fishes, the stall of kine-fishes, the sty of hog-fishes, the kennel of dog-fishes, and, in all things, the sea the ape of the land! Whence grows the ambergris in the sea? which is not so hard to find where it is, as to know what it is. Was not God the first shipwright? and all vessels on the water descended from the loins (or ribs rather) of Noah's ark; or else who durst be so bold, with a few crooked boards nailed together, a stick standing upright, and a rag tied to it, to adventure into the ocean? What loadstone first touched the loadstone? Or how first fell it in love with the North, rather affecting that cold climate than the pleasant East, or fruitful South, or West? How comes that stone to know more than men, and find the way to the land in a mist? In most of these men take sanctuary at *occulta qualitas*; and complain that the room is dark when their eyes are blind. Indeed, they are God's wonders; and that seaman the greatest wonder of all for his blockishness, who, seeing them daily, neither takes notice of them, admires at them, nor is thankful for them.

CXXVIII.—DRAKE'S SHIPWRECK, 1579.

On January 9th following (1579), his ship, having a large wind and a smooth sea, ran aground on a dangerous shoal, and struck twice on it; knocking twice at the door of death, which no doubt had opened the third time. Here they stuck

from eight o'clock at night till four the next afternoon, having ground too much, and yet too little to land on ; and water too much, and yet too little to sail in. Had God (who, as the wise man saith, "holdeth the winds in his fist,") but opened his little finger and let out the smallest blast, they had undoubtedly been cast away ; but there blew not any wind all the while. Then they, conceiving aright that the best way to lighten the ship was, first, to ease it of the burden of their sins by true repentance, humbled themselves, by fasting, under the hand of God. Afterwards they received the communion, dining on Christ in the sacrament, expecting no other than to sup with him in heaven. Then they cast out of their ship six great pieces of ordnance, threw overboard as much wealth as would break the heart of a miser to think on it, with much sugar and packs of spices, making a caudle of the sea round about !

CXXIX.—SHAPE OF AMERICA.

AMERICA is not unfitly resembled to an hour-glass, which hath a narrow neck of land (suppose it the hole where the sand passeth) betwixt the parts thereof,—Mexicana and Peruana.

CXXX.—AN ANTIQUARY'S "HUE AND CRY."

It is most worthy observation with what diligence Camden inquired after ancient places, making "hue and cry" after many a city which was run away, and, by certain marks and tokens, pursuing to find it ; as, by the situation on the Roman highways, by just distance from other ancient cities, by some affinity of name, by tradition of the inhabitants, by Roman coins digged up, and by some appearance of ruins. A broken urn is a whole evidence, or an old gate still surviving,

out of which the city is run out. Besides, commonly some new, spruce town, not far off, is grown out of the ashes thereof, which yet hath so much natural affection as dutifully to own those reverend ruins for her mother.

By these and other means, he arrived at admirable knowledge, and restored Britain to herself. And let none tax him for presumption in conjectures where the matter was doubtful; for many probable conjectures have stricken the fire out of which truth's candle hath been lighted afterwards. Besides, conjectures, like parcels of unknown ore, are sold but at low rates: if they prove some rich metal, the buyer is a great gainer; if base, no loser, for he pays for it accordingly.

CXXXI.—GENUINE OBJECTS OF CHARITY.

Those are ripe for charity who are withered by age or impotency;—especially if maimed in following their calling; for, such are industry's Martyrs, at least her Confessors. Add to these, those that with diligence fight against poverty, though neither conquer till death make it a drawn battle. Expect not, but prevent, their craving of thee; for God forbid the heavens should never rain till the earth first opens her mouth, seeing some grounds will sooner burn than chap!

The House of Correction is the fittest Hospital for those cripples whose legs are lame through their own laziness.—Surely, king Edward VI. was as truly charitable in granting Bridewell for the punishment of sturdy rogues, as in giving St. Thomas's Hospital for the relief of the poor.

CXXXII.—OF SELF-PRAISING.

HE whose own worth doth speak, need not speak his own worth. . . .

It showeth more wit but no less vanity, to commend one's self, not in a straight line, but by reflexion.—Some sail to the port of their own praise by a side-wind: as when they dispraise themselves, stripping themselves naked of what is their due, that the modesty of the beholders may clothe them with it again; or when they flatter another to his face, tossing the ball to him, that he may throw it back again to them; or when they commend that quality, wherein themselves excel, in another man, (though absent,) whom all know far their inferior in that faculty; or, lastly, (to omit other ambushes men set to surprise praise,) when they send the children of their own brain to be nursed by another man, and commend their own works in a third person; but, if challenged by the company that they were authors of them themselves, with their tongues they faintly deny it, and with their faces strongly affirm it.

Self-praising comes most naturally from a man when it comes most violently from him in his own defence.—For though modesty binds a man's tongue to the peace in this point, yet, being assaulted in his credit, he may stand upon his guard, and then he doth not so much praise as purge himself. One braved a gentleman to his face, that in skill and valour he came far behind him. "It is true," said the other; "for when I fought with you, you ran away before me." In such a case it was well returned, and without any just aspersion of pride.

CXXXIII.—GLORYING IN SHAME.

He that falls into sin is a man; that grieves at it, is a saint; that boasteth of it, is a devil.—Yet some glory in their shame, counting the stains of sin the best complexion for their souls.

These men make me believe it may be true, what Mandeville writes of the Isle of Somabarre, in the East Indies, that all the nobility thereof brand their faces with a hot iron, in token of honour.

He that boasts of sins never committed is a double devil.—Many brag how many gardens of virginity they have deflowered, who never came near the walls thereof, . . . with slanderous tongues committing rapes on chaste women's reputations. Others (who would sooner creep into a scabbard than draw a sword) boast of their robberies, to usurp the esteem of valour : whereas first let them be well whipped for their lying ; and, as they like that, let them come afterward, and entitle themselves to the gallows.

CXXXIV.—HINTS TO TRAVELLERS.

Be well-settled in thine own religion, lest, travelling out of England into Spain, thou goest out of God's blessing into the warm sun.—They that go over, maids for their religion, will be ravished at the sight of the first Popish church they enter into. But if first thou be well grounded, their fooleries shall rivet thy faith the faster, and travel shall give thee confirmation in that baptism thou didst receive at home.

Know most of the rooms of thy native country, before thou goest over the threshold thereof;—especially, seeing England presents thee with so many observables. But late writers lack nothing but age, and home-wonders but distance, to make them admired. . .

Be wise in choosing objects, diligent in marking, careful in remembering of them.—Yet herein men much follow their own humours. One asked a barber, who never before had been at the court, what he saw there. "O !" said he, "the king was

excellently well trimmed!" Thus merchants most mark foreign havens, exchanges, and marts; soldiers note forts, armories, and magazines; scholars listen after libraries, disputations, and professors; statesmen observe courts of justice, councils, &c. Every one is partial in his own profession.

Labour to distil and unite into thyself the scattered perfections of several nations.—But (as it was said of one, who with more industry than judgment frequented a College-library, and commonly made use of the worst notes he met with in any authors, that "he weeded the library") many weed foreign countries, bringing home Dutch drunkenness, Spanish pride, French wantonness, and Italian atheism. As for the good herbs, Dutch industry, Spanish loyalty, French courtesy, and Italian frugality,—these they leave behind them. Others bring home just nothing; and because they singled not themselves from their countrymen, though some years beyond sea, were never out of England. . .

Let discourse rather be easily drawn, than willingly flow, from thee;—that thou mayest not seem weak to hold—or desirous to vent—news, but content to gratify thy friends. Be sparing in reporting improbable truths, especially to the vulgar, who, instead of informing their judgments, will suspect thy credit. Disdain their peevish pride who rail on their native land, (whose worst fault is, that it bred such ungrateful fools,) and in all their discourses prefer foreign countries; herein showing themselves of kin to the wild Irish, in loving their nurses better than their mothers.

CXXXV.—FOLLY OF FOPPERY.

He that is proud of the rustling of his silks, like a madman, laughs at the rattling of his fetters.—For, indeed, clothes ought to be our remembrancers of our lost innocency. Besides, why should any brag of what is but borrowed? Should the ostrich snatch off the gallant's feather, the beaver his hat, the goat his gloves, the sheep his suit, the silk-worm his stockings, and neat his shoes, (to strip him no farther than modesty will give leave,) he would be left in a cold condition. And yet it is more pardonable to be proud, even of cleanly rags, than, as many are, of affected slovenliness.

CXXXVI.—OF BUILDING.

HE that alters an old house is tied, as a translator, to the original, and is confined to the fancy of the first builder. Such a man were unwise to pluck down good old building, to erect (perchance) worse new.

Chiefly choose a wholesome air.—For air is a dish one feeds on every minute, and therefore, it need be good.

Wood and water are two staple commodities where they may be had. . . It is as well pleasant as profitable to see a house cased with trees, like that of Anchises in Troy :—

.....*quanquam secreta parentis*
Anchisæ domus arboribusque oblecta recessit.

The worst is, where a place is bald of wood, no art can make it a periwig. . .

A fair entrance, with an easy ascent, gives a great grace to a building.—Where the hall is a preferment out of the court,

the parlour out of the hall ; not, as in some old buildings, where the doors are so low pigmies must stoop, and the rooms so high that giants may stand upright. . . .

Light (God's eldest daughter!) is a principal beauty in a building.—Yet it shines not alike from all parts of heaven. An east window welcomes the infant beams of the sun before they are of strength to do any harm, and is offensive to none but a sluggard. A south window in summer is a chimney with a fire in it, and needs the screen of a curtain. In a west window in summer-time, towards night, the sun grows low and over-familiar, with more light than delight. A north window is best for butteries and cellars, where the beer will be sour for the sun's smiling on it.

CXXXVII.—A CAVEAT FIT FOR ALL TIMES.

IN building, rather believe any man than an artificer in his own art, for matter of charges ; not that they cannot—but will not—be faithful. Should they tell thee all the cost at the first, it would blast a young builder in the budding, and therefore they soothe thee up till it hath cost thee something to confute them. The spirit of building first possessed people after the flood, which then caused the confusion of languages, and since of the estate of many a man.

CXXXVIII.—COUNT NOT CHICKENS BEFORE HATCHED.

Proportion thy expenses to what thou hast in possession, not to thy expectancies ; Otherwise, he that feeds on wind must needs be griped with the colic at last. And if the ceremonial law forbade the Jews to seethe a kid in the mother's milk, the law of good husbandry forbids us to eat a

kid in the mother's belly—spending our pregnant hopes before they be delivered.

CXXXIX.—MURDER IN THOUGHT.

Imbrue not thy soul in bloody wishes of his death who parts thee and thy preferment : A murder the more common, because one cannot be arraigned for it on earth. But those are charitable murderers who wish them in heaven, not so much that they may have ease at their journey's end, but because they must needs take death in the way.

CXL.—ANTICIPATION.

In earthly matters, expectation takes up more joy on trust, than the fruition of the thing is able to discharge.—The lion is not so fierce as painted ; nor are matters so fair as the pencil of the expectant limns them out in his hopes. They fore-count their wives, fair, fruitful, and rich, without any fault ; their children witty, beautiful, and dutiful, without any frowardness ; and as St. Basil held, that roses in Paradise before man's fall grew without prickles, they abstract the pleasures of things from the troubles annexed to them, which, when they come to enjoy, they must take both together. Surely, a good unlooked for is a virgin-happiness ; whereas those who obtain what long they have gazed on in expectation, only marry what themselves have deflowered before.

CXLI.—WHO SHOULD BE COLONISTS.

Let the planters be honest, skilful, and painful people.—For if they be such as leap thither from the gallows, can any hope for cream out of scum ? when men send, as I may say, Christian savages to Heathen savages ? It was rather bitterly

than falsely spoken concerning one of our Western Plantations, consisting most of dissolute people, that it was "very like unto England, as being spit out of the very mouth of it." Nor must the planters be only honest, but industrious also. What hope is there that they who were drones at home, will be bees abroad?

CXLII.—OF CONTENTMENT.

It is one property which (they say) is required of those who seek for the philosopher's stone, that they must not do it with any covetous desire to be rich; for otherwise they shall never find it. But most true it is, that whosoever would have this jewel of contentment, (which turns all into gold, yea, want into wealth,) must come with minds divested of all ambitious and covetous thoughts, else are they never likely to obtain it. . .

It is no breach of contentment for men to complain, that their sufferings are unjust, as offered by men—Provided they allow them for just, as proceeding from God, who useth wicked men's injustice to correct his children. But let us take heed that we bite not so high at the handle of the rod, as to fasten on His hand that holds it; our discontentments mounting so high as to quarrel with God himself.

It is no breach of contentment for men, by lawful means, to seek the removal of their misery, and bettering of their estate.—Thus men ought, by industry, to endeavour the getting of more wealth, ever submitting themselves to God's will. A lazy hand is no argument of a contented heart. Indeed, he that is idle, and followeth after vain persons, shall have enough: but how? "Shall have poverty enough."* . . .

* Prov. xxviii. 19.

Contentment consisteth not in adding more fuel, but in taking away some fire.—Not in multiplying of wealth, but in subtracting men's desires. Worldly riches, like nuts, tear many clothes in getting them, spoil many teeth in cracking them, but fill no belly with eating them, obstructing only the stomach with toughness, and filling it with windiness. Yea, our souls may sooner surfeit, than be satisfied, with earthly things. He that at first thought ten thousand pounds too much for any one man, will afterwards think ten millions too little for himself. . .

I have heard how a gentleman, travelling in a misty morning, asked of a shepherd (such men being generally skilled in the physiognomy of the heavens) what weather it would be. "It will be," said the shepherd, "what weather shall please me ;" and, being courteously requested to express his meaning, "Sir," said he, "it shall be what weather pleaseth God ; and what weather pleaseth God, pleaseth me." Thus contentment maketh men to have even what they think fitting themselves, because submitting to God's will and pleasure.

To conclude : A man ought to be like a cunning actor, who, if he be enjoined to represent the person of some prince or nobleman, does it with a grace and comeliness ; if, by and by, he be commanded to lay that aside, and play the beggar, he does that as willingly and as well. But, as it happened in a tragedy, (to spare naming the person and place,) that one, being to act Theseus (in *Hercules Furens*) coming out of hell, could not for a long time be persuaded to wear old sooty clothes proper for his part, but would needs come out of hell in a white satin doublet : so we are generally loath, and it goes against flesh and blood, to live in a low and poor estate, but would fain act in richer and handsomer clothes, till grace,

with much ado, subdues our rebellious stomachs to God's will.

CXLIII.—PARDONABLE COWARDICE.

Heart-of-oak hath sometimes warped a little in the scorching heat of persecution.—Their want of true courage herein cannot be excused. Yet many censure them for surrendering up their forts after a long siege, who would have yielded up their own at the first summons. O! there is more required to make one valiant, than to call Cranmer or Jewel “coward;” as if the fire in Smithfield had been no hotter than what is painted in “the Book of Martyrs.”

CXLIV.—CRANMER.

THE constant blushing for shame of their former cowardliness hath made the souls of some ever after look more modest and beautiful. Thus Cranmer, who subscribed to Popery, grew valiant afterwards, and thrust his right hand, which subscribed, first into the fire; so that *that* hand died (as it were) a malefactor, and all the rest of his body a martyr.

CXLV.—UNCONSCIOUS TIME-SERVERS.

Some have served the times out of mere ignorance;—gaping, for company, as others gaped before them, *Pater noster*, or “Our Father.” I could both sigh and smile at the witty simplicity of a poor old woman, who had lived in the days of queen Mary and queen Elizabeth, and said her prayers daily both in Latin and English; and “Let God,” said she, “take to himself which he likes best.”

CXLVI.—OF MODERATION.

“MODERATION is the silken string running through the pearl-chain of all virtues.”

Moderation is not a halting betwixt two opinions, when the thorough believing of one of them is necessary to salvation.— No pity is to be shown to such voluntary cripples. We read of a haven in Crete, “which lay toward the south-west, and towards the north-west.”* Strange, that it could have part of two opposite points, north and south; sure it must be very winding. And thus, some men’s souls are in such intricate postures, they lie towards the Papists and towards the Protestants; such we count not of a moderate judgment, but of an immoderate unsettledness.

Nor is it a lukewarmness in those things wherein God’s glory is concerned, but it is a mixture of discretion and charity in one’s judgment. . .

Yet such moderate men are commonly crushed betwixt the extreme parties on both sides. . . In this world generally they get the least preferment; it faring with them, as with the guest that sate in the midst of the table, who could reach to neither mess, above or beneath him.

Yet these temporal inconveniences of moderation are abundantly recompensed with other better benefits: for,—

A well-informed judgment in itself is a preferment. . . . As the moderate man’s temporal hopes are not great, so his fears are the less. He fears not to have the splinters of his party, when it breaks, fly into his eyes, or to be buried under the ruins of his side, if suppressed. . .

His religion is more constant and durable; being here *in*

* Acts xxvii. 12.

vid, "in his way" to heaven, and, jogging-on a good traveller's pace, he overtakes and outgoes many violent men, whose over-hot, ill-grounded zeal was quickly tired.

CXLVII.—PRIDE OF OPINION.

THIS makes men stickle for their opinions, to make them fundamental. Proud men, having deeply studied some additional point in divinity, will strive to make the same necessary to salvation, to enhance the value of their own worth and pains ; and it must be fundamental in religion, because it is fundamental to their reputation. Yea, as love doth descend, and men doat most on their grandchildren ; so these are indulgent to the deductions of their deductions and consequential inferences to the seventh generation, making them all of the foundation, though scarce of the building, of religion.

CXLVIII.—AFFECTED GRAVITY.

THEY do wisely to counterfeit a reservedness, and to keep their chests always locked, not for fear any should steal treasure thence, but lest some should look in, and see that there is nothing within them. But they who are born eunuchs, deserve no such great commendation for their chastity. Wonder not much, that such men are grave, but wonder at them if they be not grave.

Affected gravity passes often for that which is true.—I mean, with dull eyes, for in itself nothing is more ridiculous. When one shall use the preface of a mile to bring in a furlong of matter, set his face and speech in a frame, and, to make men believe it is some precious liquor, their words come out drop by drop : such men's vizards do sometimes fall from them, not without the laughter of the beholders.

CXLIX.—LOQUACITY REPROVED.

A MAN full of words, who took himself to be a grand wit, made his brag that he was the leader of the discourse in what company soever he came, and, “None,” said he, “dare speak in my presence, if I hold my peace.” “No wonder,” answered one, “for they are all struck dumb at the miracle of your silence.”

CL.—APPARENT LEVITY NOT ALWAYS LIGHT.

Gracious deportment may sometimes unjustly be accused of lightness.—Had one seen David “dancing before the ark,”* Elijah in his praying-posture when he put his head betwixt his legs, † perchance he might have condemned them of unfitting behaviour. Had he seen Peter and John posting to Christ’s grave, ‡ Rhoda running into the house, || he would have thought they had left their gravity behind them. But let none blame them for their speed until he knows what were their spurs, and what were the motives that urged them to make such haste. These their actions were the true conclusions, following from some inward premises in their own souls; and that may be a syllogism in grace which appears a solecism in manners.

CLI.—OF MARRIAGE.

Though bachelors be the strongest stakes, married men are the best binders, in the hedge of the commonwealth.—It is the policy of the Londoners, when they send a ship into the Levant or Mediterranean Sea, to make every mariner therein a

* 2 Sam. vi. 16.

† 1 Kings xviii. 42.

‡ John xx. 4.

|| Acts xii. 14.

merchant,—each seaman adventuring somewhat of his own, which will make him more wary to avoid, and more valiant to undergo, dangers. Thus married men, especially if having posterity, are the deeper sharers in that State wherein they live ; which engageth their affections to the greater loyalty.

It is the worst clandestine marriage, when God is not invited to it.—Wherefore, beforehand beg his gracious assistance. Marriage shall prove no lottery to thee, when the hand of Providence chooseth for thee ; who, if drawing a blank, can turn it into a prize, by sanctifying a bad wife unto thee.

Deceive not thyself by over-expecting happiness in the married estate.—Look not therein for contentment greater than God will give, or a creature in this world can receive ; namely, to be free from all inconveniences. Marriage is not like the hill Olympus, ὅλος λαμπρός, “wholly clear,” without clouds. Yea, expect both wind and storms sometimes, which, when blown over, the air is the clearer and wholesomer for it. Make account of certain cares and troubles which will attend thee. Remember the nightingales, which sing only some months in the spring, but commonly are silent when they have hatched their eggs, as if their mirth were turned into care for their young ones. . .

Let grace and goodness be the principal loadstone of thy affections.—For love which hath ends, will have an end ; whereas that which is founded in true virtue, will always continue. . .

Neither choose all, nor not at all, for beauty.—A cried-up beauty makes more for her own praise than her husband’s profit. They tell us of a floating-island in Scotland ; but, sure, no wise pilot will cast anchor there, lest the land swim away with his ship. So are they served, and justly enough, who only fasten their love on fading beauty, and both fail together.

Let there be no great disproportion in age.—They that marry ancient people merely in expectation to bury them, hang themselves in hope that one will come and cut the halter. . .

This shall serve for a conclusion : A bachelor was saying, “Next to no wife, a good wife is best.” “Nay,” said a gentlewoman, “next to a good wife, no wife is the best.” I wish to all married people the outward happiness which, *anno* 1605, happened to a couple in the city of Delph in Holland, living most lovingly together seventy-five years in wedlock ; till the man being one hundred and three, the woman ninety-nine years of age, died within three hours each of other, and were buried in the same grave.

CLII.—HEATHEN TEMPLES—GODS IN PRISON.

AMONGST Pagan temples, there is much justling for precedency ; though some think that of Apis in Egypt shows the best evidence for her seniority, wherein was worshipped an ox, of whose herd (*not to say breed*) was the calf which the Israelites worshipped in the wilderness, being made in imitation thereof. But the Heathen had this gross conceit,—that their gods were affixed to their statues, as their statues were confined in their temples ; so that, in effect, they did not so much build temples for their gods, as thereby lay nets to catch them in, inviting them thither as into a palace, and then keeping them there as in a prison.

CLIII.—THE FAVOURITE.

A FAVOURITE is a court-dial, whereon all look whilst the king shines on him ; and none when it is night with him.

CLIV.—FOLLY SOMETIMES THE MASK OF WISDOM.

A NOTABLE fellow, and a soldier to Alexander, finding first admission to be the greatest difficulty, put feathers into his nose and ears, and danced about the court in an antic fashion, till the strangeness of the show brought the king himself to be a spectator. Then this mimic, throwing off his disguise, "Sir," said he to the king, "thus I first arrive at your majesty's notice in the fashion of a fool, but can do you service in the place of a wise man, if you please to employ me."

CLV.—BLUNTNESS.

Bluntness of speech hath become some, and made them more acceptable.—Yea, this hath been counted free-heartedness in courtiers ; conscience and Christian simplicity in clergymen ; valour in soldiers. "I love thee the better," said queen Elizabeth to archbishop Grindal, "because you live unmarried." "And I, madam," replied Grindal, "because you live unmarried, love you the worse." But those who make music with so harsh an instrument, need have their bow well rosined before, and to observe time and place, lest that *gall* which would *tickle* at other times.

CLVI.—AN HONEST STATESMAN,

In giving counsel to his prince, had rather displease than hurt him.—Plain-dealing is one of the daintiest rarities can be presented to some princes, as being a novelty to them all times of the year.

CLVII.—OBSTINACY IN OPINION.

SOME think it beneath a wise man to alter their opinion : a maxim both false and dangerous. We know what worthy

Father wrote his own "Retractations;" and it matters not though we go back from our word, so we go forward in the truth and a sound judgment. Such an one changeth not his main opinion, which ever was this,—to embrace that course which, upon mature deliberation, shall appear unto him the most advised.

CLVIII.—A WISE MAN

Trusteth not any with a secret which may endanger his estate.
—For if he tells it to his servant, he makes him his master; if to his friend, he enables him to be a foe, and to undo him at pleasure; whose secrecy he must buy at the party's own price, and, if ever he shuts his purse, the other opens his mouth.

CLIX.—PASSION NO HYPOCRITE.

PHYSICIANS, to make some small veins in their patients' arms plump and full, that they may see them the better to let them blood, use to put them into hot water: so the heat of passion presenteth many invisible veins in men's hearts to the eye of the beholder; yea, the sweat of anger washeth off their paint, and makes them appear in their true colours.

CLX.—A "DROP" SOMETIMES MORE THAN A STREAM.

MORE hold is to be taken of a few words casually uttered, than of set, solemn speeches, which rather show men's arts than their natures, as indited rather from their brains than hearts. The *drop* of one word may show more than the *stream* of a whole oration; and the statesman, by examining such fugitive passages, (which have stolen on a sudden out of the party's mouth,) arrives at his best intelligence.

CLXI.—SYMPATHY WITH FOREIGN PROTESTANTS A DEBT.

ENGLISH charity to foreign Protestant churches, in some respect, is payment of a debt : *their* children deserve to be our welcome guests *whose* grandfathers were our loving hosts in the days of queen Mary.

CLXII.—“ MERCY,” AND NOT “ SACRIFICE.”

IN case of great want, Augustine would sell the very ornaments of the church, and bestow the money on the poor ; contrary to the opinion of many, (the thorn of superstition began very soon to prick !) who would not have such things in any case to be alienated. Sure, a communion-table will not catch cold with wanting a rich carpet, nor stumble for lack of the candles thereon in silver candlesticks. Besides, the church might afterwards be seasonably replenished with new furniture ; whereas, if the poor were once starved, they could not be revived again. But let not sacrilege in the disguise of charity make advantage hereof, and covetousness, which is ever hungry till it surfeits, make a constant ordinary on church-bread, because David in necessity fed one meal thereon.

CLXIII.—MARIAN MARTYRS.

WHEN I was a child, I was possessed with a reverend esteem of them, as most holy and pious men, dying Martyrs, in the days of queen Mary, for the profession of the truth ; which opinion having, from my parents, taken quiet possession of my soul, they must be very forcible reasons which eject it.

Since that time, they have been much cried down in the

mouths of many who, making a coroner's inquest upon their death, have found them little better than felons *de se* . . .

By such the coronet of martyrdom is plucked off from their memories; and others, more moderate, equally part their death betwixt their enemies' cruelty and their own over-forwardness.

Since that, one might have expected that these worthy men should have been re-estimated in their former honour; whereas the contrary hath come to pass. For some who have an excellent faculty in uncharitable synecdoches, to condemn a life for an action, and taking advantage of some faults in them, do much condemn them . . . Yea, that very verse which Dr. Smith, at the burning of Ridley, used against him, "has been" by the foresaid author, (though not with so full a blow,) with a slanting stroke, applied to those Martyrs: "A man may give his body to be burnt, and yet have not charity."

Thus the prices of Martyrs' ashes rise and fall in Smithfield market. However, their real worth floats not with people's fancies, no more than a rock in the sea rises and falls with the tide. St. Paul is still St. Paul, though the Lycaonians now would sacrifice to him, and presently after would sacrifice him.

CLXIV.—EFFECTS OF PROLONGED QUARRELS.

WHEN worthy men fall out, only one of them may be faulty at the first; but, if such strifes continue long, commonly both become guilty. But thus God's diamonds often cut one another, and good men cause afflictions to good men.

CLXV.—LATIMER AND RIDLEY.

THOUGH Latimer came after Ridley to the stake, he got before him to heaven : his body, made tinder by age, was no sooner touched by the fire, but instantly this old Simeon had his *Nunc dimittis*, and brought the news to heaven that his brother was following after. But Ridley suffered with far more pain, the fire about him being not well-made : and yet one would think that age should be skilful in making such bon-fires, as *being much practised* in them. The gunpowder that was given him, did him little service ; and his brother-in-law, out of desire to rid him out of pain, increased it, (great grief will not give men leave to be wise with it !) heaping fuel upon him to no purpose ; so that neither the fagots which his enemies' anger, nor his brother's good-will, cast upon him, made the fire to burn kindly.

In like manner, not much before, his dear friend Master Hooper suffered with great torment ; the wind (which too often is the bellows of great fires) blowing it away from him once or twice. Of all the Martyrs in those days, these two endured most pain ; it being true that each of them *quererebat in ignibus ignes* : both desiring to burn, and yet both their upper parts were but Confessors, when their lower parts were Martyrs, and burnt to ashes ! Thus God, where he hath given the stronger faith, he layeth on the stronger pain. And so we leave them going up to heaven, like Elijah, in a chariot of fire.

CLXVI.—THE COUNTRY GENTLEMAN'S HOSPITALITY.

In proportion to his means, he keeps a liberal house.—This much takes the affections of country people, whose love is

much warmed in a good kitchen, and turneth much on the hinges of a buttery-door often open. Francis Russell, second earl of Bedford of that surname, was so bountiful to the poor, that queen Elizabeth would merrily complain of him, that he made all the beggars. Sure, it is more honourable for noblemen to make beggars by their liberality than by their oppression.

CLXVII.—A LADY'S REPUTATION.

THERE is a tree in Mexicana which is so exceedingly tender, that a man cannot touch any of his branches but it withers presently. A lady's credit is of equal niceness: a small touch may wound and kill it; which makes her very cautious what company she keeps.

CLXVIII.—A TRUE LADY'S DIALECT.

In discourse, her words are rather fit than fine, very choice, and yet not chosen.—Though her language be not gaudy, yet the plainness thereof pleaseth, it is so proper and handsomely put on. Some, having a set of fine phrases, will hazard an impertinency to use them all, as thinking they give full satisfaction for dragging in the matter by head and shoulders, if they dress it in quaint expressions. Others often repeat the same things; the Platonic year of their discourses being not above three days long, in which term all the same matter returns over again, threadbare talk ill-suiting with the variety of their clothes.

CLXIX.—TERRA INCOGNITA OF WOMEN'S WARDROBES.

THE ancient Latins called a woman's wardrobe, *mundus*, "a world;" wherein, notwithstanding, was much *terra*

incognita then undiscovered, but since found out by the curiosity of modern fashion-mongers. We find a map of this “world” drawn by God’s Spirit, Isaiah iii. 18—24, wherein one-and-twenty women’s ornaments, all superfluous, are reckoned up; which at this day are much increased. The “moons,” there mentioned, which they wore on their heads, may seem since grown to the *full* in the luxury of after-ages.

CLXX.—THE BEST ORIGENS.

It must be a dry flower indeed, out of which the bee sucks no honey. They are the best Origens who do allegorize all earthly vanities into heavenly truths.

CLXXI.—NOTIONS OF HEAVEN.

If a herd of kine should meet together to fancy and define happiness, they would place it to consist in fine pastures, sweet grass, clear water, shadowy groves, constant Summer; but if any Winter, then warm shelter and dainty hay, with company after their kind; counting these low things the highest happiness, because their conceit can reach no higher. Little better do the Heathen poets describe heaven, paving it with pearl, and roofing it with stars, filling it with gods and goddesses, and allowing them to drink (as if *without it* no poet’s paradise!) nectar and ambrosia; heaven, indeed, being *poetarum dedecus*, “the shame of poets,” and the disgrace of all their hyperboles, falling as far short of truth herein, as they go beyond it in other fables.

CLXXII.—THOUGHTS OF OUR MORTALITY.

To smell to a turf of fresh earth is wholesome for the body; no less are thoughts of mortality cordial to the soul. “Earth thou art, to earth thou shalt return.”

CLXXIII.—LADY JANE GREY.

SHE had the innocency of childhood, the beauty of youth, the solidity of middle, the gravity of old, age, and all at eighteen ; the birth of a princess, the learning of a clerk, the life of a saint, yet the death of a malefactor, for her parents' offences.

CLXXIV.—ANAGRAM ON ELIZABETH.

A JESUIT made this false anagram on her name, *Elizabeth*, JESABEL ; false both in matter and manner. For, allow it the abatement of H, (as all anagrams must sue in chancery for moderate favour,) yet was it both unequal and ominous that T, a solid letter, should be omitted,—the pre-sage of the gallows,—whereon this anagrammatist was afterwards justly executed.

CLXXV.—AN AMBASSADOR'S WILY IGNORANCE.

He well understandeth the language of that country to which he is sent.—And yet he desires rather to seem ignorant of it, (if such a simulation, which stands neuter betwixt a truth and a lie, be lawful,) and that for these reasons : First, because, though he can speak it never so exactly, his eloquence therein will be but stammering, compared to the ordinary talk of the natives. Secondly, hereby he shall, in a manner, stand invisible, and view others ; and as Joseph's deafness heard all the dialogues betwixt his brethren, so his not owning to understand the language shall expose their talk the more open unto him. Thirdly, he shall have the more advantage to speak and negotiate in his own language ; at the leastwise, if he cannot make them come over to him, he

may meet them in the midway, in the Latin,—a speech common to all learned nations.

CLXXVI.—LATE CONDOLENCE.

It is ridiculous to condole griefs almost forgotten ; for, besides that with a cruel courtesy it makes their sorrows bleed afresh, it foolishly seems to teach one to take that which he hath formerly digested. When some Trojan ambassadors came to comfort Tiberius Cæsar for the loss of his son, dead well nigh a twelvemonth before : “And I,” said the emperor, “am very sorry for your grief for the death of your Hector, slain by Achilles a thousand years since.”

CLXXVII.—ITALIAN AND SWISS ESTIMATE OF AMBASSADORIAL ELOQUENCE.

THE Italians, whose country is called “the country of good words,” love the circuits of courtesy, that an ambassador should not, as a sparrow-hawk, fly outright to its prey, and meddle presently with the matter in hand ; but, with the noble falcon, mount in language, soar high, fetch compasses of compliment, and then, in due time, stoop to game, and seize on the business propounded. Clean contrary the Switzers—who sent word to the king of France, not to send them an ambassador with store of words, but a treasurer with plenty of money.

CLXXVIII.—MEN OF ACTION.

GENERALLY, great soldiers have their stomachs sharp-set, to feed on the matter, loathing long speeches, as wherein they conceive themselves to lose time, in which they could

conquer half a country ; and, counting bluntness their best eloquence, love to be accosted in their own kind.

CLXXIX.—COURAGE OF DESPAIR.

MEN forced to a battle against their intention, often conquer beyond their expectation. Stop a flying coward, and he will turn his legs into arms, and lay about him manfully ; whereas open him a passage to escape, and he will quickly shut up his courage.

CLXXX.—THE SOLDIERS OF GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS.

It was said of his armies, that they used to rise when the swallows went to bed, when winter began,—his forces most consisting of northern nations, and a Swede fights best when he can see his own breath. He always kept a long vacation in the dog-days, being only a saver in the summer, and a gainer all the year besides. His best harvest was in the snow ; and his soldiers had most life in the dead of winter.

CLXXXI.—GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS ON THE JESUITS.

THE very Jesuits themselves tasted of his courtesy, though merrily he laid it to their charge, that they would neither *preach faith* to—nor *keep faith* with—others.

CLXXXII.—JESUITS ON GUSTAVUS—TRIFLING EXCEPTIONS.

THE Jesuits made Gustavus to be the Antichrist, and allowed him three years and a half of reign and conquest. But, had he lived that full term out, the true Antichrist might have heard further from him, and Rome's tragedy might have had an end, whose fifth and last act is still behind. Yet one Jesuit, more ingenuous than the rest, gives him this

testimony, that, "*save the badness of his cause and religion, he had nothing defective in him which belonged to an excellent king and a good captain.*"

CLXXXIII.—CONTRADICTIONS RECONCILED.

SOLOMON saith, "The throne is established by justice :"* and Solomon saith, "The throne is upholden by mercy :"[†] which two proverbs speak no more contradiction, than he that saith that the two opposite side-walls of a house hold up the same roof.

CLXXXIV.—MISERY OF DESPOTISM.

How poor is that prince, amidst all his wealth, whose subjects are only kept by a slavish fear, the jailor of the soul . . . Besides, where subjects are envassalled with fear, prince and people mutually watch their own advantages; which, being once offered them, it is wonderful if they do *not*, and woful if they *do*, make use thereof.

CLXXXV.—A HEEDLESS AUDIENCE.

A MOTHER-IN-LAW'S sermon seldom takes well with an audience of daughter-in-laws.

CLXXXVI.—DANGEROUS PLACES.

It is dangerous to gather flowers that grow on the banks of the pit of hell, for fear of falling in.

CLXXXVII.—WITCHES' FANCIES.

The witch taketh her free progress from one place to another.— Sometimes the devil doth locally transport her: but he will

* Prov. xvi. 12.

† Prov. xx. 28.

not be her constant hackney, to carry such luggage about, but oftentimes, to save portage, deludes her brains in her sleep; so that they brag of long journeys whose heads never travelled from their bolsters. These, with Drake, sail about the world; but it is on an ocean of their own fancies, and in a ship of the same. They boast of brave banquets they have been at, but they would be very lean should they eat no other meat. Others will persuade, if any list to believe, that by a witch-bridle they can make a fair of horses of an acre of besom-weed.

CLXXXVIII.—JOAN OF ARC.

SOME conceive that the English conquests, being come to the vertical point, would have decayed of themselves had this woman never been set up, who now reaps the honour hereof as her action; though, thus, a very child may seem to turn the waves of the sea with his breath, if casually blowing on them at that very instant when the tide is to turn of itself. Sure, after her death, the French went on victoriously; and won all from the English, partly from their valour, but more by our dissensions; for then began the cruel wars betwixt the Houses of York and Lancaster, *till the red rose might become white, by losing so much blood, and the white rose red by shedding it.*

CLXXXIX.—CÆSAR BORGIA

WAS perfect in the devilish art of dealing an ill-turn; doing it so suddenly, his enemies should not hear of him before; and so soundly, that he should never hear of them afterwards,—either striking always surely or not at all.

CXC.—CURIOUS COMMENT.

Jehu revengeth God's prophets on cruel Jezebel, whose wicked carcass was devoured by dogs to a small reversion, as if a head that plotted, and hands that practised, so much mischief, and feet so swift to shed blood, were not meat good enough for dogs to eat !

CXCI.—PIOUS FRAUDS.

IN "holy fraud" I like the Christian but not the surname thereof ; and wonder how any can marry these two together in the same action, seeing, surely, the parties were never agreed.

CXCI.—THE HERETIC

Having first hammered the heresy in himself, then falls to seducing of others.—So hard is it for one to have the itch, and not to scratch. Yea, Babylon herself will allege, that "for Sion's sake she will not hold her peace." The necessity of propagating the truth is error's plea to divulge her falsehoods. Men, as naturally they desire to know, so they desire what they know should be known.

CXCI.—THE RIGID DONATISTS.

THE Donatists were so called from a double Donatus, whereof the one "planted" the sect, (A.D. 331,) the other "watered" it, and the devil, by God's permission, "gave the increase." The elder Donatus, being one of tolerable parts and intolerable pride, raised a schism in Carthage against good Cecilian, the bishop there, whom he loaded unjustly with many crimes, which he was not able to prove ; and, vexed

with this disgrace, he thought to right his credit by wronging religion, and so began the heresy of Donatists.

CXCIV.—ZEAL WITHOUT KNOWLEDGE.

IGNORANT zeal is too blind to go right, and too active to stand still: yea, all errors are of kin, at the farthest but cousins once removed; and when men have once left the truth, their only quiet home, they will take up their lodging under any opinion which hath the least shadow of probability.

CXCV.—EXTREMES.

MEN may fly so far from mystical Babylon, as to run to literal Babel; I mean, bring all to confusion, and founder the commonwealth.

CXCVI.—TRUE AND FALSE MARTYRS.

FOR martyrs are to die *willingly* but *not wilfully*; and though to die be a debt due to nature, yet he that pays it before the time may be called upon for repayment,—to die the second death.

Once many Donatists met a noble gentleman, and gave him a sword into his hand, commanding him to kill them, or threatening to kill him. Yet he refused to do it, unless first they would suffer him to bind them all: “For fear,” said he, “that when I have killed one or two of you, the rest alter their minds and fall upon me.” Having fast bound them all, he soundly whipped them, and so let them alone. Herein he showed more wit than they wanted, and more charity than wit,—denying them their desires, and giving them their

deserts, seeking to make true saints by marring of false martyrs.

CXCVII.—A PETTIFOGGER

TRADES only in tricks and quirks. His highway is in by-paths, and he loveth a cavil better than an argument, an evasion than an answer. There be two kinds of them : either such as fight themselves, or are trumpeters in a battle to set on others.

The former is a professed dueller in the law, that will challenge any, and in all suit-combats be either principal or second.

References and compositions he hates, as bad as a hangman hates a pardon.—Had he been a scholar, he would have maintained all paradoxes ; if a surgeon, he would never have cured a wound, but always kept it raw. . . .

He is half-starved in a Lent of a long vacation, for want of employment.—Save only that then he brews work to broach in term-time. I find one so much delighted in law-sport, that when Lewis the king of France offered to ease him of a number of suits, he earnestly besought his Highness to leave him some twenty or thirty behind, wherewith he might merrily pass away the time.

He hath this property of an honest man, that his word is as good as his bond.—For he will pick the lock of the strongest conveyance, or creep out at the lattice of a word. . . .

He falls in with all his neighbours that fall out, and spurs them on to go to law.—A gentleman, who in a duel was rather scratched than wounded, sent for a surgeon, who, having opened the wound, charged his man with all speed to fetch such a salve from such a place in his study. “Why,” said

the gentleman, "is the hurt so dangerous?" "O yes!" answered the surgeon, "if he returns not in post-haste, the wound will cure itself, and so I shall lose my fee."

But I have done with this wrangling companion half afraid to meddle with him any longer, lest he should commence a suit against me for describing him.

CXCVIII.—THE DEGENERATE GENTLEMAN

Goes to school to learn in jest, and play in earnest.—Now this gentleman, now that gentlewoman, begs him a play-day; and now the *book* must be thrown away, that he may see the *buck* hunted. He comes to school late, departs soon, and the whole year with him (like the fortnight when Christmas-day falls on a Tuesday) is all holidays and half-holidays. As the poets feign of Thetis, that she drenched Achilles her son in the Stygian waters, that he might not be wounded with any weapon; so cockering mothers enchant their sons, to make them rod-free; which they do, by making some golden circles in the hand of the schoolmaster. Thus these two, conjoining together, make the indentures to bind the youth to eternal ignorance; yet perchance he may get some alms of learning, here a snap, there a piece of knowledge, but nothing to purpose.

His father's serving-men (which he counts no mean preferment!) admit him into their society. . . .

Coming to the University, his chief study is to study nothing.—What is learning but a cloak-bag of books, cumbersome for a gentleman to carry? and the Muses?—fit to make wives for farmers' sons! . . .

At the Inns of Court, under pretence to learn law, he learns to be lawless.—Not knowing by his study so much as what an

execution means, till he learns it by his own dear experience.

Through the mediation of a scrivener, he grows acquainted with some great usurer. . . .

After his father's death, he flies out more than ever before.—Formerly he took care for means for his spending, now he takes care for spending of his means . . . Such dancing by day, such masking by night, such roaring, such revelling, able to awake the sleeping ashes of his great-great-grandfather, and to fright all blessing from his house.

Meantime the old sore of his London-debts corrupts and festers . . . Nor can he be more careless to pay, than the usurer is willing to continue, the debt; knowing that his bonds, like infants, batten best with sleeping. . . .

Vacation is his vocation, and he scorns to follow any profession, and will not be confined to any laudable employment. But they who count a calling a prison, shall at last make a prison their calling.

Drinking is one of the principal liberal sciences he professeth.—A most ungentle quality, fit to be banished to rogues and rags . . . Some plead, when overwhelmed with liquor, that their thirst is but quenched: as well may they say, that in Noah's flood the dust was but sufficiently allayed.

Gaming is another art he studies much.—An enticing witch, that hath caused the ruin of many. Hannibal said of Marcellus, that *nec bonam nec malam fortunam ferre potest*; "he could be quiet neither conqueror nor conquered;" thus, such is the itch of play, that gamesters, neither winning nor losing, can rest contented. . . .

By this time the long-dormant usurer ramps for the payment of his money.—The principal, (the grandmother,) and the use,

(the daughter,) and the use upon use, (the grandchild,) and perchance a generation farther, have swelled the debt to an incredible sum; for the satisfying whereof our gallant sells the moiety of his estate.

Having sold half his land, he abates nothing of his expenses:
—But thinks five hundred pounds a-year will be enough to maintain that, for which a thousand pounds was too little. He will not stoop till he falls, nor lessen his kennel of dogs, till, with Acteon, he be eaten up with his own hounds. . . .

Having lost his own legs, he relies on the staff of his kindred.
—First visiting them as an *intermitting* ague, but afterwards turns a *quotidian*, wearing their thresholds as bare as his own coat. At last, he is as welcome as a storm; he that is abroad shelters himself from it, and he that is at home shuts the door.

CXCIX.—SECRETS.

SOME men's souls are not strong enough, but that a weighty secret will work a hole through them.

CC.—LOCAL CURIOSITIES.

WONDERS, like prophets, are not without honour save in their own country, where constancy, or at least commonness of converse, with them, abateth their respect and reputation.

CCI.—REASONS OF THE LEGENDARY LIVES OF SAINTS.

INQUIRING into the causes of this grand abuse, I find them reducible to five heads. 1. Want of honest hearts in the biographists of these saints, which betrayed their pens to such abominable untruths. 2. Want of able heads, to distinguish rumours from reports, reports from records; not

choosing, but gathering; or rather not gathering, but scraping what could come to their hands. 3. Want of true matter, to furnish out those lives in any proportion, as cooks are sometimes fain to lard lean meat, not for fashion but for necessity, as which otherwise would hardly be eatable for the dryness thereof; so these, having little of these saints more than their names, and dates of their deaths, and those sometimes not certain, do plump up their emptiness with such fictitious additions. 4. Hope of gain; so bringing in more custom of pilgrims to the shrines of their saints. 5. Lastly, for the same reason for which Herod persecuted St. Peter, (for I count such lies a persecuting of the saints' memories,) merely because they "saw it pleased the people."

CCII.—CANONIZATION.

SINCE 1282, no English, and few foreigners, have attained that honour, which the Pope is very sparing to confer: First, because sensible that multitude of saints abateth veneration. Secondly, the calendar is filled, not to say pestered, with them, jostling one another for room, many holding the same day in copartnership of festivity. Thirdly, the charge of canonization is great; few so charitable as to buy it, the Pope too covetous to give it to the memories of the deceased. Lastly, Protestants daily grow more prying into the Pope's proceedings, and the perfections of such persons who are to be sainted; which hath made his Holiness the more cautious to canonize none whilst their memories are on the *must*, immediately after their deaths, before the same is fined in the cask with some competent continuance of time after their decease.

CCIII.—ESTIMATE OF THE LORD TREASURER'S OFFICE.

THE office of Lord Treasurer was ever beheld as a place of great charge and profit. One well skilled in the perquisites thereof, being demanded what he conceived the yearly value of the place was worth, made this return, "That it might be worth some thousands of pounds to him who, after death, would go instantly to heaven; twice as much to him who would go to purgatory; and a *nemo scit*—nobody knows what—to him who would adventure to go to a worse place.

CCIV.—THE NURSERY OF THE NAVY.

IT were to be wished that more care were taken for, and encouragement given to, the breeding of fishermen, whom I may call the spawn, or young fry of seamen; yea, such as hope that mariners will hold up if fishermen be destroyed, may as rationally expect plenty of honey and wax, though only old stocks of bees were kept, without either casts or swarms. . . . These fishermen set forth formerly with all their male family; sea-men, sea-youths, I had almost said sea-children, too, (seeing some learned the language of larboard and starboard with bread and butter,) graduates in navigation; and indeed the fishery did breed the natural and best elemented seamen.

CCV.—MUSIC.

MUSIC is nothing else but wild sounds civilized into time and tune. Such the extensiveness thereof, that it stoopeth as low as brute beasts, yet mounteth as high as angels: for horses will do more for a whistle than for a whip, and, by hearing their bells, jingle away their weariness.

CCVI.—MULTIPLICATION OF BOOKS.

THE author of an idle and imperfect book endeth with a *cætera desiderantur*; one altered it,—*non desiderantur, sed desunt*. Indeed they were not, though wanting, wanted, the world having no need of them; many books being like king Joram, (who lived, not being desired :) yea, the press beginneth to be an oppression of the land, such the burden of needless books therein.

Some will say, the charge may most justly be brought against yourself, who have loaded the land with more books than any of your age. To this I confess my fault, and promise amendment.

CCVII.—DISHONEST EXECUTORS.

SHEM will not be angry with me for saying Ham was a mocker of his father. Peter will not be offended if I call Judas a betrayer of his Master. Honest executors will take no exception if I justly bemoan that too many dishonest ones have abused the good intents of the testators. How many legacies, sound and whole in themselves, have proved, before they were paid, as maimed as the cripples in the hospitals to whom they were bequeathed! Yea, as the blinded Syrians (desiring to go, and believing they went to Damascus) were led to their enemies, and into the midst of Samaria; so is it more than suspicious that many blind and concealed legacies, intended for the temple of God, have been employed against the God of the temple.

CCVIII.—MASTERS AND SERVANTS.

I CONFESS, such is the cruelty of some masters, no servant can, and such the fickleness of others, no servant may, stay

long with them. Such a master was he, who, being suitor to a gentlewoman, came, every time he visited her, waited on by a new man, though keeping but one at once; such was his inconstancy and delight in change. Whereupon, when, taking leave of his mistress, he proffered to salute her, "Spare your compliments," said she unto him, "for probably I shall shortly see you again; but let me, I pray you, salute your servant, whom I shall never behold any more."

However, though sometimes the fault may be in the masters or mistresses, yet generally servants are to be blamed in our age, shifting their places so often without cause. The truth is, the age that makes good soldiers mars good servants, cancelling their obedience, and allowing them too much liberty. What Nabal applied falsely and spitefully to David, "There be many servants now-a-days which break away every man from his master," was never more true than now. Yea, what Tully said of the Roman consul, (chose in the morning, and put out before night,) some servants have been so vigilant, that they never slept in their masters' houses;—so short their stay, so soon their departure.

CCIX.—HOPE.

HOPE is the only tie which keeps the heart from breaking.

CCX.—NOVEL PUNCTUATION.

THOUGH a truce may give a comma or colon to the war, nothing under a peace can put a perfect period thereunto.

CCXI.—HINT FOR PUBLIC SPEAKERS.

LET us "think" and judge "with the wise;" but, if we

do not speak with the vulgar, we shall be dumb to the vulgar.

CCXII.—GOWNSMEN OR SWORDSMEN FIRST.

THE question, “An Doctor præcedat Militem?” hangeth as yet on the file, and I believe ever will, as which is often determined affirmatively in time of peace, but always negatively in time of war.

CCXIII.—REASON FOR GIVING PRECEDENCE IN HIS “WORTHIES” TO MARTYRS AND CONFESSORS.

IF any grudge them this their high place, let them but give the *same price they paid for it*, and they shall have the same superiority.

CCXIV.—ADAM’S EXCUSE.

WHEN Adam complained that he was naked, God demanded of him, “Who told thee that thou wast naked?” Intimating thus much, that if he could not produce the person who first so informed him, he might justly be suspected, as indeed he was, the author as well as utterer of that sad truth.

CCXV.—A MERRY CHALLENGE.

I REMEMBER a merry challenge at court, which passed betwixt the king’s porter and the queen’s dwarf; the latter provoking him to fight with him, on condition that he might but choose his own place, and be allowed to come thither first,—assigning the great oven in Hampton court for that purpose. Thus easily may the lowest domineer over the

highest skill, if having the advantage of the ground within his own private concernments.

CCXVI.—MINERVA.

WELL may the poets feign Minerva the goddess of wit and—the foundress of weaving, so great is the ingenuity thereof.

CCXVII.—A PROFITABLE MONOPOLY.

I HAVE heard that, when monopolies began to grow common in the court of France, the king's jester moved to have this monopoly for himself, a *gardesque* of every one who carried a watch about him and cared not how he employed his time.

CCXVIII.—DERIVATION OF ELY.

THIS northern part is called the Isle of Ely, which one will have so named from the Greek word *ἐλαιο*, *fenny* or *marshy* ground. But our Saxon ancestors were not so good Grecians; and it is plain that plenty of *eels* gave it its denomination. Here, I hope, I shall not trespass on gravity, in mentioning a passage observed by the reverend professor of Oxford, Doctor Prideaux,—referring the reader to him for the authors attesting the same. When the priests in this part of the country would still retain their wives, in despite of whatever the Pope and monks could do to the contrary, their wives and children were miraculously turned all into eels, (surely the greater into *congers*, the less into *griggs*,) whence it had the name of Eely. I understand him a *lie* of *Eels*.

CCXIX.—JOHN CUTS, KNIGHT; CAMBRIDGESHIRE.

HE was a most bountiful housekeeper as any of his estate; in so much that queen Elizabeth, in the beginning of her

reign (whilst as yet she had peace with Spain), the sickness being at London, consigned the Spanish ambassador to this knight's house in this county. The ambassador coming thither, and understanding his name to be John Cuts, conceived himself disparaged to be sent to one of so short a name; the Spanish gentlemen generally having voluminous surnames (though not so long as the deity in New Spain, called *Yocahuvaovumaorocoti*), usually adding the place of their habitation for the elongation thereof. But, soon after, the Don found that what the knight lacked in length of names he made up in the largeness of his entertainment.

CCXX.—BISHOP'S CHAIR WITHOUT A CUSHION.

JOHN BOOTH built the bishop's chair, or seat, in his cathedral of Exeter, which, in the judicious eye of Bishop Godwin, hath not his equal in England. Let me add, that though this be the parish chair, the soft cushion thereof was taken away when Bishop Vescy alienated the lands thereof. The worst was, when Bishop Booth had finished this chair, he could not quietly sit down therein, so troublesome the times of the civil wars betwixt York and Lancaster.

CCXXI.—COURT AND PEOPLE.

THE country hath constantly a smile for him for whom the court hath a frown.

CCXXII.—ROMANCING JOHN SMITH.

JOHN SMITH achieved many strange performances, the scene whereof is laid at such a distance, they are cheaper *credited* than *confuted* Yet have we two witnesses to attest them, the prose and the pictures, both in his own

book ; and it soundeth much to the diminution of his deeds, that he alone is the herald to publish and proclaim them.

Two captains being at dinner, one of them fell into a large relation of his own achievements, concluding his discourse with this question to his fellow, "And pray, sir," said he, "what service have you done?" To whom he answered, "Other men can tell that" Smith was buried in Sepulchre's church choir, on the south side thereof, having a ranting epitaph inscribed in a table over him, too long to transcribe. Only we will insert the first and last verses, the rather because the one may fit Alexander's life for his valour, the other his death for his religion :

"Here lies one conquer'd that hath conquer'd kings!"

"Oh! may his soul in sweet Elysium sleep."

The orthography, poetry, history, and divinity in this epitaph, are much alike. He died on the 21st of June 1631.

CCXXIII.—LOGIC AND RHETORIC.

It is seldom seen that the *clunch-fist* of logic (good to knock down a man at a blow) can so open itself as to smooth and stroke one with the palm thereof.

CCXXIV.—DEVOTION OF MOSS TROOPERS.

THEY come to church as seldom as the twenty-ninth of February comes into the calendar.

CCXXV.—DESCRIPTION OF THE "GUBBINGS" IN DEVON.

THEY live in cots (rather holes than houses) like swine, having all in common ; multiplied without marriage into many hundreds. Their language is the dross of the dregs of

the vulgar Devonian ; and the more learned a man is, the worse he can understand them. During our civil wars, no soldiers were *quartered* amongst them, for fear of being *quartered* amongst them. Their wealth consisteth in other men's goods, and they live by stealing the sheep on the moor ; and vain it is for any to search their houses, being a work beneath the pains of a sheriff, and above the power of any constable.

CCXXVI.—THOMAS STUCKLEY.

So confident his ambition, that he blushed not to tell queen Elizabeth, "That he preferred rather to be sovereign of a mole-hill, than the highest subject to the greatest king in Christendom ;" adding, moreover, that he was assured "He should be a prince before his death." "I hope," said Queen Elizabeth, "I shall hear from you when you are stated in your principality." "I will write unto you," quoth Stuckley. "In what language?" said the queen. He returned, "In the style of princes—To our dear sister."

CCXXVII.—WILLIAM DE RALEIGH, BISHOP OF WINCHESTER.

RALEIGH had (besides his own merits) two good friends, his purse and the Pope, the former procuring the latter. He presented his Holiness with six thousand marks, which effected his work. Here two persons were at once deceived, the Pope not expecting so great a sum should be tendered him, and Raleigh not suspecting he would take all, but leave at least a morsel for manners. But his hands will take whatever is tendered him, if not too hot or too heavy.

CCXXVIII.—HOOKER AS A PREACHER.

HE may be said to have made good music with his fiddle and stick alone, without any resin; having neither pronunciation nor gesture to grace his matter.

CCXXIX.—IGNORANCE AND DEVOTION.

WOULD all men were Moses-minded, "That all the people of God might prophesy;" the rather, because I am sure that ignorance is no more the mother of devotion, than the lying harlot, which pleaded before Solomon, was mother to the living child.

CCXXX.—EVERY GENTLEMAN SHOULD LEARN A PROFESSION.

WE may observe how happy a liberal (at least lawful) vocation hath proved to younger brethren, whereby Ephraim hath outgrown Manasseh, the younger outstripped the heir of the family. I knew a schoolboy, not above twelve years old, and utterly ignorant in all logical terms, who was commanded to English the following distich:

"Dat *Galenus* opes, dat *Justinianus* honores;
Cum genus, et species, cogitur ire pedes."

Only they favoured the boy so far to inform him, that Galenus did signify the profession of physic, Justinianus of law; on which ground he thus proceeded:—"The study of physic giveth wealth; the study of law giveth honours; when *genus et species—high birth and beauty*," (having no other calling, saith the boy, to support them,) "are compelled to go on foot."

To prevent such foot-travelling, it is good to be mounted

on a gainful vocation, to carry one out of the mire on all occasions.

CCXXXI.—A RUEFUL JEST.

THE ancient Britons are reported to go naked, clothed only with colours painted; custom making them insensible of cold, with the beggar, who, being demanded how he could go naked, returned, "*All my body is face.*"

CCXXXII.—"THE VICAR OF BRAY WILL BE VICAR OF BRAY STILL."

BRAY, a village well known in this county (Berks); so called from the Bihroces, a kind of ancient Britons inhabiting thereabouts. The vivacious vicar thereof, living under King Henry the Eighth, King Edward the Sixth, Queen Mary, and Queen Elizabeth, was first a Papist, then a Protestant, then a Papist, then a Protestant again. He had seen some martyrs burnt (two miles off) at Windsor, and found this fire too hot for his tender temper. This vicar being taxed by one for being a turncoat, and an inconstant changeling—"Not so," said he; "for I always kept my principle, which is this, to live and die the vicar of Bray." Such many now-a-days, who, though they cannot turn the wind, will turn their mills, and set them so, that wheresoever it bloweth their grist shall certainly be grinded.

CCXXXIII.—CORNWALL TIN.

THE most and best in Christendom this county Cornwall doth produce. Yea, it was the only tin in Europe, until a fugitive miner, running hence, discovered tin in Voiteland, in the confines of Bohemia. God may be said in this county "to rain meat," such the plenty thereof, and give

dishes too, made of pewter, which hath tin for the father, and lead for the mother thereof, and in our age doth *matrizare* too much.

CCXXXIV.—GUNPOWDER.

GUNPOWDER is the emblem of politic revenge; for it biteth first, and barketh afterwards, the bullet being at the mark before the report is heard; so that it maketh a noise, not by way of warning, but triumph.

CCXXXV.—TRAVELLER'S TALE.

THERE was a traveller who affirmed that he saw bees as big as dogs, and yet their hives of our ordinary size; and being demanded what shift they made to get in, "Let *them*," said he, "look to that."

CCXXXVI.—FRANCIS QUARLES.

HE was a most excellent poet, and had a mind biassed to devotion. Had he been contemporary with Plato (that great *back-friend* to poets) he would not only have allowed him to live, but advanced him to an office in his Commonwealth.

Some poets, if debarred profaneness, wantonness, and satiricalness, (that they may neither abuse God, themselves, nor their neighbours,) have their tongues cut out in effect. Others only trade in wit at the second hand, being all for translations, nothing for invention. Our Quarles was free from the faults of the first, *as if he had drank of Jordan instead of Helicon, and slept on Mount Olivet for his Parnassus.*

CCXXXVII.—WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR.

As Augustus Cæsar is said to have said of Herod king of Judea, that it was better to be his hog than his child ; so was it most true of king William, that it was better to have been his *stag* than his *subject* ; the one being by him spared and preserved, the other ruined and destroyed : such was the devastation he made of *towns* in this county (Hampshire) to make room for his *game*.

CCXXXVIII.—POPE NICHOLAS AND THE FLY.

HE held his place four years, eight months, and eight-and-twenty days : and, anno 1158, as he was drinking, was choked with a fly, which, in the large territory of St. Peter's patrimony had no place but his throat to get into.

CCXXXIX.—A CONSCIENTIOUS PREACHER ; EDMUND SYMONDS.

BEING once requested by me to preach for me, he excused himself for want of competent warning ; and when I pleaded, "that mine, being a country parish, would be well pleased with his performance : " "I can," saith he, "content them, but not mine own conscience, to preach with so little preparation."

CCXL.—URBAN'S URBANITY.

URBAN (VI.) suspecting treachery in some of his cardinals, imprisoned seven of them at once, and, putting five of them in sacks, sank them into the sea. Oh, most barbarous *urbanity*!

CCXLI.—ON MANDEVILLE'S TRAVELS.

Now, though far travellers are suspected in their relations to wander from the truth, yet all things improbable are not impossible ; and the reader's ignorance is sometimes all the writer's falsehood.

CCXLII.—ST. ELFRED.

WHEN her candle, as she read the lesson, casually went out, there came such a brightness from the fingers of her right hand, that it enlightened the whole choir ; which is as true as the new lights to which our modern sectaries do pretend : the one having miracles, the other revelations, at their fingers' ends.

CCXLIII.—W. RAMSEY.

HE was a natural poet ; and therefore no wonder if faults be found in the feet of his verses ; for it is given to thorough-paced nags, that amble naturally, to trip much ; whilst artificial pacers go surest on foot.

CCXLIV.—STEPHEN MARSHALL.

HE was of so *supple* a soul, that he brake not a joint, yea, sprained not a sinew, in all the alterations of the times ; and his friends put all on the account, not of his inconstancy but prudence, who in his own practice, as they conceive, reconciled the various lections of St. Paul's precept,—“serving the Lord and the—*times*.”

CCXLV.—ANECDOTE OF ELIZABETH.

A prime officer with a white staff, whose name I purposely forbear, coming into her presence, the queen willed him to

confer such a place now void on one of her servants whom she commended unto him. "Pleaseth your highness, madam," saith the lord, "the disposal thereof pertaineth to me by virtue of this white staff conferred upon me." "True," said the queen; "yet I never gave you your office so absolutely, but I still reserved myself of the *quorum*." "But of the *quorum*, madam!" returned the lord, presuming on the favour of her highness. Hereat the queen, in some passion, snatching the staff out of his hand, "You shall acknowledge me," said she, "of the *quorum quorum quorum* before you have it again." The lord waited staffless almost a day (which seemed so long unto him as if the sun stood still) before the same was reconferred upon him.

CCXLVI.—OPTIMUS AND MAXIMUS.

GOD having two grand epithets, Optimus and Maximus, most give the former the go-by, and strive only for the latter—to be the greatest; though greatness without goodness is both destructive to him that hath it, and dangerous to all others about him.

CCXLVII.—WATCHES.

I CONFESS the modern mystery of watchmaking is much completed,—men never being more curious to *divide*, more careless to *employ*, their time.

CCXLVIII.—CHARACTER OF WALSINGHAM.

NONE alive did better ken the secretary craft, to get counsels out of others and keep them in himself. Marvellous his sagacity in examining suspected persons, either to make them confess the truth, or confound themselves by denying it

to their detection. Cunning his hands, who could unpick the cabinets in the Pope's conclave; quick his ears, who could hear at London what was whispered at Rome; and numerous the spies and eyes of this Argus dispersed in all places.

The Jesuits, being outshot in their own bow, complained that he out-equivocated their equivocation, having a mental reservation deeper and farther than theirs. They tax him for making heaven bow too much to earth, oft-times borrowing a point of conscience, with full intent never to pay it again; whom others excused by reasons of state and danger of the times. Indeed his *simulation* (which all allow lawful) was as like *dissimulation* (condemned by all good men) as two things could be which were not the same.

CCXLIX.—OATS; FULLER versus JOHNSON.

SAY not oats are horse-grain, and fitter for a *stable* than a *table*; for, besides that the meal thereof is the distinguishing form of gruel or broth from water, most hearty and wholesome bread is made thereof.

CCL.—MARTYRS.

IF they had not been flesh and blood, they could not have been burnt; and, if they had been no more than flesh and blood, they would not have been burnt.

CCLI.—ALEXANDER NOWELL: ORIGIN OF BOTTLED ALE.

WITHOUT offence it may be remembered, that leaving a bottle of ale, when fishing, in the grass, he found it some days after, no *bottle*, but a *gun*—such the sound at the opening thereof: and this is believed (casualty is mother of more

inventions than industry) the original of bottled ale in England.

CCLII.—FENTON AND FELTON.

ONCE my own father gave Dr. Fenton a visit, who excused himself from entertaining him any longer. "Mr. Fuller," said he, "hear how the passing-bell tolls at this very instant for my dear friend, Dr. Felton, now a-dying ; I must to my study, it being mutually agreed upon betwixt us in our healths, that the survivor of us should preach the other's funeral sermon." But see a strange change ! God, "to whom belong the issues from death," was pleased (with the patriarch Jacob blessing his grandchildren) "wittingly to guide his hands across," reaching out death to the living, and life to the dying. So that Dr. Felton recovered, and not only performed that last office to his friend, Dr. Fenton, but also survived him more than ten years, and died bishop of Ely.

CCLIII.—FATHER WORTHINGTON.

HE dining, some thirty years since, with a person of honour in this land, (at whose table I have often eaten,) was very obstreperous in arguing the case for transubstantiation and the ubiquitariness of Christ's body : "Suppose," said he, "Christ were here." To whom the noble master of the house (who till then was silent) returned, "If you were away, I believe he *would* be here." Worthington, perceiving his room more welcome than his company, embraced the next opportunity of departure.

CCLIV.—CONFABULATION WITH THE DEVIL.

I KNOW that such confabulations are common in the Church of Rome ; to whose exorcists, Satan's language is as

familiar as Erasmus' Dialogues are well known to men, or those of Corderius to schoolboys. But such accidents amongst Protestants are very rare, and therefore the more to be observed. There are, I confess, more *Thomases* than myself much given to mistrust, whose faith will be at a stand herein.

CCLV.—CECIL, LORD BURLEIGH.

INCREDIBLE was the kindness which queen Elizabeth had for him, or rather for herself in him, being sensible that he was so able a minister of state. Coming once to visit him, being sick of the gout at Burleigh house in the Strand, and being much heightened with her head attire (then in fashion), the lord's servant who conducted her through the door, "May your highness," said he, "be pleased to stoop." The queen returned, "For your master's sake I will stoop, but not for the king of Spain's."

CCLXIV.—PIN AND NEEDLE.

A pin is a *blind needle*, a needle a *pin with an eye*. What nails do in solid, needles do in supple bodies, putting them together; only they remain not there *formally*, but *virtually*, in the thread which they leave behind them. It is the woman's pencil; and embroidery "*vestis acu picta*" is the masterpiece thereof

This industrious instrument, needle, *quasi* "ne idle" (as some will have it), maintaineth many millions. Yea, he who desireth the blessing on the plough and the needle (including that in the card and compass), comprehendeth most employments at home and abroad, by land and by sea.

CCLVII.—ANECDOTE OF SIR THOMAS MORE.

IN his time (as till our memory) Tower prisoners were not dieted on their own, but on the king's charges; the lieutenant of the Tower providing their fare for them. And when the lieutenant said, "That he was sorry the commons were no better," "I like," said Sir Thomas, "your diet very well; and, if I dislike it, I pray turn me out of doors."

CCLVIII.—JULIANA BARNES.

JULIANA BARNES was born *ex antiquâ et illustri domo*, "from an ancient and illustrious house." Understand it not in the sense wherein the same was said of a certain Pope, born in a ruinous cottage where the sun did shine through the rotten walls and roof thereof . . . Our Juliana also wrote a book of heraldry. Say not the needle is the more proper pen for the woman, and that she ought to meddle with making no "coats," save such as Dorcas made for the widows.

CCLIX.—JOHN RASTALL

WAS a good mathematician, and made a comedy of Europe, Asia, and Africa, which, my author saith, was very witty and very large; and I can believe the latter, seeing he had three parts of the world for his *subject*; and how long would it have been, had America been added?

CCLX.—ANDREW FERNE.

HE was of a very facetious nature, excellent at *blunt-sharp* jests, and perchance sometimes too tart in true ones. One instance of many:—This dean chanced to call a clergyman fool (who indeed was little better), who returned, "That he

would complain thereof to the lord bishop of Ely.”—“Do,” saith the dean, “when you please ; and my lord bishop will confirm you.” Yet was Doctor Perne himself at last heart-broken with a jest (as I have been most credibly informed from excellent hands) on this occasion. He was at court with his pupil archbishop Whitgift, in a rainy afternoon, when the queen was (I dare not say wilfully, but) really resolved to ride abroad, contrary to the mind of her ladies, who were on horseback (coaches as yet being not common) to attend her. Now one Clod, the queen’s jester, was employed by the courtiers to laugh the queen out of so inconvenient a journey, “Heaven,” saith he, “madam, dissuades you, it is cold and wet ; earth dissuades you, it is moist and dirty ; Heaven dissuades you—this heavenly-minded man, archbishop Whitgift ; and earth dissuades you—your fool Clod, such a lump of clay as myself. And if neither will prevail with you, here is one that is neither heaven nor earth, but hangs betwixt both—Doctor Perne, and he also dissuades you.” Hereat the queen and the courtiers laughed heartily ; whilst the Doctor looked sadly, and going over with his Grace to Lambeth, soon saw the last of his life.

CCLXI.—AN AMBIGUITY.

THE cathedral of Norwich is large and spacious, though the roof in the cloisters be most commended. When, some twenty years since, I was there, the top of the steeple was blown down ; and an officer of the church told me, “That the wind had done them much wrong, but they meant not to put it up ;” whether the *wrong* or the *steeple*, he did not declare.

CCLXII.—NORTHAMPTON.

THE town of Northampton may be said to stand chiefly on other men's legs ; where (if not the best) the most and cheapest boots and stockings are bought in England.

CCLXIII.—JOHN FLETCHER THE DRAMATIST.

HE had an excellent wit, which the *back*-friends to stage-plays will say was neither idle nor well employed ; for he and Francis Beaumont, Esq. (most happy when in conjunction) raised the English to equal the Athenian and Roman theatre ; Beaumont bringing the *ballast* of judgment, Fletcher the *sail* of phantasy ; both compounding a poet to admiration. Meeting once in a tavern, to contrive the rude draught of a tragedy, Fletcher undertook to kill the king therein ; whose words being overheard by a listener (though his loyalty not to be blamed herein) he was accused of high treason ; till the mistake soon appearing, that the plot was only against a dramatic and scenical king, all wound off in merriment.

CCLXIV.—JUDGE MARKHAM.

A LADY would traverse a suit of law, against the will of her husband ; who was contented to buy his quiet by giving her her way therein, though otherwise persuaded in his judgment the cause would go against her.

This lady, dwelling in the shire town, invited the judge to dinner, and (though thrifty enough of herself) treated him with sumptuous entertainment. Dinner being done, and the cause being called, the judge clearly gave it against her. And when in passion she vowed never to invite any judge

again, "Nay wife," said he, "vow never to invite a *just* judge any more."

CCLXV.—HISTORIC PARALLELS.

A TOWNSMAN and merchant of Newcastle, talking with a friend on Newcastle bridge, and fingering his ring, before he was aware let it fall into the river, and was much troubled with the loss thereof, until the same was found in a fish caught in the river, and restored unto him. The same is reported by Herodotus, in his third book, of Polycrates, a petty king, and the minion of fortune, and may be an instance of the recurrency of remarkable accidents, according to Solomon's observation, "There is no new thing under the sun."

CCLXVI.—PROVERB, "THE WEAVERS' BEEF OF COLCHESTER."

THESE are *sprats*, caught hereabouts, and brought hither in incredible abundance, whereon the poor weavers (numerous in this city) make much of their repast, cutting rands, rumps, sirloins, chines, and all joints of beef out of them, as lasting in season wellnigh a quarter of a year. They are the minims of the sea; and their cheapness is the worst thing (well considered the best) which can be said of them. Were they as dear, they would be as toothsome (being altogether as wholesome) as anchovies; for then their price would give a high gust unto them in the judgment of palate-men.

CCLXVII.—SAXON "FLESH" AND NORMAN "MEAT."

I KNOW not whether his observation, with the reason thereof, be worth the inserting, who first took notice, that

our cattle for food are English when feeding in the field, but French when fed on in a family.

English. 1. Sheep. 2. Ox. 3. Calf. 4. Hog. 5. Pig.

French. 1. Mutton. 2. Beef. 3. Veal. 4. Bacon. 5. Pork.

Whereof he assigned this reason, that, after the Norman Conquest, the French so tyrannized over the English tenants, that they forced them to keep and feed their cattle ; but the Monsieurs ate all their good meat after it was slaughtered.*

CCLXVIII.—BISHOP FOLIOT—A COMMON CASE.

HE was observed, when a common brother of his convent, to inveigh against the prior ; when prior, against the abbot ; when abbot, against the pride and laziness of bishops ; but when he himself was bishop, all was well, and Foliot's mouth, when full, was silent.

CCLXIX.—ST. OSITH.

HER head, after it was cut off, was carried by Saint Osith—Oh wonder ! Oh lie !—three furlongs ; and then she fell down and died. The same, *mutatis mutandis*, is told of Saint Denis, in France, Saint Winefride in Wales, and others ; such being the barrenness of monkish invention, that, unable to furnish their several saints with variety of fictions, their tired fancy is fain to make the same miracle serve many saints.

CCLXX.—CEREMONIOUS POLITENESS.

JOHN LAWRENCE at the stake was permitted a posture peculiar to himself ; for, being so enfeebled with long durance

* The reader will recollect the sage Wamba's dissertation on this subject in *Ivanhoe*.

and hard usage that he could not stand, he had a chair allowed him, and had the *painful ease* to sit therein.

CCLXXI.—SIR JOHN WALTER, CHIEF JUSTICE: “MERRY ENOUGH FOR A JUDGE.”

WHEN judge Denham, his most upright and worthy associate in the western circuit, once said to him, “My Lord, you are not merry!” “Merry enough,” returned the other, “for a judge.”

CCLXXII.—DR. HOLLAND: “A GOOD HATER.”

DR. HOLLAND was born in this county (Shropshire), “in finibus et limitibus Cambriæ (in the confines and marches of Wales); bred in Exeter College in Oxford, and at last became rector thereof. He did not, with some, only sip of learning, or at the best but drink thereof, but was “mersus in libris” (drowned in his books); so that the scholar in him almost devoured all other relations. He was, saith the author of his funeral sermon, so familiar with the Fathers, as if he himself had been a Father. This quality commended him to succeed in the place of regius professor, which place he discharged with good credit for twenty years together.

When he went forth of his college on any journey for any long continuance, he always took this solemn valediction of the fellows: “I commend you to the love of God, and to the hatred of Popery and superstition!”

CCLXXIII.—RICHARD MULCASTER: PRECEPT AND EXAMPLE.

HIS method in teaching was this:—In a morning he would exactly and plainly construe and parse the lessons of his scholars; which done, he *slept his hour* (custom made him

critical to proportion it,) in his desk in the school ; but woe be to the scholar that slept the while ! Awaking, he heard them accurately ; and Atropos might be persuaded to pity as soon as he to pardon, where he found just fault. The prayers of cockering mothers prevailed with him as much as the requests of indulgent fathers, rather increasing than mitigating his severity on their offending child.

In a word, he was *plagosus Orbilius* ; though it may be truly said (and safely for one out of his school), that others have taught as much learning with fewer lashes. Yet his sharpness was the better endured, because impartial ; and many excellent scholars were bred under him, whereof bishop Andrews was most remarkable.

CCLXXIV.—A WILLING DEMONIAK.

ABOUT this time a boy dwelling at Bilston in Staffordshire, William Perry by name, not full fifteen years of age, but above forty in cunning, was practised on by some Jesuits to dissemble himself possessed. This was done on design, that the priests might have the credit to cast out that devil (which was never in), so to grace their religion with the reputation of a miracle.

But now the best of the jest (or rather the worst of the earnest) was, the boy, having gotten a habit of counterfeiting, leading a lazy life thereby, to his own ease and parents' profit (to whom he was more worth than the best plough-land in the shire), would not be *undeviled* by all their exorcisms, so that the priests raised up a spirit which they could not allay. At last, by the industry of Dr. Morton, bishop of Coventry and Lichfield, the juggling was laid open to the world by the boy's own confession and repentance ; who, being bound

apprentice at the bishop's cost, verified the proverb, that "an untoward boy may make a good man."

CCLXXV.—CHARACTER OF LORD BACON.

NONE can character him to the life save himself. He was in parts more than a man, who in any liberal profession might be whatsoever he would himself: a great honourer of ancient authors, yet a great deviser and practiser of new ways in learning: privy counsellor, as to king James, so to nature itself, diving into many of her abstruse mysteries. New conclusions he would dig out with mattocks of gold and silver; not caring what his experience cost him, expending on the trials of nature all and more than he got by the trials at the bar; posterity being the better for his—though he the worse for his own—dear experiments. He and his servants had all in common, the men never wanting what their master had; and thus what came flowing in unto him was sent flying away from him, who, in giving of rewards, knew no bounds but the bottom of his own purse. Wherefore, when king James heard that he had given ten pounds to an underkeeper, by whom he had sent him a buck, the king said merrily, "I and he shall both die beggars;" which was condemnable prodigality in a subject. He lived many years after; and in his books will ever survive: in reading thereof, modest men commend him in what they *do*—condemn themselves in what they do *not*—understand, as believing the fault in their own eyes, and not in the object.

CCLXXVI.—TRICK ON SPALATO.

ONE of his sarcasms he unhappily bestowed on count Gonde-mar, the Spanish ambassador, telling him that three turns at

Tyburn was the only way to cure his fistula. The don, highly offended thereat, pained for the present more with this flout than his fistula, meditates revenge, and repairs to king James. He told his majesty, "that his charity, an error common in good princes, abused his judgment in conceiving Spalato a true convert, who still in heart remained a Roman Catholic, (indeed his majesty had a rare felicity in discovering the falsity of witches, and forgery of such who pretended themselves possessed,) but, under favour, was deluded with this man's false spirit, and, by his majesty's leave, he would detect unto him this hypocrisy." The king cheerfully embraced his motion, and left him to the liberty of his own undertakings.

The ambassador writeth to his Catholic majesty; he to his holiness, Gregory XV., that Spalato might be pardoned and preferred in the church of Rome, which was easily obtained. Letters are sent from Rome to count Gondemar, written by the cardinal Millin, to impart them to Spalato, informing him that the Pope had forgiven and forgotten all that he had done or written against the Catholic religion; and, upon his return, would prefer him to the bishopric of Salerno in Naples, worth twelve thousand crowns by the year. A cardinal's hat should also be bestowed upon him. And if Spalato, with his hand subscribed to this letter, would renounce and disclaim what formerly he had printed, an apostolical brief with pardon should solemnly be sent to Brussels. Spalato embraceth the motion, likes the pardon well, the preferment better, accepts both, recants his opinions largely, subscribes solemnly; and thanks his Holiness affectionately for his favour. Gondemar carries his subscription to king James, who is glad to behold the hypocrite unmasked, appearing in his own colours;

yet the discovery was concealed, and lay dormant some days in the desk, which was in due time to be awakened.

CCLXXVII.—A SHREWD REMARK—DIFFERENCE BETWEEN
HEBREW AND ITALIAN.

IN the Hebrew tongue, nephews and nieces are called “sons and daughters;” but the Italian clergy, on the contrary, often term their sons and daughters “nephews and nieces.”

CCLXXVIII.—THOMAS TUSSEY;—“ONE NOT WISE FOR HIMSELF,”

WAS born at Rivenhall, in this county (Essex), of an ancient family, since extinct, if his own pen may be believed. Whilst as yet a boy, he lived in many schools, Wallingford, Saint Paul’s, Eton, whence he went to Trinity Hall, in Cambridge; when a man, in Staffordshire, Suffolk, Norfolk, Cambridge, London, and where not? so that this stone of Sisyphus could gather no moss. He was successively a musician, schoolmaster, serving-man, husbandman, grazier, poet; more skilful in all, than thriving in any vocation. He traded at large in oxen, sheep, dairies, grain of all kinds, to no profit. Whether he bought or sold, he lost; and, when a renter, impoverished himself, and never enriched his landlord. Yet hath he laid down excellent rules in his “Book of Husbandry and Housewifery” (so that the observer thereof must be rich) in his own defence. He spread his bread with all sorts of butter; yet none would stick thereon. Yet I hear no man charge him with vicious extravagancy or visible carelessness, imputing his ill success to some occult cause in God’s counsel.

CCLXXIX.—A COSTLY JOKE.

SIR ROBERT NAUNTON was sworn secretary of state to King James, on Thursday the eighth of January, 1617 ; which place he discharged with great ability and dexterity. And I hope it will be no offence here to insert a pleasant passage :—

One Mr. Wiemark, a wealthy man, great novellant, and constant Paul's-walker, hearing the news that day of the beheading of Sir Walter Raleigh, "His head," said he, "would do very well on the shoulders of Sir Robert Naunton, secretary of state." These words were complained of, and Wiemark summoned to the privy council, where he pleaded for himself, "That he intended no disrespect to Mr. Secretary, whose known worth was above all detraction ;" only he spake in reference to an old proverb, "Two heads are better than one," and so for the present he was dismissed. Not long after, when rich men were called on for a contribution to Saint Paul's, Wiemark at the council-table subscribed a hundred pounds, but Mr. Secretary told him two hundred were better than one ; which, betwixt fear and charity, Wiemark was fain to subscribe.

CCLXXX.—DUNSTAN'S TOMB.

HIS tomb was famous for some time, till Thomas Becket eclipsed the same ; seeing saints, like new besoms, sweep clean at the first, and afterwards are clean swept out by newer saints which succeed them. Yea, Dunstan's grave grew so obscure at Canterbury, that the monks of Glastonbury, taking heart thereat, and advantaged by John Capgrave's report, that, *anno* 1012, Dunstan's corpse were translated

thither, pretended his burial, and built him a shrine in their convent. Men and money met at Glastonbury on this mistake ; and their convent got more by this eight feet length of ground (the supposed tomb of Dunstan), than eight hundred acres of the best land they possessed elsewhere. Whereupon, William Wareham, archbishop of Canterbury, to try the truth, and to prevent farther fraud herein, caused a solemn search to be made in the cathedral of Canterbury after Dunstan's corpse, in the place tradition reported him to be interred. Four of the friars, fittest for the work (to wit, of stronger *bodies* than *brains*), undertook to make this scrutiny, *anno* 1508, the 22nd of April. Great caution was used that all should be done *semotis laicis*, "no laymen being present ;" whether because their eyes were too profane to behold so holy an object, or too prying to discover the default if the search succeeded not. In the night they so plied their work, that ere morning they discovered Dunstan's coffin, and rested the day following from more digging ; as well they might, having taken so much pains and gained so much profit by their endeavours.

CCLXXXI.—ETHELRED THE UNREADY.

THE Danes were also advantaged by the inactiveness of king Ethelred, therefore surnamed the "Unready" in our chronicles. The clock of his consultations and executions was always set some hours too late, vainly striving with much industry to redress what a little providence might seasonably have prevented. Now, when this *unready* king met with the Danes, his *over-ready* enemies, no wonder if lamentable was the event thereof.

CCLXXXII.—BATTLE ABBEY.

HERE the monks flourished in all affluence ; as the old world in the days of Noah, “they ate, they drank, they bought, they sold ;” would I might add, “They married wives and were given in marriage” (for want of which they did worse), till, in the days of King Harry VIII., they were all drowned in the general “deluge” of the dissolution.

CCLXXXIII.—RAPACITY OF WILLIAM RUFUS.

THIS year died Lanfrank, archbishop of Canterbury : after whose death the king seized the profits of that see into his own hand, and kept the church vacant for some years ; knowing the *emptiness* of bishopricks caused the *fulness* of his coffers.

Thus archbishop Rufus, bishop Rufus, abbot Rufus (for so may he be called, as well as king Rufus ; keeping at the same time the archbishoprick of Canterbury, the bishopricks of Winchester and Durham, and thirteen abbeys in his hand), brought a mass of money into his exchequer. All places which he parted with was upon present payment. Simon Magus, with his hands full of money, would carry any thing from Simon Peter, with his “silver and gold have I none.”

Yea, John bishop of Wells could not remove his seat to Bath, *nisi albo unguento manibus regis delibatis*, “unless he had moistened the king’s hands with white ointment ;” though a less proportion of a yellow colour would have been more sovereign to the same use. . . . But in the midst of his mirth, king Rufus, coming to Gloucester, fell desperately sick, and began to bethink himself of his ill-led life. As all

* Mat. Paris.

aches and wounds prick and pain most the nearer *it draweth to night*; so, a guilty conscience is most active to torment men, the nearer they conceive themselves approaching to their death.

CCLXXXIV.—AN EXPRESSION OF ANSELM QUESTIONED.

THERE passeth a memorable expression of Anselm's, cried up and commended by some for a masterpiece of devotion; namely, "that he had rather be in hell without sin, than in heaven with sin;" which others condemn as an unsavoury speech, not according to scripture-phrase; as from one not sufficiently acquainted with the justification of a Christian man. Indeed, some high-flown expressions often knock at the door of blasphemy, but yet not with any intention to enter in thereat; in which we are more to mind the sense than the sound of the words. Amongst those may this of Anselm's be ranked, uttered, no doubt, in a zealous detestation of sin; yea which charitably may be defended in the very letter thereof. For Adam, we know, was somewhile in Paradise (heaven's suburbs) after the eating of the forbidden fruit, yet was sensible of no pleasure therein, which made him hide himself, as prosecuted by his guilty conscience.

CCLXXXV.—CRITICISM ON GEOFFREY OF MONMOUTH.

GEOFFREY of Monmouth tells us, that at this time* there were in England twenty-eight cities, each of them having a *flamen*, or pagan priest; and three of them, namely, London, York, and Caerleon in Wales, had *arch flamens*, to which the rest were subjected; and Lucius placed *bishops* in the room of the *flamens*, and *archbishops metropolitans* in the places of

* In the days of the fabulous Lucius.

arch flamens : “ All which,” saith he, “ solemnly received their confirmation from the pope.” But herein our author seems not well acquainted with the propriety of the word *flamen*, their use and office amongst the Romans ; who were not set severally, but many together in the same city. Nor were they subordinate one to another, but all to the priests’ college ; and therein to the *Pontifex Maximus*. Besides, the British manuscript, which Monmouth is conceived to have translated, makes no mention of these *flamens*. Lastly, these words, “ archbishop” and “ metropolitan,” are so far from being current in the days of king Lucius, that they were not coined till after ages. So that in plain English, his *flamens* and *arch flamens* seem flams and arch flams, even notorious falsehoods.

CCLXXXVI.—FORGOTTEN MARTYRS.

GOD’S calendar is more complete than man’s best martyrologies ; and *their* names are written in the book of life who on earth are wholly forgotten.

CCLXXXVII.—A “PARAMOUNT MIRACLE” OF ST. DAVID.

I AM sensible that I have spent, to my shame, so much precious time in reading the legend of his life, that I will not wilfully double my guiltiness in writing the same, and tempt the reader to offend in like nature. This miracle I cannot omit. David one day was preaching in an open field to the multitude, and could not be well seen because of the concourse (though they make him four cubits high, a man-and-half in stature) ; when, behold, the earth whereon he stood, *officiously heaving itself up*, mounted him to a competent visibility above all his audience. Whereas, our Saviour him-

self, when *he* taught the people, was pleased to choose a mountain ; making use of the advantage of nature without improving his miraculous power.

CCLXXXVIII.—MONKISH LEGENDS.

As for those spurious tracts, which monks in after ages set out under these worthy men's names, they are no more to be accounted the true offspring of these learned saints, than that common manna, ordinarily sold in apothecaries' shops, is the self same with that angels' food which fell down from heaven, and feasted the Israelites.

CCLXXXIX.—ON A MONSTROUS LEGEND RESPECTING ILTUTUS.

SURELY some blind monk, having one of his eyes put out with ignorance, and the other with superstition, was the first founder of this fable. Thus godly saints in that age were made martyrs after their death ; persecuted (though in their commendation) with impudent and improbable lies. It is reported also of the same Iltutus, that he turned men into stones. Had it been stones into men (converting stupid souls into Christians by his preaching), it had been capable of an allegorical construction : whereas, as now told, it is a lie in the literal, and nonsense in the mystical meaning thereof.

CCXC.—INFANTS.

SOME, admiring what motives to mirth infants meet with in their silent and solitary smiles, have resolved—how truly I know not—that then they converse with angels ; as indeed such cannot among mortals find any fitter companions.

CCXCI.—MUSIC.

SUCH is the sociableness of music, it conforms itself to all companies both in mirth and mourning ; complying to improve that passion with which it finds the auditors most affected. In a word, it is an invention which might have beseeemed a son of Seth to have been the father thereof : though better it was that Cain's great grandchild should have the credit first to find it, than the world the unhappiness longer to have wanted it.

CCXCII.—ST. MONICA.

DRAWING near her death, she sent most pious thoughts as harbingers to heaven, and her soul saw a glimpse of happiness through the chinks of her sickness-broken body.*

CCXCIII.—THE VIRGIN.

No lordling husband shall at the same time command her presence and distance, to be always near in constant attendance, and always to stand aloof in awful observance.

CCXCIV.—BISHOP FLETCHER.

HIS pride was rather *on* him than *in* him, as only gait and gesture deep, not sinking to his heart, though causelessly condemned for a proud man, as who was a *good hypocrite* and far more humble than he appeared.

* On which passage Charles Lamb aptly quotes Waller's lines:—

“ The soul's dark cottage, batter'd and decay'd
Lets in new lights through chinks which time has made.”

CCXCV.—HENRY THE EIGHTH'S DIVORCE.

FOR seven years was this suit depending in the Pope's court; after which *apprenticeship* the *indentures* were not intended to be cancelled, but the cause still to be kept on foot, it being for the interest to have it always in doing, and never done. For, whilst it depended, the Pope was sure of two great friends: but, when it was once decided, he was sure of one great foe, either the Emperor, or our King of England.

CCXCVI.—WOLSEY'S SUPPRESSION OF THE FORTY SMALL MONASTERIES.

THIS dissolution of forty small houses, caused by the cardinal, made all the forest of religious foundations in England to shake, justly fearing the king would finish to fell the oaks, seeing the cardinal began to cut the underwood.

CCXCVII.—LEGEND OF SAINT NICHOLAS.

AND now let me make you smile a little, acquainting you with a passage in the Legend of Nicholas, a popish saint. They report of him that, when an infant hanging on his mother's breast, he fasted Wednesdays and Fridays, and could not be urged to suck more than once a-day.

CCXCVIII.—MINORITES, OR FRANCISCAN FRIARS.

CONCEIVING the comparative *minor* too high, they have descended to *minimus*, according to our Saviour's own words: "He that is a minime, or the least among you, the same shall be greatest," and I much admire that none have since begun an order of *minor-minimoes*: the rather because of the

apostle's words of himself: "who am less than the least of all saints."

CCXCIX.—THE "FRATRES FLAGELLIFERI."

THE "fratres flagelliferi, or scourging friars," religious bedlams, used publicly to whip themselves in the market-place, making *vellum* of their own skin, thereon to write their follies in legible characters."

CCC.—AN APOLOGY FOR THE REFORMERS.

SOME zealots of our age will condemn the Laodicean temper of the Protestant bishops: because, if stickling to purpose and improving their power to the utmost, they might have set forth a more pure and perfect religion. Such men see the faults of reformers, but not the difficulties of reformation. These Protestant bishops were at this time to encounter with the Popish clergy, equal in number, not inferior in learning, but far greater in power and dependencies. Besides, the generality of the people of the land being nusted in ignorance and superstition, could not on a sudden endure the extremity of an absolute Reformation. Should our eyes be instantly posted out of midnight into noonday, certainly we should be blinded with the suddenness and excellency of the lustre thereof. Nature therefore hath wisely provided the twilight as a bridge by degrees to pass us from darkness to light. Yea, our Saviour himself did at the first connive at the carnality of his apostles, and would not "put new wine into old bottles" for fear of breaking. Yea, he had some commandments, which as yet they were "not able to *bear*," and therefore, till they could bear them, his wisdom did *bear with* them.

CCCI.—ST. APOLLONIA'S TEETH.

CHEMNITIUS affirmeth from the mouth of a grave author, that the teeth of St. Apollonia being conceived effectual to cure the toothache, in the reign of King Edward VI. (when many ignorant people in England relied on that receipt to carry one of her teeth about them) the king gave command, in extirpation of superstition—that all her teeth should be brought in to a public officer deputed for that purpose; and they filled a tun therewith. Were her stomach proportionable to her teeth, a county could scarcely afford her a meal's meat.

CCCII.—CHIEF SEATS OF THE MARIAN PERSECUTION.

UNDER the same torrid zone of persecution (but a little more temperate) lay Norfolk and Suffolk, in the diocese of Norwich. Bishop Hopton was unmerciful in his visitations, but Downing the chancellor played the devil himself; enough to make *wood dear* in *those parts*—so many did he consume to ashes.

CCCIII.—A FOOL'S COUNSEL, AND HIS REASONS.

THE queen sent an herald to Sir Thomas Wyatt's house, deeply moated round about, the bridge being drawn up, yet so that a place like a ford pretended a safe passage thereunto. On the inside thereof walked the *proper case* of a man well habited, and his face carrying no despair of wisdom therein. The herald asked him whether he might safely go over there? to whom the other lightly answered, "Yea, yea." But had not the strength of his horse been more than ordinary, he either had been drowned in the water or buried in the mud.

The herald hardly escaping, fills all the house with complaints, that being an officer sent from the queen, under the protection of the public faith (having his coat, his conduct, upon him), he should be so wilfully abused by false directions to the danger of his life, by one of Sir Thomas's servants. The knight, highly offended at the fault (as gentleman enough and enemy to actions of baseness), summons all his servants to appear before the herald, vowing that the offender should be sent prisoner to the queen, with his legs bound beneath his horse's belly, to receive from her the reward of his wickedness. The herald challengeth the party at the first sight of him. "Alas!" said Sir Thomas, "he is a mere natural ; as will appear, if you please to examine him." "Why, sirrah !" said the herald, "did you direct me to come over where it was almost impossible to pass without drowning?" To whom the other answered, "The ducks came over, not long before, whose legs were shorter than your horse's." Hereat the herald smiled out his anger, adding withal, "Sir Thomas, hereafter let your fool wear the *badge* of his profession on him, that he may deceive no more in this kind."

CCCIV.—STERNHOLD'S TRANSLATION OF THE PSALMS.

MEN have vented their just exceptions against the baldness of the translation, so that sometimes they make the Maker of the tongue to speak little better than barbarism, and have in many verses such poor rhyme, that two hammers on a smith's anvil would make better music. Whilst others (rather to excuse it than defend it) do plead, that English poetry was then in the nonage, not to say infancy thereof ; and that, match these verses for their age, they shall go abreast with the best poems of those times. Some, in favour

of the translators, allege, that to be curious therein, and over-descanting with wit, had not become the plain song and simplicity of a holy style. But these must know there is a great difference between *painting* a face and *not washing* it.

CCC.V.—AN UNCONSCIOUS BEGGAR.

• It happened, two or three gentlemen, the king's servants and Mr. Champernoun's acquaintance, waited at a door where the king, Henry Eighth, was to pass forth, with purpose to beg of his highness a large parcel of abbey-lands, specified in their petition. Champernoun was very inquisitive to know their suit, but they would not impart the nature thereof. This while, out comes the king; they kneel down, so doth Mr. Champernoun, being assured by an implicit faith that courtiers would beg nothing hurtful to themselves; they prefer their petition, the king grants it: they render him humble thanks, and so doth Mr. Champernoun. Afterwards he requires his share, they deny it: he appeals to the king, the king avows his equal meaning in the largess. Whereupon his companions were fain to allot this gentleman the priory of St. Germain's in Cornwall (valued at two hundred forty-three pounds and eight shillings of yearly rent, since by him or his heirs sold to Mr. Elliot) for his partage. Here a dumb beggar met with a blind giver; the one as little knowing what he asked, as the other what he granted. Thus King Henry made cursory charters, and *in transitu* transacted abbey-lands.

CCC.VI.—SALE OF ABBEY-LANDS.

ALAS! those abbeys were now sold to such chapmen, in whom it was questionable whether their ignorance or avarice

were greater, and they made havoc and destruction of all. As brokers in Longlane, when they buy an old suit buy the linings together with the outside, so it was conceived meet that such as purchased the buildings of monasteries should, in the same grant, have the libraries (the stuffing thereof) conveyed unto them. . . . The covers of books with curious brass bosses and clasps, intended to protect, proved to betray them, being the baits of covetousness. And so many excellent authors stripped out of their cases, were left naked, to be burned or thrown away. Thus Æsop's cock, casually lighting on a pearl, preferred a grain before it ; yet he left it as he found it ; and, as he reaped no profit by the pearl, it received no damage by him. Whereas these cruel cormorants, with their barbarous beaks and greedy claws, rent, tore, and tattered these inestimable pieces of antiquity.

CCCVII.—ECCLESIASTICAL SPOLIATION—SCRUPLES REMOVED.

How much the yearly revenue of all these chantries, free chapels, and colleges amounted to, God knows ; for the king knew as little as some in our age. Indeed, some of his officers *did* but *would not* know—as wilfully concealing their knowledge therein. Yea, some of these chantries may be said in a double sense to be suppressed, as not only put down but also concealed, never coming into the exchequer, being silently pocketed up by private (but potent) persons. True it is, the courtiers were more rapacious to catch, and voracious to swallow, these chantries than abbey-lands. For at the first many were scrupulous in mind, or modest in manners, doubting the acceptance of abbey-land, though offered unto them, till profit and custom, two very able confessors, had by degrees satisfied their consciences, and absolved them from

any fault therein. Now, all scruples removed, chantry-land went down without any regret, yea, such who mannerly expected till the king carved for them out of abbey-lands, scrambled for themselves out of chantry revenues, as knowing this was the *last dish* of the *last course*, and after chantries, as after cheese, nothing to be expected.

CCCVIII.—DESTRUCTION OF THE ABBEY LIBRARIES.

I DENY not, but that in this heap of books there was much rubbish ; legions of lying legends, good for nothing but fuel, whose keeping would have caused the loss of much precious time in reading them. I confess also, there were many volumes full fraught with superstitions, which notwithstanding might be useful to learned men : except any will deny apothecaries the privilege of keeping poison in their shops, when they can make antidotes of them. But besides these, what beautiful bibles, rare fathers, subtle school-men ; useful historians, ancient, middle, modern : what painful comments were here amongst them ! What monuments of mathematics all massacred together ! seeing every book with a *cross* was condemned for popish ; with *circles* for conjuring. Yea, I may say, that then holy divinity was *profaned*, physic itself *hurt*, and a trespass, yea, a riot, committed on the law itself. And more particularly, the history of former times then and there received a dangerous wound, whereof it halts at this day, and, without hope of a perfect cure, must go a cripple to the grave.

CCCIX.—PARSONS THE JESUIT.

WHEN Parsons was apprehended by a pursuivant at Northwich in Cheshire, and put into a chamber fast bolted.

and locked upon him, the door did *three* times together miraculously, and of its own accord, fly open. By the reader's favour, as I dare not deny belief in this passage, attested by a Catholic Father : so I cannot but wonder thereat. Peter and Paul, each of them, had once their prison doors opened. Parsons exceeds them both ; three several solemn times *his* prison was set open. Did he not tempt Divine Providence, which once and again offered unto him a way to escape, to expect a third call to come forth ? Had Providence (angry that the courtesy twice tendered was not accepted) left him alone, none would have pitied him if caught, and sent to keep company with his dear friend, Father Campian, in the tower.

CCCX.—A GOOD MASTER.

IN correcting his servant, he becomes not a slave to his own passion, not cruelly making new *indentures* of the flesh of his apprentice. He is tender of his servant in sickness and age. If crippled in his service his house is his hospital. Yet now many throw away those dry bones, out of the which themselves have sucked the marrow.

CCCXI.—HORSES.

THESE are *men's wings*, wherewith they make such speed. A generous creature a horse is, sensible in some sort of honour ; and made most handsome by that which deforms men most—pride.

CCCXII.—THE WOUNDED SOLDIER.

HALTING is the stateliest march of a soldier ; and 'tis a brave sight to see the flesh of an ancient as torn as his colours.

CCCXIII.—HENRY DE ESSEX.

HE is too well known in our English chronicles, being baron of Raleigh, in Essex, and hereditary standard-bearer of England. It happened in the reign of Henry II. there was a fierce battle fought in Flintshire, at Coleshull, between the English and Welsh, wherein this Henry de Essex, *animum et signum simul abjecit*, betwixt traitor and coward, cast away both his courage and banner together, occasioning a great overthrow of English. But he that had the baseness to do, had the boldness to deny the doing of, so foul a fact; until he was challenged in combat by Robert de Momford, a knight, eyewitness thereof, and by him overcome in a duel. Whereupon his large inheritance was confiscated to the king, and he himself, partly thrust, partly going, into a convent, hid his head in a cowl, under which, betwixt shame and sanctity, he blushed out the remainder of his life.

CCCXIV.—SIR EDWARD HARWOOD.

I HAVE read of a bird which hath a face like, and yet will prey upon, a man; who, coming to the water to drink, and finding there by reflection that he had killed one like himself, pineth away by degrees, and never afterwards enjoyeth itself. Such in some sort the condition of Sir Edward. This accident, that he had killed one in a private quarrel, put a period to his carnal mirth, and “was a covering to his eyes” all the days of his life. No possible provocations could afterwards tempt him to a duel; and no wonder if one’s conscience loathed that whereof he had surfeited. He refused all challenges with more honour than others accepted

them ; it being well known that he would set his foot as far in the face of his enemy as any man alive.

CCCXV.—DECAYED GENTRY.

I HAVE reason to believe that some who justly own the surnames and blood of Bohuns, Mortimers, and Plantagenets (though ignorant of their own extractions), are hid in the heap of common people, where they find that under a thatched cottage, which some of their ancestors could not enjoy in a leaded castle—contentment, with quiet and security.

CCCXVI.—TENDERNESS OF CONSCIENCE.

THOMAS ANSON, born in Allhallows, Lombard-street, armourer, dwelt without Bishopsgate. It happened that a stage-player borrowed a rusty musket, which had lain long leger in his shop: now, though his part was comical, he therewith acted an unexpected tragedy, killing one of the standers-by ; the gun casually going off on the stage, which he suspected not to be charged. Oh, the difference of divers men in the tenderness of their consciences ! Some are scarce touched with a wound, whilst others are wounded with a touch therein. This poor armourer was highly afflicted therewith, though done against his will, yea, without his knowledge, in his absence, by another, out of mere chance. Hereupon he resolved to give all his estate to pious uses. No sooner had he gotten a round sum, but presently he posted with it in his apron to the Court of Aldermen, and was in pain till, by their direction, he had settled it for the relief of poor in his own and other parishes, and disposed of some hundreds of pounds accordingly, as I am credibly informed by the then churchwardens of the said parish.

Thus, as he conceived himself casually (though at a great distance) to have occasioned the death of one, he was the immediate and direct cause of giving a comfortable living to many.

CCCXVII.—BURNING OF WICKLIFFE'S BODY BY ORDER OF THE
COUNCIL OF CONSTANCE.

HITHERTO (A. D., 1428) the corpse of John Wickliffe had quietly slept in his grave about forty-one years after his death, till his body was reduced to bones, and his bones almost to dust. For though the earth in the chancel of Lutterworth, in Leicestershire, where he was interred, hath not so quick a digestion with the earth of Aceldama, to consume flesh in twenty-four hours, yet such the appetite thereof, and all other English graves, to leave small reversions of a body after so many years. But now such the spleen of the Council of Constance, as they not only cursed his memory as dying an obstinate heretic, but ordered that his bones (with this charitable caution, “if it may be discerned from the bodies of other faithful people”) be taken out of the ground, and thrown far off from any Christian burial. In obedience hereunto, Richard Fleming, bishop of Lincoln, diocesan of Lutterworth, sent his officers (vultures with a quick sight scent at a dead carcass!) to ungrave him accordingly. To Lutterworth they come, sumner, commissary, official, chancellor, proctors, doctors, and the servants (so that the remnant of the body would not hold out a bone amongst so many hands), take what was left out of the grave, and burnt them to ashes, and cast them into Swift, a neighbouring brook, running hard by. Thus this brook hath conveyed his ashes into Avon, Avon into Severn, Severn into the narrow seas,

they into the main ocean ; and thus the ashes of Wickliffe are the emblem of his doctrine, which now is dispersed all the world over.

CCCXVIII.—HERALDS.

HERALDS new mould men's names—taking from them, adding to them, melting out all the liquid letters, torturing mutes to make them speak, and making vowels dumb—to bring it to a fallacious *homonymy* at the last, that their names may be the same with those noble houses they pretend to.

CCCXIX.—A RECEIPT FOR LONGEVITY.

THIS lord, Lyonel Cranfield, by losing his office, saved himself departing from his treasurer's place, which in that age was hard to keep ; insomuch that one asking, "What was good to preserve life ?" was answered, "Get to be lord treasurer of England, for they never do die in their place ;" which was indeed true for four successions.

CCCXX.—EFFECT OF ANCIENT PERSECUTION.

THEY who sought to put out the truth of Christ's words—by snuffing it, made it burn the brighter.

CCCXXI.—SUPERSTITIOUS VENERATION FOR CHRIST'S SEPULCHRE.

THE angel sent the women away from looking into the sepulchre, with *He is risen, he is not here* ; and thereby did dehorth them and us, from burying our affections in Christ's grave, but rather to seek him where he was to be found. At this day, a gracious heart maketh every place a Jerusalem, where God may as well and as acceptably be worshipped.

CCCXXII.—BUYING EARTH CHEAP AND SELLING HEAVEN DEAR.

As the Pope, so most of the clergy improved their estates by this war;* for the secular princes who went this voyage sold or mortgaged most of their means (selling for gold to purchase with steel and iron), and the clergy were generally their chapmen. For they advised these undertakers, seeing this action was for Christ and his church, rather to make over their estates to spiritual men, of whom they might again redeem the same, and from whom they should be sure to find the fairest dealing, than to laymen. Godfrey Duke of Bouillon sold that dukedom to the Bishop of Liege, and the castle of Sartensy and Monsa to the Bishop of Verdun. Baldwin his brother sold him the city of Verdun. Yea, by these sales the third part of the best feofs in France came to be possessed by the clergy; who made good bargains for themselves, and had the conscience to buy earth cheap, and to sell heaven dear. Yea, this voyage laid the foundation of their temporal greatness, till at last the daughter devoured the mother, and wealth impaired religion.

CCCXXIII.—DESCRIPTION OF THE CRUSADERS.

It is not to be expected that all should be fish which is caught in a drag-net, neither that all should be good and religious people who were adventurers in an action of so large a capacity as this war was. We must in charity allow, that many of them were truly zealous, and went with pious intents. These were like to those of whom Bellarmine speaketh, who had no fault *præter nimiam sanctitatem*, “too much sanctity,”

* The Crusades.

which a learned man interpreteth, "too much superstition." But besides these well-meaning people, there went also a rabble-rout, rather for company than conscience. Debtors took this voyage on them as an acquittance from their debts, to the defrauding of their creditors; servants counted the conditions of their service cancelled by it, going away against their masters' will; thieves and murderers took upon them the cross, to escape the gallows; adulterers did penance in their armour. A lamentable case that the devil's black guard should be God's soldiers! And no wonder if the success was as bad as some of the adventurers, especially seeing they retained their old conditions under a new climate. And (as if this voyage had been like to repentance, never too soon, nor too late, for any to begin) not only green striplings unripe for war, but also decayed men to whom age had given a writ of ease, became soldiers; and those who at home should have waited on their own graves, went far to visit Christ's sepulchre. And which was more, women (as if they would make the tale of the Amazons truth) went with weapons in men's clothes; a behaviour at the best immodest, and modesty being the case of chastity, it is to be feared that, where the case is broken, the jewel is lost. This enterprise was also the mother of much *non-residence*, many Prelates and Friars (fitter to handle a penknife than a sword) left their convents and pastoral charges to follow this business. The total sum of those pilgrim soldiers amounted to three hundred thousand; and some writers do double that number. No doubt the Christians' army had been greater, if it had been less; for the belly was too big for the head; and a medley of nations did rather burden than strengthen it. Besides, the army was like a cloth of many colours, and more seams;

which seems though they were curiously drawn up for the present, yet after long wearing began to be seen, and at last brake out into open rents.

CCCXXIV.—PALESTINE.

THE soil was transcendently fruitful, as appeareth by the great bunch of grapes carried by two men; for though many a man hath not been able to bear *wine*, it is much that one should be loaden with one cluster of *grapes*.

CCCXXV.—COURSE OF THE JORDAN.

THIS ariseth from the springs of Jor and Dan, whence running south he enlargeth himself first into the waters of Merom, then into the lake of Genesareth or Tiberias; and hence recovering his stream, as if sensible of his sad fate, and desirous to defer what he cannot avoid, he fetcheth many turnings and windings, but all will not excuse him from falling into the Dead Sea. Authors are very *fruitful* on the *barrenness* of this sea (where Sodom once stood), writing how on the banks thereof *grow those hypocrite apples and well complexioned dust (the true emblems of the false pleasures of this world) which touched fall to ashes.*

CCCXXVI.—ABSALOM'S PILLAR.

THIS Absalom built to continue his memory; though he might have saved that cost, having eternized his infamy by his unnatural rebellion.

CCCXXVII.—A COMMENT ON SOLOMON'S SAYING—"THAT THE DAY OF ONE'S DEATH IS BETTER THAN THE DAY OF ONE'S BIRTH."

PIERCE Plowman maketh a witty wonder why friars should

covet rather to confess and bury than to christen children; intimating it proceeded from covetousness, there being gain to be gotten by the one, none by the other. And this was the age wherein the convents got their best *living* by the *dying*; which made them (contrary to all other people) most to worship the setting sun.

CCCXXVIII.—A PRUDENT RULE OF LIFE.

It is not good to exasperate any—though far inferior; for as the fable telleth us, the beetle may annoy the eagle, and the mouse befriend the lion.

CCCXXIX.—SAINT MILBURGH.

SHE departed this life about the year 664. . . . Four hundred years after, in the reign of William the Conqueror, her corpse (discovered by miracles wrought thereby) was taken up sound and uncorrupted, to the admiration of the beholders (saith my author); and surely, had I seen the same, I would have contributed my share of wondering thereunto. This I am sure of, that as good a saint, Lazarus by name, by the confession of his own sister, did stink when but four days buried.

CCCXXX.—STEPHEN GARDINER.

HE is reported to have died more than half a Protestant, avouching that he believed himself and all others only to be justified by the merits of Christ; which if so, then did he verify the Greek and Latin proverb,

Πολλάκις καὶ κηπουρὸς ἀνὴρ μάλα καίριον εἶπεν.

Sæpe Olitor valde verba opportuna loquutus.

The *Gardiner* oft-times in due season,
Speaks what is true and solid reason.

CCCXXXI.—CAVERN AT RYEGATE.

NOR may we forget a vault (wherein the finest sand I ever saw) nigh Ryegate, capable conveniently to receive five hundred men ; which subterranean castle, in ancient time, was the receptacle of some great person, having several rooms therein. *If it be merely natural, it doth curiously imitate art ; if purely artificial, it doth most lively simulate nature.* *

CCCXXXII.—A BOOTLESS JOURNEY.

ABOUT the third of the reign of Queen Mary, a pursuivant was sent with a commission into Ireland, to empower some eminent persons to proceed, with fire and fagot, against poor Protestants. It happened, by divine providence, this pursuivant at Chester lodged in the house of a Protestant inn-keeper, who, having gotten some inkling of the matter, secretly stole his commission out of his cloak-bag, and put the *knave of clubs* in the room thereof. Some weeks after, he appeared before the lords of the privy-council, at Dublin, and produced a card for his pretended commission. They caused him to be committed to prison for such an affront, as done on design to deride them. Here he lay for some months, till with much ado at last he got his enlargement. Then over he returned to England ; and, quickly getting his commission renewed, makes with all speed for Ireland again.

But, before his arrival there, he was prevented with the news of Queen Mary's death ; and so the lives of many, and the liberties of more, poor servants of God, were preserved.

CCCXXXIII.—ROBERT THORN.

I SEE it matters not what the *name* be, so the *nature* be

good. I confess, thorns came in by "man's curse;" and our Saviour saith, "Do men gather grapes of thorns?" But this our Thorn (may God send us many coppices of them!) was a blessing to our nation, and wine and oil may be said freely to flow from him. Being bred a merchant-tailor in London, he gave more than four thousand four hundred forty-five pounds to pious uses; a sum sufficient therewith to build and endow a college, the time being well considered, being towards the beginning of the reign of King Henry the Eighth.

I have observed some at the church-door cast in sixpence with such ostentation, that it rebounded from the bottom, and rung against both the sides of the basin, (so that the same piece of silver was the alms and the giver's trumpet;) whilst others have dropped down, silent, five shillings without any noise. Our Thorn was of the second sort, doing his charity effectually, but with all possible privacy. Nor was this good Christian abroad worse (in the apostle-phrase) than an infidel at home, in not providing for his family; who gave to his poor kindred (besides debt forgiven unto them) the sum of five thousand one hundred forty-two pounds.

CCCXXXIV.—SHAKSPEARE.

HERACLITUS himself (I mean if secret and unseen) might afford to smile at his comedies, they were so merry; and Democritus scarce forbear to sigh at his tragedies, they were so mournful. . . . He was an eminent instance of the truth of that rule, "*Poeta non fit, sed nascitur*;" one is not made but born a poet. Indeed his learning was very little; so that as Cornish diamonds are not polished by any lapidary, but are pointed and smoothed even as they are taken out of

the earth, so *nature* itself was all the *art* which was used upon him.*

Many were the wit combats betwixt him and Ben Jonson, which two I beheld like a Spanish great galleon, and an English man-of-war. Master Jonson (like the former) was built far higher in learning, solid but slow in his performances. Shakespear, with the English man-of-war, lesser in bulk, but lighter in sailing, could turn with all tides, tack about and take advantage of all winds, by the quickness of his wit and invention.

CCCXXXV.—PASQUIL.

THIS Pasquil is an author eminent on many accounts. First, for his self-concealment, being “*noscens omnia, et notus nemini.*” Secondly, for his intelligence, who can display the deeds of midnight at high noon, as if he hid himself in the holes of their bed-staves, knowing who were cardinal’s children better than they knew their fathers. Thirdly, for his impartial boldness. He was made all of tongue and teeth, biting whatever he touched, and it bled whatever he bit; yea, as if a general council and Pasquil were only above the Pope, he would not stick to tell where he trod his holy sandals awry. Fourthly, for his longevity, having lived (or rather lasted) in Rome some hundreds of years; whereby he appears no particular person, but a successive corporation of satirists. Lastly, for his impunity, escaping the Inquisition; whereof some assign this reason, because hereby the court of Rome comes to know her faults, or rather to know that their faults are known; which makes Pasquil’s converts (if not more honest) more wary in their behaviour.

* Few modern readers will agree with Fuller here.

CCCXXXVI.—THOMAS TARLTON, ELIZABETH'S JESTER.

HE was in the field keeping his father's swine, when a servant of Robert Earl of Leicester (passing this way to his lord's lands in his barony of Denbigh) was so highly pleased with his *happy unhappy* answers, that he brought him to court, where he became the most famous jester to queen Elizabeth.

Many condemned his (vocation I cannot term it, for is a *coming* without a *calling*) employment as unwarrantable. Such maintain, that it is better to be a fool of God's making, born so into the world, or a fool of man's making, jeered into it by general derision, than a fool of one's own making, by his voluntary affecting thereof. Such say also, he had better continued in his trade of swine keeping, which (though more painful, and less profitable) his conscience changed to loss, for a jester's place in the court, who, of all men, have the hardest account to make for every idle word that they abundantly utter.

Others allege, in excuse of their practices, that princes in all ages were allowed their ἀρεταλόγοι, whose virtue consisted in speaking any thing without control: that jesters often heal what flatterers hurt, so that princes by them arrive at the notice of their errors, seeing jesters carry about with them an act of indemnity for whatsoever they say or do. . . . Our Tarlton was master of his faculty. When Queen Elizabeth was serious (I dare not say sullen), and out of good humour, he could *undumpish* her at his pleasure. Her highest favourites would, in some cases, go to Tarlton, before they would go to the queen, and he was their usher to prepare their advantageous access unto her. In a word, he told

the queen more of her faults than most of her chaplains, and cured her melancholy better than all her physicians.

Much of his merriment lay in his very looks and actions according to the epitaph written upon him :

“Hic situs est cujus poterat vox, actio, vultus,
Ex Heraclito reddere Democritum.”

Indeed, the selfsame words, spoken by another, would hardly move a merry man to smile ; which, uttered by him, would force a sad soul to laughter.

This is to be reported to his praise, that his jests never were profane, scurrilous, nor satirical ; neither trespassing on piety, modesty, or charity, as in which *plurimum inerat salis, multum aceti, aliquid sinapis, nihil veneni*.

CCCXXXVI.—JEFFREY, THE DWARF OF CHARLES I.

JEFFREY was born in the parish of Okeham in this county,* where his father was a very proper man, broad-shouldered and chested, though his son never arrived at a full ell in stature. . . . It seems that families sometimes are chequered, as in brains so in bulk, that no certainty can be concluded from such alternations.

His father, who kept and ordered the baiting bulls for George Duke of Buckingham (a place, you will say, requiring a robustious body to manage it), presented him, at Burleigh on the Hill, to the duchess of Buckingham, being then nine years of age, and scarce a foot and a half in height, as I am informed by credible persons, then and there present, and still alive. Instantly Jeffrey was heightened (not in *stature* but in *condition*) from one degree above rags into silk and satin, and two tall men to attend him.

* Rutland.

He was, without any deformity, wholly proportionable ; whereas often dwarfs, pigmies in one part, are giants in another. . . .

It was not long before he was presented in a cold baked pie to king Charles and queen Mary at an entertainment ; and ever after lived (whilst the court lived) in great plenty therein, wanting nothing but humility (high mind in a low body), which made him that he did not know himself, and would not know his father, and which by the king's command caused justly his sound correction.

He was, though a dwarf, no dastard ; a captain of horse in the king's army in these late civil wars, and afterwards went over to wait on the queen in France.

Here being provoked by Mr. Crofts, who accounted him the object not of his anger but contempt, he shewed to all, that *habet musca suum splenum* ; and they must be little indeed that cannot do mischief, especially seeing a pistol is a pure leveller, and puts both dwarf and giant into equal capacity to kill and be killed. For the shooting the same Mr. Crofts he was imprisoned. And so I may take my leave of Jeffrey, the least man of the least county in England.

THE END.

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